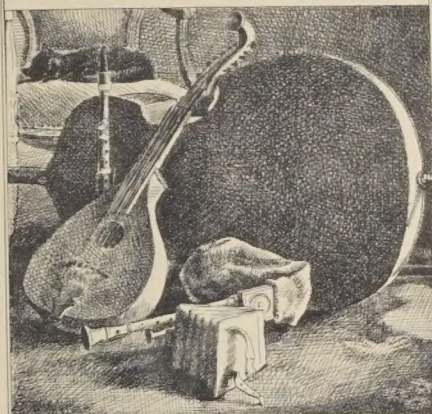




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FREDERICK SELCH















*T H E*

*Musical*

*ENTERTAINER*

*Engrav'd*

By *GEORGE BICKHAM jun.<sup>r</sup>*

*Vol. I.*





THE

Ornithological

ENTERTAINER

By

GEORGE RICHARDSON



# A Table of the Songs in the Musical Entertainer Vol. 1<sup>st</sup>

<b>A</b>	Page.				
<i>Anvain of Love despairing</i> ...	11	<i>For ever Fortune</i> .....	75	<i>Si Caro</i> .....	44
<i>A Cypress Grove while melancholy</i> ...	25	<i>Fair and Soft</i> .....	91	<i>Stella darling</i> .....	67
<i>A Cobler there was</i> .....	36	<b>G</b>		<i>See Phillis yonder</i> .....	77
<i>A Lads that was loaden</i> ....	39	<i>Gentle in Personage</i> ....	80	<i>Strephon why that</i> .....	93
<i>Alexis how Artless</i> .....	14	<b>H</b>		<i>Say lovely dream</i> .....	94
<i>As musing I rang'd</i> .....	38	<i>Hark away tis y merry</i> ....	4	<b>T</b>	
<i>As Celadon once from his Cottage</i> ...	71	<i>How is it possible</i> .....	9	<i>The charms of Florimel</i> ...	2
<i>All in the Downs</i> .....	58	<i>How can you lovely Nancy</i> ...	29	<i>The sweet rosy Morn</i> ....	7
<i>Away away we've Crown'd</i> ....	73	<i>How happy a State</i> .....	40	<i>The Nymph that undoes me</i> ...	22
<i>Alas when charming Strephon</i> ...	98	<i>Happy the World</i> .....	32	<i>The Sun now darts</i> .....	49
<b>B</b>		<i>He's a Man ev'ry Inch</i> ... 100		<i>The Thrill toid Lark</i> ....	85
<i>By Masons Art</i> .....	5	<b>I</b>		<i>Tamo Tanto</i> .....	3
<i>Believe my Sighs</i> .....	6	<i>In vain bright Nymphs</i> ... 41		<i>Invas when the Seas</i> .....	53
<i>Bird of May</i> .....	17	<i>If beautys lure alone</i> ....	74	<i>Two Gods of great honour</i> ...	55
<i>Beauty &amp; Wit illustrious Maid</i> ...	30	<b>L</b>		<i>Tell me dear charmer</i> ....	57
<i>Beauty Gilds y blushing Morn</i> ...	51	<i>Leave me Shepherd</i> .....	46	<i>Twa bonny Lads</i> .....	59
<i>Bacchus assist us to Sing</i> ....	35	<i>Love I mag'd blindly</i> ....	70	<i>Thy Vain pursuit</i> .....	90
<i>Blest with my Silvia</i> .....	47	<i>Love how despotick</i> .....	76	<b>W</b>	
<i>Busy curious thirsty Fly</i> ....	60	<i>Little Syren of the Stage</i> ...	87	<i>When charming Chloe</i> ....	15
<i>But to hear y Children Mutter</i> ...	96	<i>Loves a gentle gen'rous</i> ....	88	<i>When Fanny blooming Fair</i> ...	18
<b>C</b>		<b>M</b>		<i>When Delia on the Plain</i> ...	37
<i>Come little Cupid</i> .....	34	<i>My Pattie is</i> .....	31	<i>When Chloe was by Damon</i> ...	66
<i>Come &amp; listen to my ditty</i> ....	54	<i>Music how pow'rful</i> ....	68	<i>When for a Silly</i> .....	69
<b>D</b>		<b>N</b>		<i>When Night had Set</i> .....	97
<i>Dimmi Caro</i> .....	23	<i>No more shall Buds</i> ....	52	<i>Wast me some Soft</i> .....	20
<i>Dear Chloe while thus beyond</i> ...	24	<b>O</b>		<i>Whilst I in Sleep</i> .....	33
<i>Divinest Fair oh ease my Care</i> ...	95	<i>O say what is that thing</i> ...	12	<i>Whilst endless Tears</i> ....	43
<b>F</b>		<i>Of all the Torments</i> .....	19	<i>Whilst I gaze on Chloe</i> ...	45
<i>Farewell thou false Philander</i> ...	99	<i>Oh Celia recall</i> .....	50	<i>Whence comes it that</i> ....	42
<i>From Whites and Wills</i> .....	8	<i>On dear Selinda's charms</i> ...	56	<i>With early Morn</i> .....	78
<i>From Rosy Bowers</i> .....	61	<i>Old Chiron thus preach'd</i> ...	89	<b>Y</b>	
<i>From silent Shades</i> .....	81	<b>S</b>		<i>Ye gentle Gales</i> .....	48
<i>False tho' she be</i> .....	13	<i>Singing charms y blest'd</i> ....	1	<i>Ye Nymphs of Bath</i> ....	65
<i>Flora Goddess</i> .....	21	<i>Since drinking has pow'r</i> ...	10	<i>Ye gales that gently</i> ....	92
		<i>Sweet are the Charms</i> ....	16	<i>Young Cupid thought</i> ....	72







# Musick.

*Musick is an insearchable and excellent Art, which rejoiceth the Spirits and unloadeth Grief from the heart, and consisteth in time and number.*

*Musick alone with sudden Charms can bind  
The wand'ring sense, & calm the troubled mind.*

*W. Clark Scrip.*

G. Bickham Sculp.

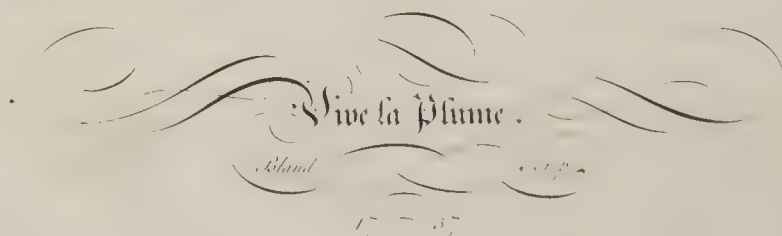






Hear how *Timotheus*' various *Lays* surprise,  
 And bid alternate *passions* fall and rise;  
 While, at each *Change*, the *Son of Lybian Jove*,  
 Now burns with *Glory*, and then melts with *Love*,  
 Now his fierce *Eyes* with *Sparkling Fury* glow,  
 Now *Sighs* steal out, and *Tears* begin to flow.  
*Persians* and *Greeks* like *Turns of Nature* sound,  
 And the *World's Victor* stood subdu'd by *Sound*.

Tell me, *O Muse!* (for thou, or none, canst tell)  
 The mystick *pow'rs* that in soft *Numbers* dwell.  
 At first a various unformid' hint we find,  
 Rise in some *Godlike Poet's fertile Mind*,  
 Till all the *parts* and *Words* their *Places* take;  
 And with just *Marches*, *Verse* & *Musick* make.





# Musick.

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,  
 To soften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak;  
 I've read that Things inanimate have mov'd;  
 And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd  
 By magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound.

The breathing Flutes soft Notes are heard around,  
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their silver sound;  
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring;  
 Touching the vocal Pipes, & trembling String.

E. Brooks,  
 (Per)





# Musick.

*Musick resembles Poetry, in each  
Are nameless Graces which no Methods teach,  
And which a Master-hand alone can reach.*

## On a Lady's Singing.

*When she sings, as when she sings,  
The Flocks, unled, seem'd listening on the Plains;  
The Rivers would stand still, the Cedars bend;  
And Birds neglect their Pinnions to attend.*

*J. Champion Scriv<sup>r</sup> 1737.*

*Hail, Musick! infant Breath of tenderest Love,  
Thou Taste of the Seraphick Joys above,  
Blest Harmony! which all Mankind approve.*









ON

## Mira's Singing and Beauty.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> TURNER.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON, these Four Plates are humbly inscribed.

*Singing charms y<sup>e</sup> Blest above; Angels sing, Saints approve:*

*All we below of Heav'n can know, Is that they both sing and Love.*

*Is that they both sing and Love.*

<sup>2</sup>  
Mira hath an Angels'lin;  
Sweet her Notes, her face as fair  
Vasals and Kings,  
Feel, when she sings,  
Charms of warbling Beauty near.

<sup>3</sup>  
Savage Nature conquer'd by, |  
All is Wonder and Surprise,  
Souls Expiring,  
Hearts a singing,  
By her charming Notes & Eyes.

<sup>4</sup>  
Let the Viol and the Harp,  
Hang & molder till they warp;  
Let Flute and Lyre,  
In Dust Expire,  
Shattered by a Vocal Sharp.

(For the Flute).

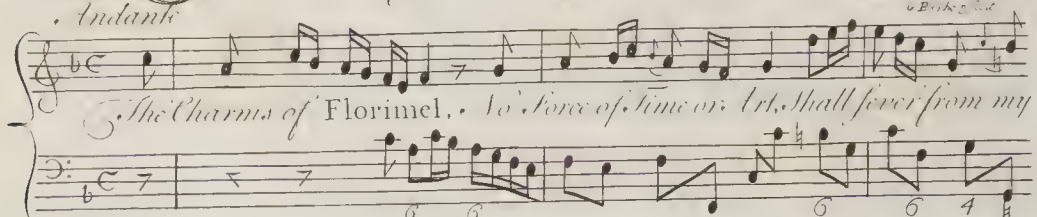




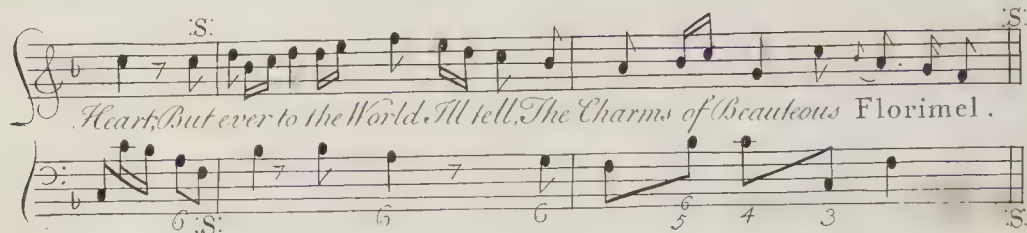


Andante

G. B. K. &amp; Co.



The Charms of Florimel, • To Force of Time or Art, shall sever from my



Heart; But ever to the World, I'll tell, The Charms of Beauteous Florimel.

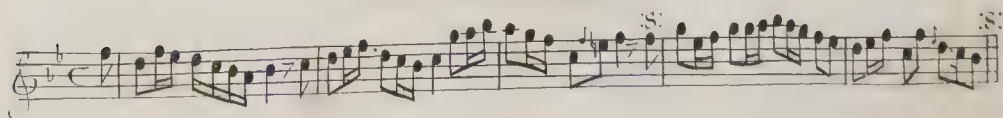
Each Rock and sunny Hill,  
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,  
Shall say, Mirtillo Loves;  
And Echo shall be taught to tell  
The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,  
That on its Bark doth wear,  
The Triumphs of my Fair;  
To future Times in Verse shall tell,  
The Charms, &c.

Each Brook, and purling Rill,  
Shall, on its bubbling Stream,  
Convey the Virgin's Name;  
And as it rolls in Murmurs tell,  
The Charms, &c.

The Silvan Gods, that dwell,  
Amidst this Sacred Grove,  
Shall wonder at my Love;  
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,  
The Charms of Beauteous Florimel.

(For the Flute:)



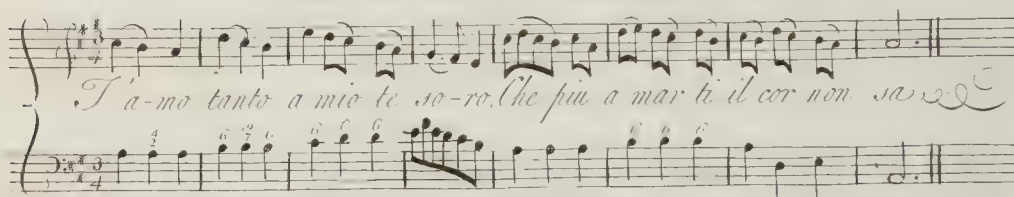






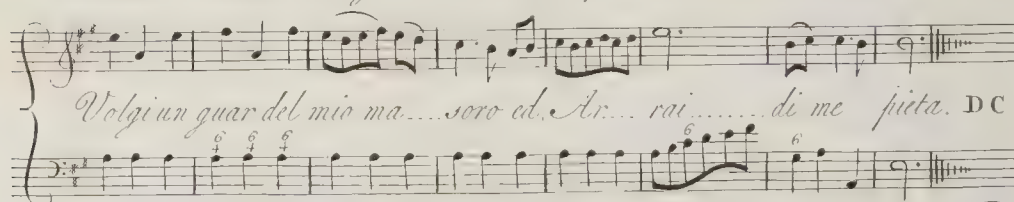
Bushman pin. scul.

## Amo tanto.



*I a-mo tanto a mio te-so-ro. Che più a mar ti il cor non sa*

*So much, I love thee Oh my Treasure. That my Flame no Bounds does know*

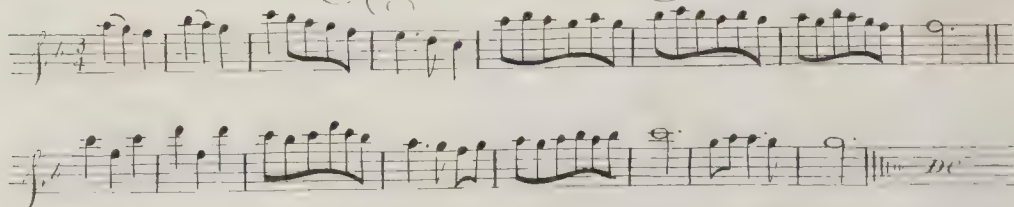


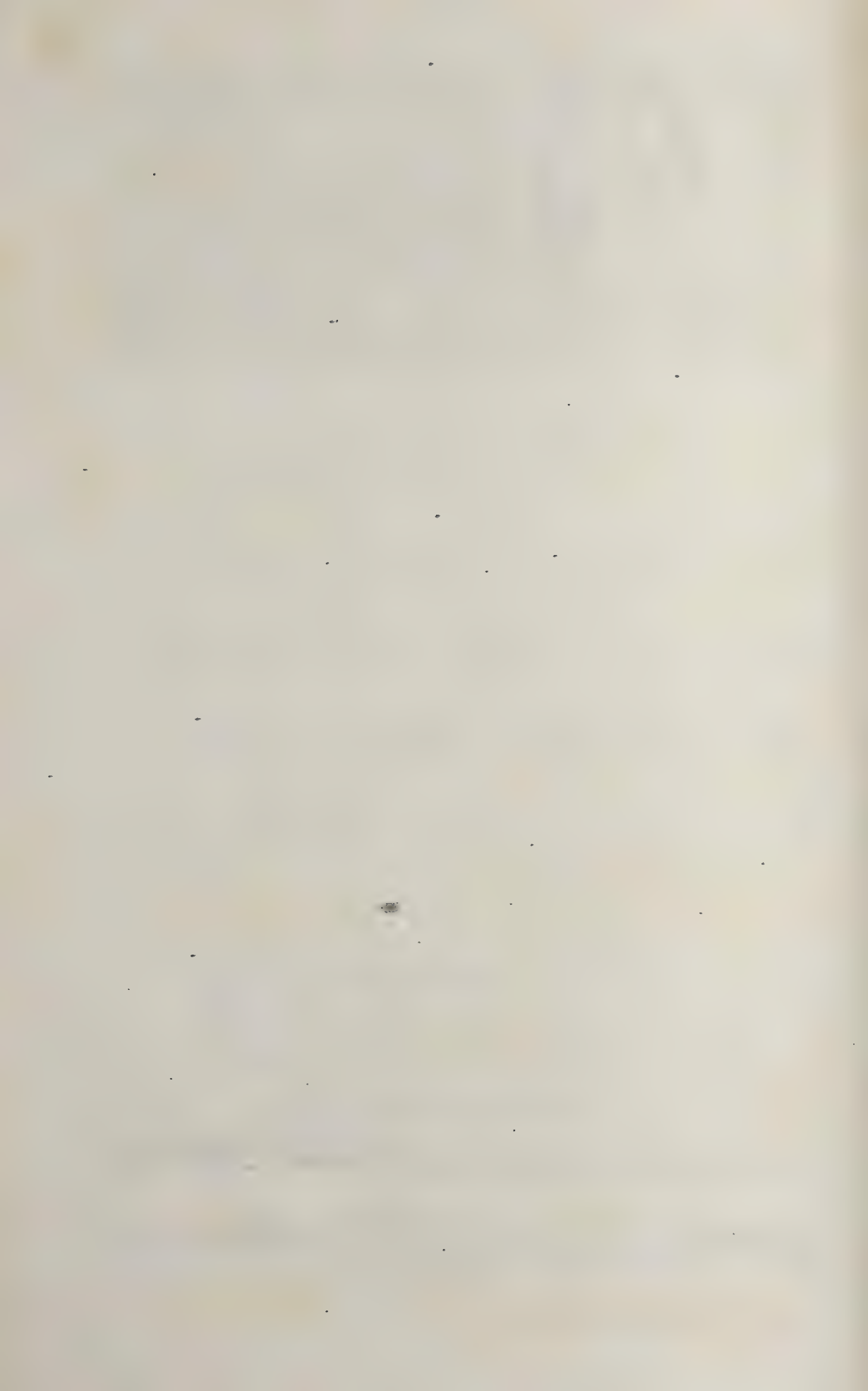
*Volgi un guar del mio ma-soro al. Ar... rai... di me pietà. DC*

*Oh look upon your Swain with pleasure. For his pain..... some pi-ty shew.*

<i>Par-to si-da te mia vi-ta</i>	<i>Oh my Charmer tho' I leave you</i>
<i>Ma date non parte il cor</i>	<i>Yet my Heart with you remains</i>
<i>Al german un chiede ai-ta</i>	<i>Let not then my Absence grieve you</i>
<i>Al tuo betta-mi chiede amor</i>	<i>Since with pride, I wear your Chains.</i>

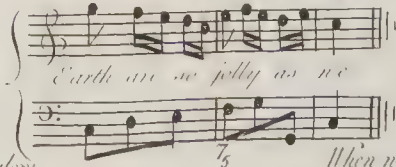
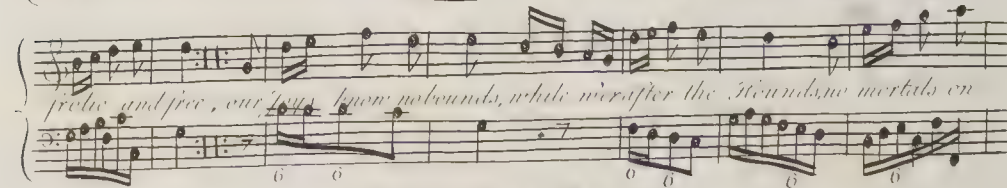
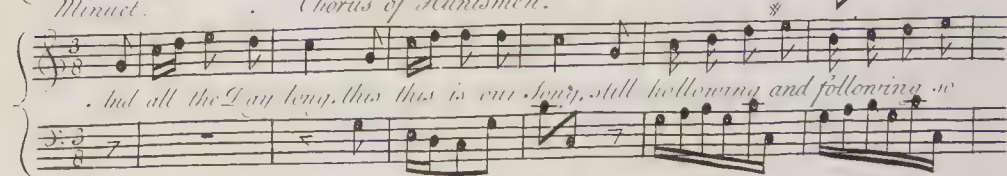
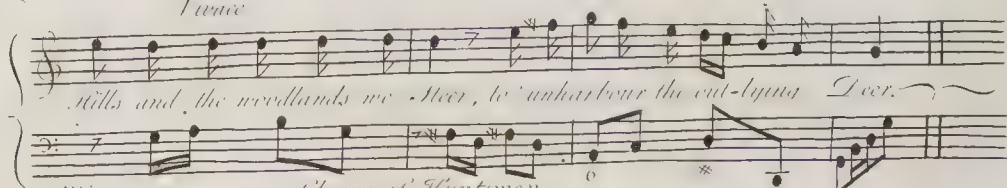
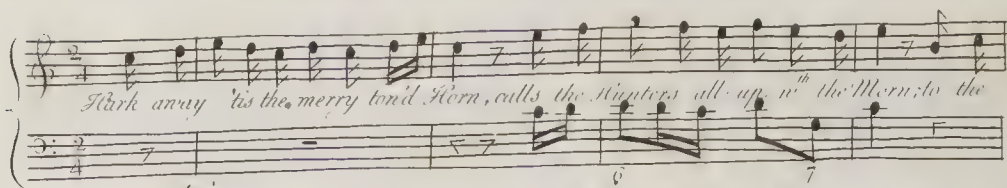
## For the Flute.







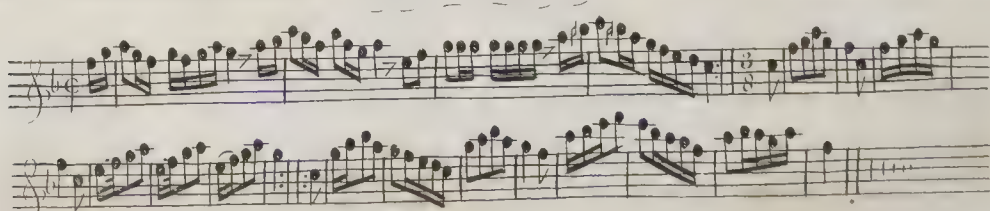
## The Going out in the Morning.



Round the Woods when we beat here we glow,  
While the Hills they all Echo Ho!  
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,  
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies:  
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

When we Sweep o'er the Valleys or climb,  
Up the Heath breathing Mountain Sublime,  
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,  
Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

For the Flute.









# Masons and Masonry.

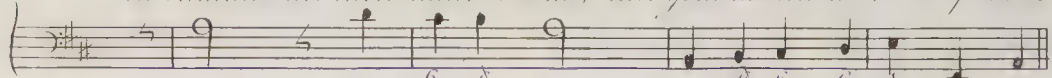
To the R<sup>t</sup> Hon. the Earl of LONDON; Grand Master, these 4. Notes are humbly inscrib'd.



By Masons. Let if aspiring Stone, for various Columns shall arise,



All Climates are their native Home, Their godlike Actions reach if. Thine;

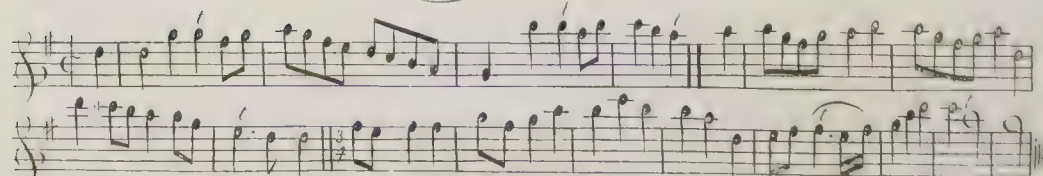


Heroes & Kings revere their Names, And Boats, sing their deathless Time.



Great, Generous, Noble, Wise and Brave,  
Are Titles they most justly claim;  
Their Deeds shall live beyond if Grave,  
Which Babes unborn shall loud proclaim:  
Time shall their glorious Acts en roll,  
Whilst Love and Friendship charms if Soul.

## For the Flute.



N<sup>o</sup> II.







THE

# Slighted Lover.

Believe my Sighs my Tears my Dear! Believe if Heart you've  
 won, Believe my Love's to you, sincere, Or Woe my, I'm Undone,  
 You say, I'm, fickle and apt to Change, At ev'ry, Face that's  
 new, Of all the Girls, I ever saw, I ne'er Lov'd one but you.

My Heart was like a Lamp of Ice,	Then take & try me & you shall find,
Till warm'd by your bright Eye,	That I've a Heart that's true,
And then it kindled in a Trice	Of all the Girls I ever Saw
A Flame that ne'er can die,	I ne'er Lov'd One like You.

## For the Flute





## The Return from the Chase.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge.

*The sweet rosy Morn peeps over the Hills, With Blushes adorning the*

*Meadows & Fields; The merry merry merry Horn calls come come come a-*

*way. Awake from your Slumber, and hail the new Day; the*

*The Stag roar'd before us,*  
*Away seems to fly,*  
*And pants to the Chorus,*  
*Of Hounds in full Cry;*  
*Then follow follow follow follow*  
*The Musical Chase,*  
*Where Pleasure and vig'rous*  
*Health you embrace;*

*The Day's Sport when over,*  
*Alakes Blood circle right,*  
*And gives the brisk Lover*  
*Fresh Charms for the Night.*  
*Then let us let us now enjoy*  
*All we can while we may,*  
*Let Love crown the Night,*  
*As our Sports crown y<sup>e</sup> Day.*

For the Flute.

*G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> Sculp.*







# The Coquet.

Set to M<sup>r</sup> Fairbairn.

G. Buckham, jun<sup>r</sup>. Sculp<sup>r</sup>.

*Andante* *From*

White's and Will's to purling Rills, The love-sick Strephon flies;  
 There full of Hoes, His Numbers flow, And all in Rhyme he Dies.

The Fair Coquet,  
 With feign'd Regret,  
 Invites him back to Town;  
 But when in Tears,  
 The Youth Appears,  
 She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft the Maid  
 This Prank had play'd,  
 Till angry Strephon swore;  
 And what is strange,  
 Tho' loth to change,  
 Would never see her more.

## For the Flute.







# THE Submissive Admirer

Set by Mr. Handel.

To the Rt. Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl COWPER these four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

How is it possible, how can I for-bear? so many Charms all around you wear! They ev'ry  
Part hath such Power to move, Who see Admirer, who know you doth love, and who knows you doth  
Love. In vain you do command a ... way! Me-thinks to thee I'd e... ver grow,  
When You re-main, then must I Stay, When You depart, then must I go. D.C.

For the  
FLUTE.

D.C.





*The Deleit; or. Dow'r of Drinking*  
*Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Menro.*

Since Drinking has Power to cure us of Grief, Come fill up y<sup>e</sup> Bowl, & a Pax on all grief;

If we find that won't do, We'll have such another: And so'll we proceed from one Bowl to y<sup>e</sup>

Other's till like Sons of Apollo, We'll make our W<sup>h</sup> fear; Or in Homage to Bacchus fall down on y<sup>e</sup> Floor;

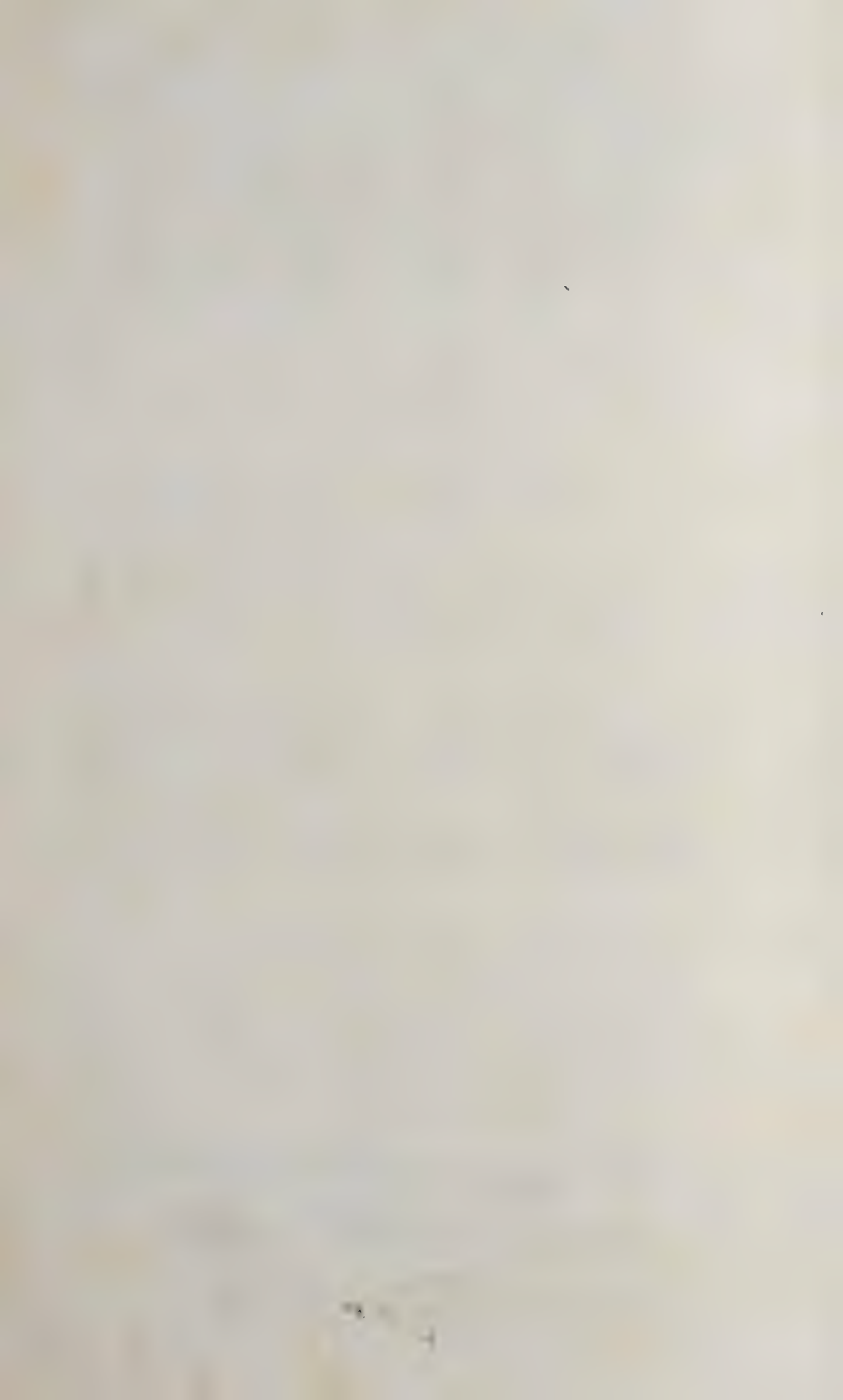
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*Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls;*  
*They Each of them lov'd for to top off their Bowls;*  
*Then let's try to show our Selves Men of Merit,*  
*By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of Good Claret,*  
*And then We shall all be deserving of Praise;*  
*But y<sup>e</sup> Man that Drinks most, shall go off with y<sup>e</sup> Rays.*

— FOR THE FLUTE. —

*Bowden jun<sup>r</sup>. comp.*







## The Despairing Lover.

*Sym.* (A man of love do spurring, thus wails his cruel fate his  
grief y<sup>e</sup> Shepherds, mourning, in circles round him, but the Nymphs in vain companion the sick lips lover  
Mourned; all who had heard y<sup>e</sup> Papsen a sigh for sigh returned; till who had heard y<sup>e</sup> Papsen a  
Sigh for sigh re-turned.

### II

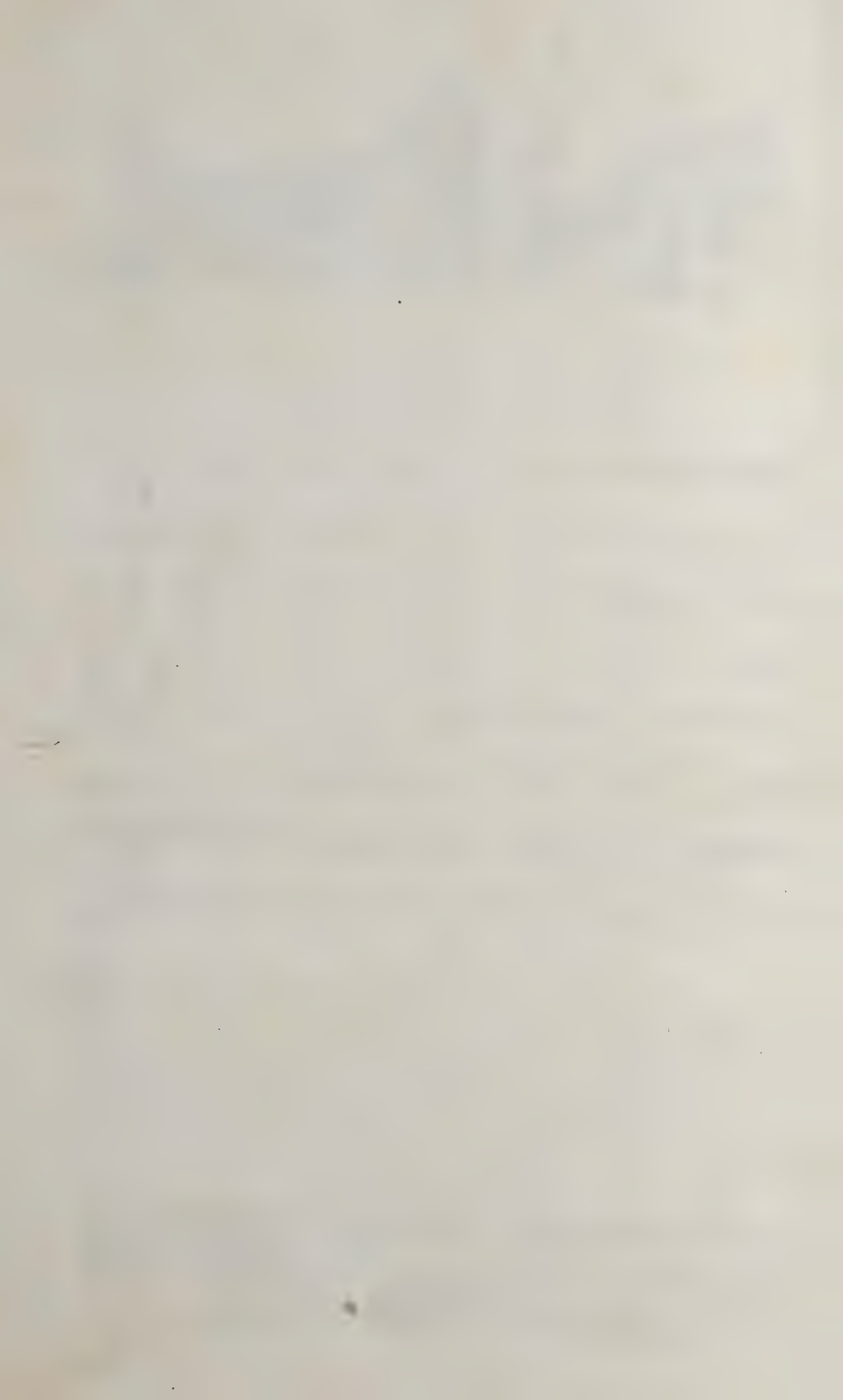
### III

### IV

O Friends! your plaints give over,	Her Charms such force discover	But O! none more deserving
Your kind Concern forbear —	Resistance is in vain —	Was thine her frozen Breast —
Should O!e but discover —	Spight of your self you locher	Her heart to him devoted —
For me you'd shed a tear —	And hang the galling Chain —	Thus told to all the rest —
Her Eyes shed them in tears —	Her wit the shame increases	Her love with you abundant —
Your friendship soon subdue —	And re-acts past the part —	The thought distracts my brain —
Too late you'd wish forgiveness —	She has ten thousand graces	Or mad Maid then I wonder —
And for her Mercy sue —	And each could gain a heart	It fell upon the Plain —

## For the Flute.

*Sym.* 25<sup>2</sup> 35<sup>2</sup> 45<sup>2</sup> 55<sup>2</sup> 65<sup>2</sup> 75<sup>2</sup> 85<sup>2</sup> 95<sup>2</sup> 105<sup>2</sup> 115<sup>2</sup> 125<sup>2</sup> 135<sup>2</sup> 145<sup>2</sup> 155<sup>2</sup> 165<sup>2</sup> 175<sup>2</sup> 185<sup>2</sup> 195<sup>2</sup> 205<sup>2</sup> 215<sup>2</sup> 225<sup>2</sup> 235<sup>2</sup> 245<sup>2</sup> 255<sup>2</sup> 265<sup>2</sup> 275<sup>2</sup> 285<sup>2</sup> 295<sup>2</sup> 305<sup>2</sup> 315<sup>2</sup> 325<sup>2</sup> 335<sup>2</sup> 345<sup>2</sup> 355<sup>2</sup> 365<sup>2</sup> 375<sup>2</sup> 385<sup>2</sup> 395<sup>2</sup> 405<sup>2</sup> 415<sup>2</sup> 425<sup>2</sup> 435<sup>2</sup> 445<sup>2</sup> 455<sup>2</sup> 465<sup>2</sup> 475<sup>2</sup> 485<sup>2</sup> 495<sup>2</sup> 505<sup>2</sup> 515<sup>2</sup> 525<sup>2</sup> 535<sup>2</sup> 545<sup>2</sup> 555<sup>2</sup> 565<sup>2</sup> 575<sup>2</sup> 585<sup>2</sup> 595<sup>2</sup> 605<sup>2</sup> 615<sup>2</sup> 625<sup>2</sup> 635<sup>2</sup> 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Bickham sculp

THE

# Blind Boy.

*O! Say, what is that Thing call'd Light, which I can ne'er Enjoy;*

*What is the Blessing of the Sight, Oh! tell, tell your poor Blind Boy.*

2  
 You talk of wondrous Things you see,  
 You say the Sun shines bright;  
 I feel him warm, but how can he—  
 Then make it Day or Night!

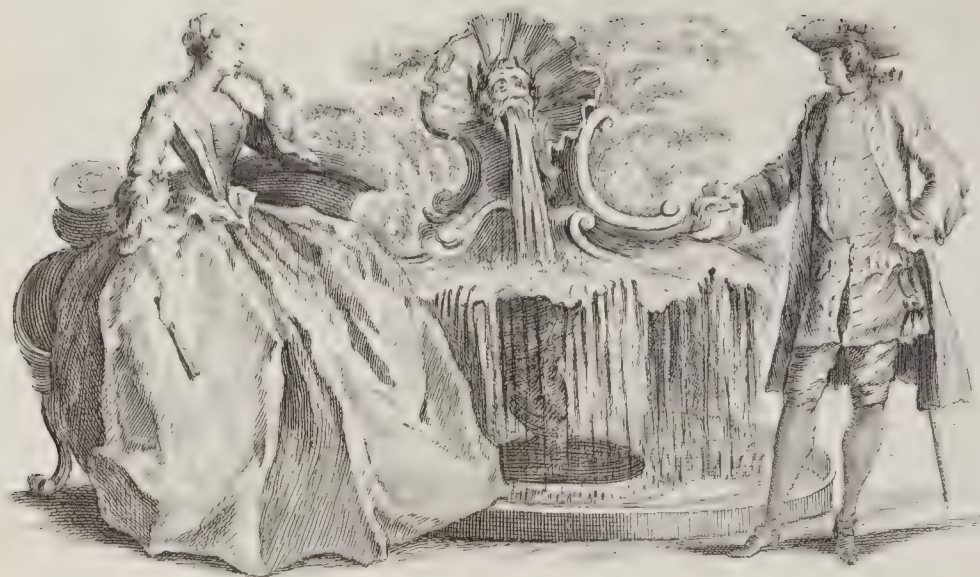
3  
 My Day or Night myself I make,  
 When e'er I wake or play,  
 And could I ever keep awake  
 It would be always Day.

4  
 With heavy Sighs I often hear  
 You mourn my hopeleß Woe,  
 But sure with Patience I may bear  
 A Loss I ne'er can know.

5  
 Then let not what I cannot have  
 My Cheer of Mind destroy,  
 Whilst thus I sing I am a King,  
 Altho' a poor Blind Boy.

## For the Flute.





# THE Grateful Lover.

To the R.<sup>d</sup> Wom.<sup>n</sup> of Lady COBHAM these Four Plates are humbly inscribed.

The Words by M<sup>r</sup>. Congreve.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Gunn. —

*Largo* False tho' she be to me & Love, All neer pursue Re-  
venge For still if Charmer I approve, Tho' I deplo re her Change  
*Allegro* In hours of Bliss we oft have met They could  
not always last, And tho' if present I regret, I'm grateful for if past, I'm grateful for if past.

N<sup>o</sup>. IV.

G. Bickham, Sculp.







2  
When you pine, you whine out your Pission  
And only entreat for a Kiss,  
To be coy, and deny is the Fashion  
Alexis should ravish the Bliss.

3  
In Love as in War its but Reason  
To make some Defence for y<sup>e</sup> Town,  
To surrender without it were Treason,  
Before that y<sup>e</sup> Outworks were won.

4  
If I prove its my Blushes to cover,  
Its for Honour & Modesty sake;  
He is but a Pityful Lover  
Who is foiled by a Single Attack.

5  
But when we by force are overpowered  
The best & the bravest must yield;  
I am not to be won by a Command  
Who hardly dares enter y<sup>e</sup> Field.







## Charming Cloe.

The Words by M. J. J. J.

Set by M. Gladwin.

When charming Cloe, gently walks, Or sweetly smiles, or gayly talks,  
No Goddess can with her compare: 'Tis true her looks so soft her Air.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd  
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd,  
With Sparkling Wit and Solid Sense  
And Soft persuasive Eloquence.

Inframing her divinely fair,  
Nature employ'd her utmost Care,  
That He in Cloe's form should find,  
A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

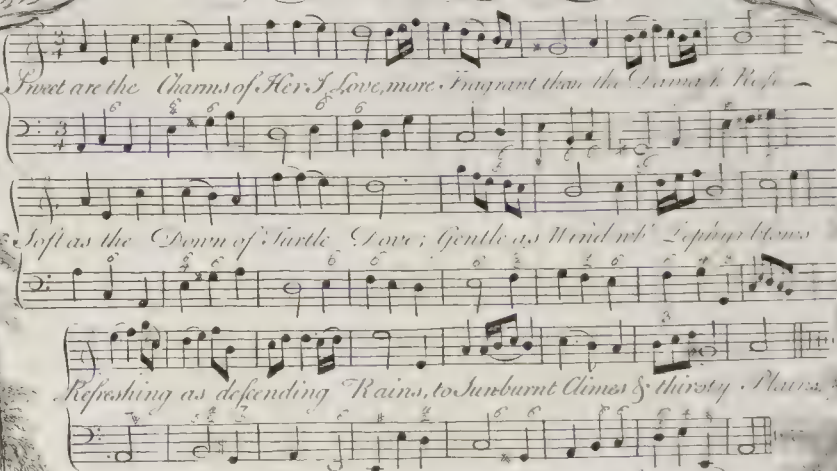
## For the Flute.

Build an Air.





# THE Constant Lover.



*Sweet are the Charms of Her I Love, more Fragrant than the Damask Rose.*

*Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove; Gentle as Wind wh' Zephyrus blows*

*Refreshing as descending Rains, to Sunburnt Climes & thirsty Plains.*

*True as the Needle to the Pole,  
Or as the Dial to the Sun;  
Constant as gliding Waters rowl,  
Whose swelling Tides obey y<sup>e</sup> Moon,  
From ev'ry other Charmer free,  
My Life & Love shall follow thee.*

*The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,  
The Dam the tender Kid pursues,  
Sweet Philomel in shady Bow'rs,  
Of verdant Spring her Note renews,  
All follow what they most admire  
As I pursue my Soul's desire.*

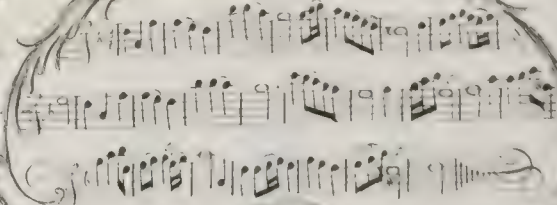
*Nature must change her beauteous Face  
And vary as the Seasons rise,  
As Winter to the Spring gives place  
Summer th' approach of Autumn flies  
No Change of Love the Seasons bring;  
Love only knows perpetual Spring.*

*Devouring Time with steeling Face,  
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow,  
And Marble Towers & Walls of Brass,  
In his rude March he levels low,  
But time destroying far & wide,  
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.*

*Death only with his Cruel Dart  
The gentle God-head can remove,  
And drive him from y<sup>e</sup> Bleeding Heart,  
To mingle with the Blest above,  
Where known to all his kindred Train,  
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.*

*Love & her sister Fair, the Soul,  
Twin-born from Heav'n together came;  
Love will the Universe controul  
When dying seasons lose their Name,  
Divine Abodes shall own his Power,  
When Time & Death shall be no more.*

For the Flute.



W. B. H. 1811









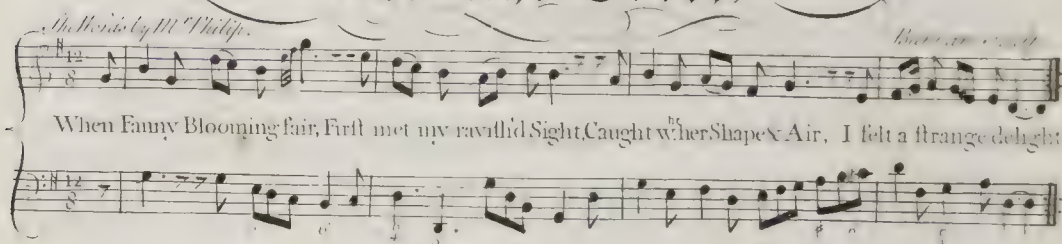


Set by M<sup>r</sup> Boyce Organist & Composer to his Majesty

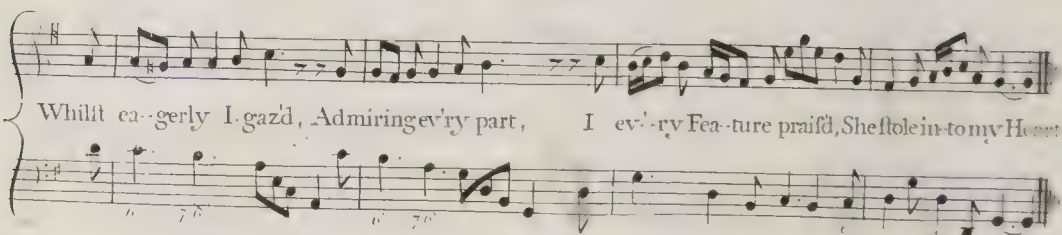
# THE Ravish'd Lover.

Melody by M<sup>r</sup> Philipps.

Words by M<sup>r</sup> Boyce.



When Fanny Blooming fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, Caught wher Shape & Air, I felt a strange delight



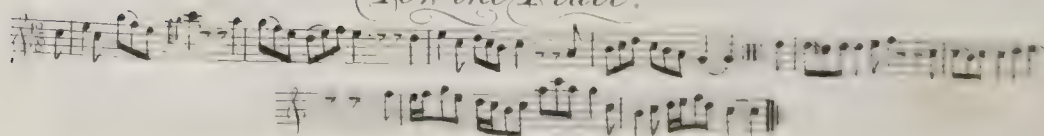
Whilst ea-gerly I gaz'd, Admiring ev'ry part, I ev'ry Fea-ture prais'd, She stole in to my Heart.

2  
In her bewitching Eyes,  
Young smiling Loves appear,  
There Cupid balking lyes  
His Shafts are hoarded there,  
Her Blooming Cheeks are dy'd,  
With Colour all their own,  
Excelling far the pride,  
Of Roses newly Blown.

3  
Her well turn'd Limbs confels,  
The lucky hand of Jove,  
Her Features all express  
The Beauteous Queen of Love,  
What Flames my Nerves invade,  
When I behold the Breast,  
Of that too lovely Maid,  
Rise sueing to be prest.

4  
Venus round Fannys Waste,  
Hath her own Cestus bound,  
With Guardian Cupids grac'd,  
Who sport the circle round,  
How happy will he be,  
Who shall her Zone unloose,  
That Blifs to all but me,  
May Heav'n and she refuse.

*For the Flute.*





1891

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# *The Rival or Desponding Lover.*

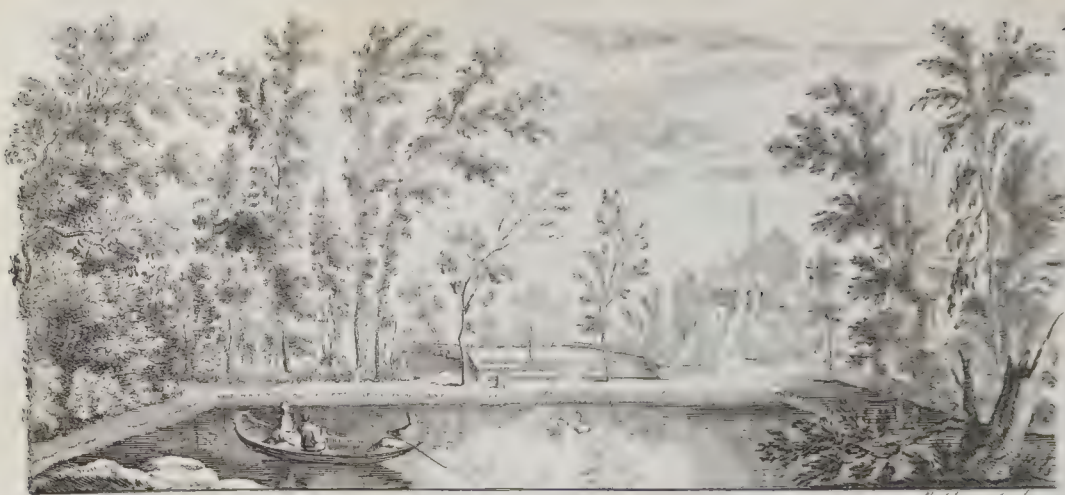
*Of all the Torments all the Cares, By which our lives are Cured —*  
*Of all the Sor-rows that we bear, A Rival is the Worst: —*  
*By Part-ners in A-no-ther Kind, Afflictions easier given. —*  
*In Love A-lone we hate to find, Com panions in our woe —*

<i>Silvia, for all those Grieps, you see,</i>	<i>Howe'er, severe, your Raptures are</i>
<i>Arising in my Breast; —</i>	<i>None with y<sup>e</sup>. I'll Cease. —</i>
<i>I beg not that you'd pity me, —</i>	<i>I can endure my own Dispects. —</i>
<i>Would you but Slight the rest: —</i>	<i>But not another's Hope. —</i>

(For the Flute.)







Lukham Sculp.

# THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

Set by M. Carey

Not too fast

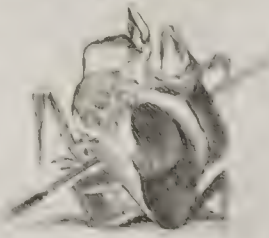
Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze, to Windsor's shady kind Retreat: Where Silvan  
 Vines wide spreading, Trees, repel the raging & scorching heat. Where rusted Iron's  
 sword a rural calm Repose, Where Woodlins hang their den: y Heads, & fragrant sweets around dispense.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling Valley plays,  
 His gliding Surface bears the eye  
 And thro' the flow'ry Heaven frays.  
 His fertile Banks with Herbage green,  
 His Vales with golden Plenty swell:  
 Where ere his purer Stream is seen,  
 The gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy golden  
 With naked, iron end more aware  
 In thee my glowing, begin have  
 And from thy gently flowing, be  
 Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some green and airy shade  
 When Water Lilies bear the green  
 And bubbling Fountains rise and play



Let chaste Clarinda too be there,  
 With azure Mantle lightly drest:  
 Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair,  
 Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.  
 Oh! haste away fair, Maid and bring  
 Thee, Muse the Kindly Friendly Love,  
 To Thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.



Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of two staves with various notes and rests.

For the Flute.

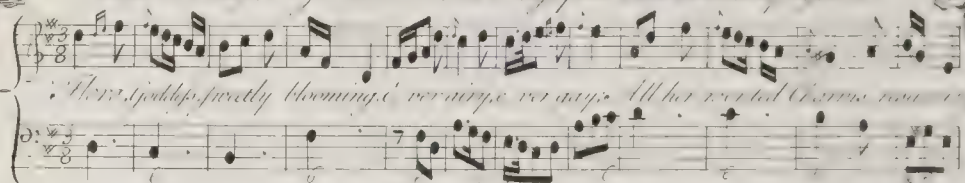






# RURAL BEAUTY, or VAUXHALL GARDEN.

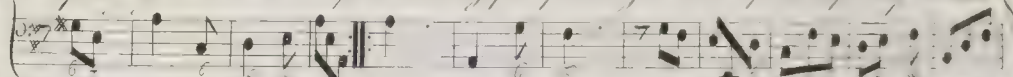
To the M<sup>rs</sup>. Wrentham, Esq. BALTIMORE. These post-holes are built by the poet.



There, spid'rs, sweetly blooming, & verdant, & verdant, All his royal Charms have



To the Spirit-land with a way: With this blissful Spot de-lighted, Here is Queen of the



Islands, Beams are all in view, To your taste of varied Sweets.



To the great, & the great, & the great.

Rising near embow'ring shades,

There a temple strikes with wonder,

In full view of Colonades;

Let and Nature (kindly lavish)

Here their mingled Beauties yield;

Equal, Here the Pleasures rivall'd

Of the Court and of the Field.

Hark! what Heavenly Notes descending,

Break upon the listening Ear;

Musical do grace lending,

O tis Ecstasy to hear!

Nightingales the Concert joining,

Breathe their Plaint in melting strains;

Impass'd now their Groves repairing,

Even they fly to distant Plains.

To the great, & the great, & the great.

Swift illumine the charming Scene;

Chandeliers their light imparting,

Four fresh Baruties over & green,

Glittering, lamps in order planted,

Strike the Eye with sweet surprise;

Admit was not more enchanted

When he saw the Sun first rise.

Now the various Bands are seated,

All dispos'd in bright array,

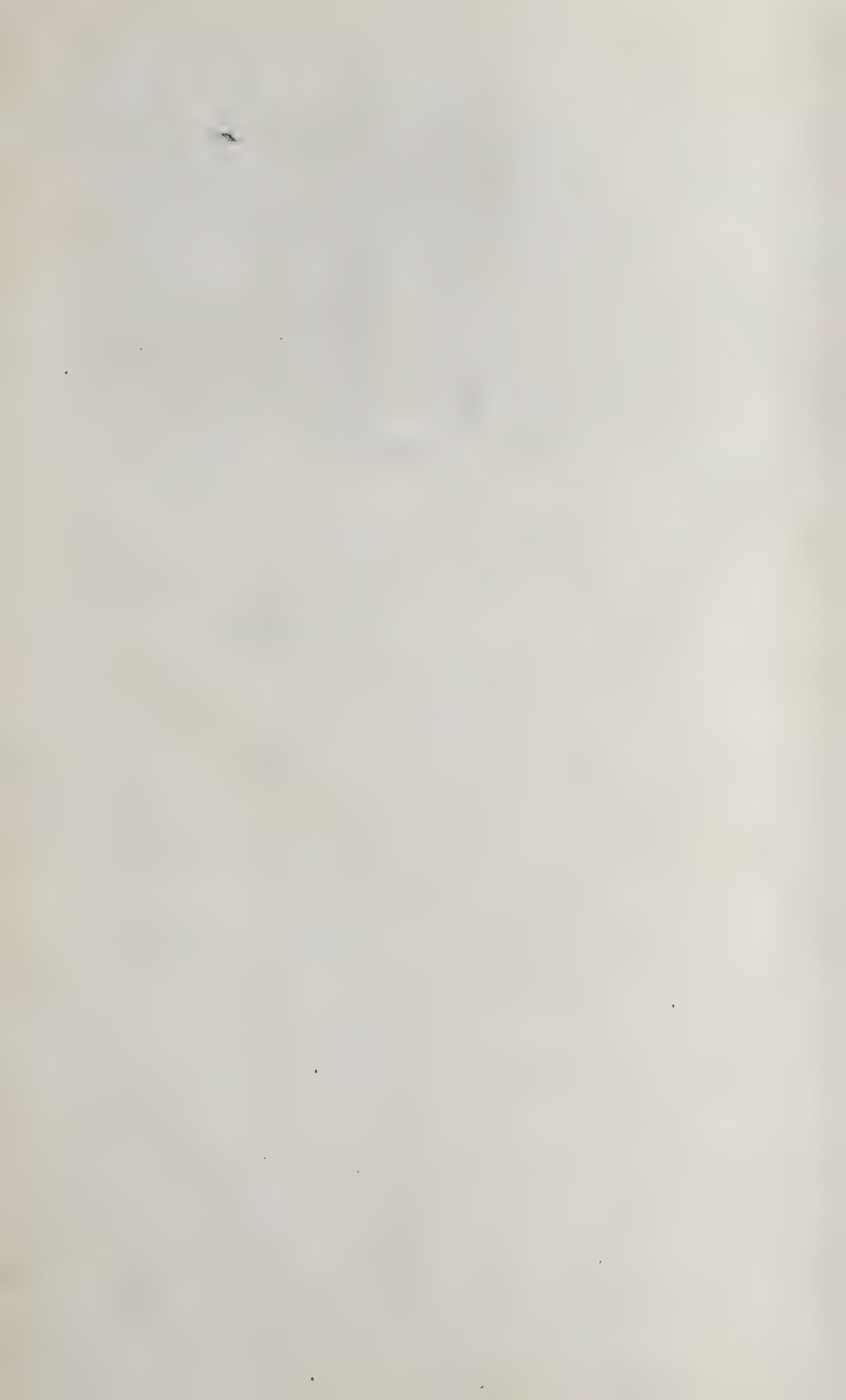
With soft Mirth they close of Day,

Thus of Old the Town of Pleasure,

Posed in Shades their favorite Hours,

(Nectar cherishing their gay Senses)

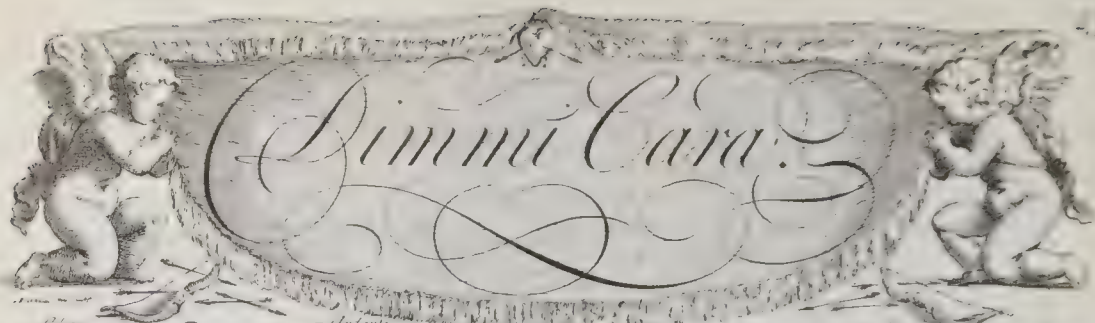
Bleed by Love, & wound with Pains











*Allarg.* *Andante*

Dim mi Ca ra Dimmi tu dei me rer mac ca ra non uidi parti ten tan da me  
 no parti ten tan ten tan da me Dimmi tu dei me rer mac ca ra non uidi parti  
 ten da me mac ca ra non uidi parti ten tan ten tan da me  
 Ten da re de ti si po te tar par tir er che ti vo le re no no de ti nel non puz parti nel are ti  
 pio puz da re de ti si po te tar par tir er che ti vo le re no no de ti nel non puz parti nel are ti

DA CAPO.

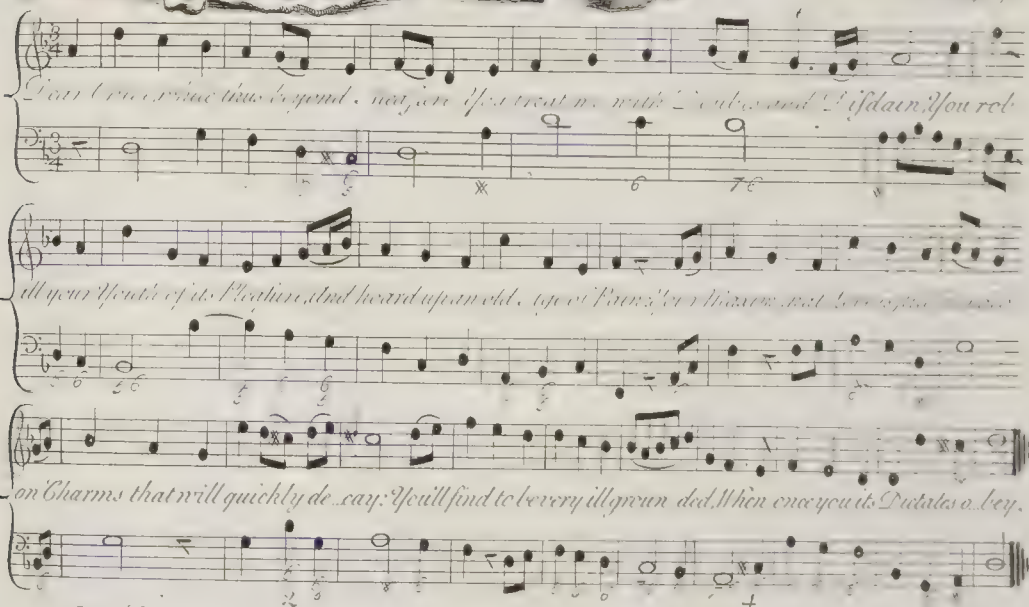
## For the Flute.

*Adagio* *And.* *And.*

*Bickham sculp.*





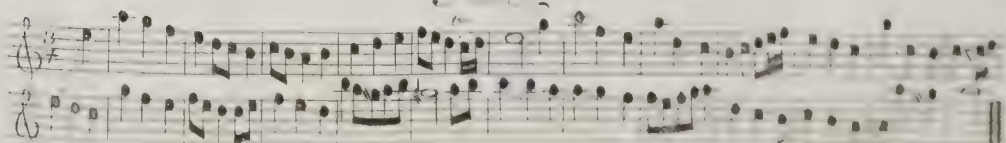


The Love that from Beauty is drawn,  
(By kindness you ought to improve;  
Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Lann  
Fruitful's the Sun, Shine of Love;  
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes  
Should be clouded that new are so gay,  
And Darknes obscure all the Skies,  
You neer can forget it was Day.

Old Partly with Jean by his Side  
You're often regarded with Wonder  
He's Tropical She is Lym ex'd  
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder,  
Together they totter about,  
Or sit in the Sun at the Door,  
And at Night when old Partly's out  
His Jean will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,  
Their several Feelings to smother,  
Then what are the Charms can you guess,  
That make them so fond of each other?  
'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,  
The Endearments which Youth did bestow,  
The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,  
The best of our Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,  
No Weakness or Time can remove  
For when Youth and Beauty are past  
And Age brings the Winter of Love  
& Friendship insensibly grows,  
(By Reviews of such Naphres as these  
The Current of Fondness still flows,  
Which dear old Age cannot freeze







# St Cyrtillo,

*Or the Despairing Swain.*

TO the R<sup>t</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Lord DELAWARE, this Cantata is most humbly inscrib'd.

*Recitative*

*(Cypress Grove whose melancholly Shade to Indagate the Torture of*

*Sad was made! My stillo'nged with grief did then rear, and was in vain to*

*Alce*

*direct his Prayr.*

*Venus defend*

*Eye my pain's Daughter of Jove's sweetest of Jo ve, that I to thee*





1915

...





*If in thou hear'st a lover, Oh propitious Goddess! hear me now, if*

*in thou hear'st a Lover, Oh propitious Goddess! Oh hear me now, propitious Go-  
dless! hear me now.*

*Oh in thou hear'st a lover, Oh propitious Goddess! hear me now, pro-  
pitious Goddess! hear me now.*

*Tortures prove, that wait upon neglected Love, hear Oh hear, hear Oh hear, a dying*

*Wretch complain! Oh from my kindred eyes this happy Day. Da Capo*





## Recitative.

*Thus in soft Musick did th' abandon'd Swain explore y<sup>e</sup> Powers of Love*

*to ease his Pains: And now with faint voice and flowing Eyes*

*Thus, thus, thus. For the too relentless Sylvia*

*die, Myrtillo,*

*die, Myrtillo,*







*Hy O Hy... this hateful Grove*

*Dye Myrtillo Myrtillo Dye Hy O Hy...*

*This hateful Grove for what is life for what is life what is life what is life*

*Without the Nymph I Love Dye Myrtillo Myrtillo Dye Hy O Hy...*

*This hateful Grove for what is life for what is life what is life what is life*

*the Nymph I Love*

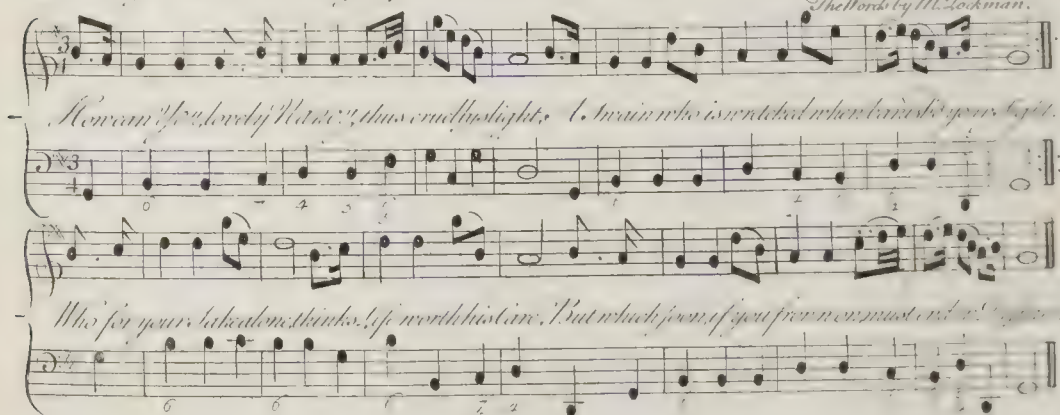




# The inconstant Fair-One, Or Stephen's Complaint.

To her Grace the Duchess of Manchester, these Four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

The Words by M. Lockman.



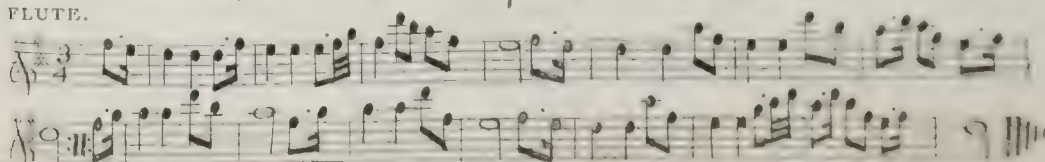
If you meant thus to torture, O why did your Eyes  
Once express so much of mine, & sweetly surprise?  
By their lustre inflam'd, I could not believe,  
That they shd such mild, softness thus pierce my dear's.

O forget not if Raptures you felt in my Arms,  
When you call'd me dear & sweet, & said all you meant  
When you would have a love, been with a King,  
That in my fond's not now more, & is not to be.

But alas! like y Pilgrim & wilder'd in Night,  
Who perceiv's a false splendor at distance invite,  
Overjoy'd He hastens on, pursues it and dies,  
A like Ruin attends me, if away Nance flies.

Fairest, but most obdurate consider that too,  
Will like such a false, & wicked, & more distant view,  
That you'll find many hearts, & many a hand,  
Since I'm constant as your face, be not, & bid adieu.

FLUTE.









THE

## Melodious Songstrefs.

Set by Sig.<sup>r</sup> Putti of Cambridge.

*Andante*

Beau...ty and wit, Illus...trious Maid, tri...ght as to you belong;

Charm all mankind without the aid, of Soft melo...dious Song.

Why will you add, Enchanting Fair,  
The Magick of your Voice;  
By which in us you cause Despair,  
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In Vain to tempt Laerte's heir,  
The songs the Syrens try'd;  
But could their notes with thine compare,  
He must have heard and dy'd.

4  
Sing on bright Maid, repeat each strain,  
Tho' in Each strain's a dart;  
We dye by pleasure not by pain,  
While thus you peirce the heart.

FLUTE.

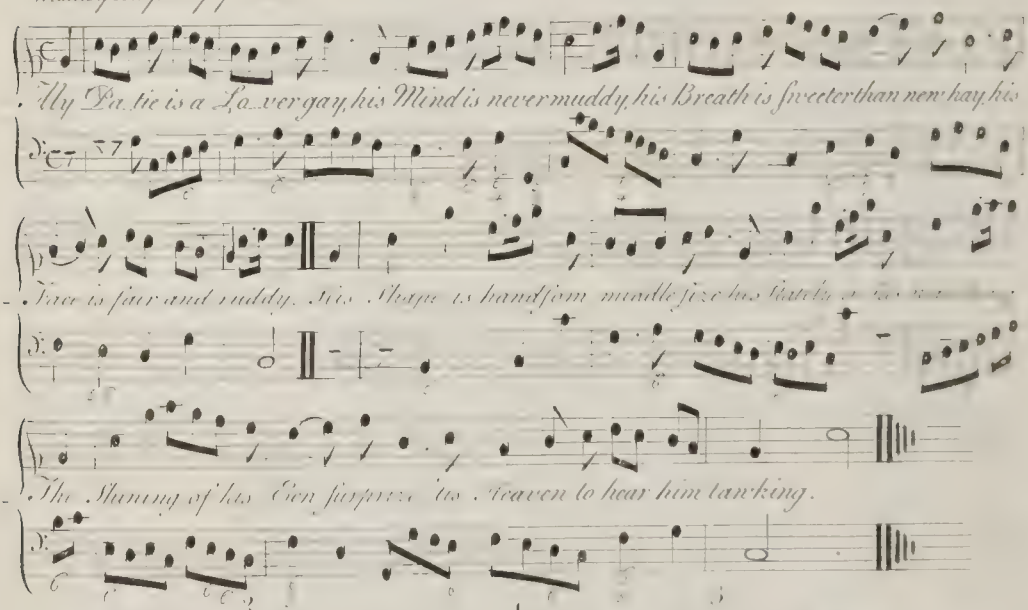




# Handsom Latic

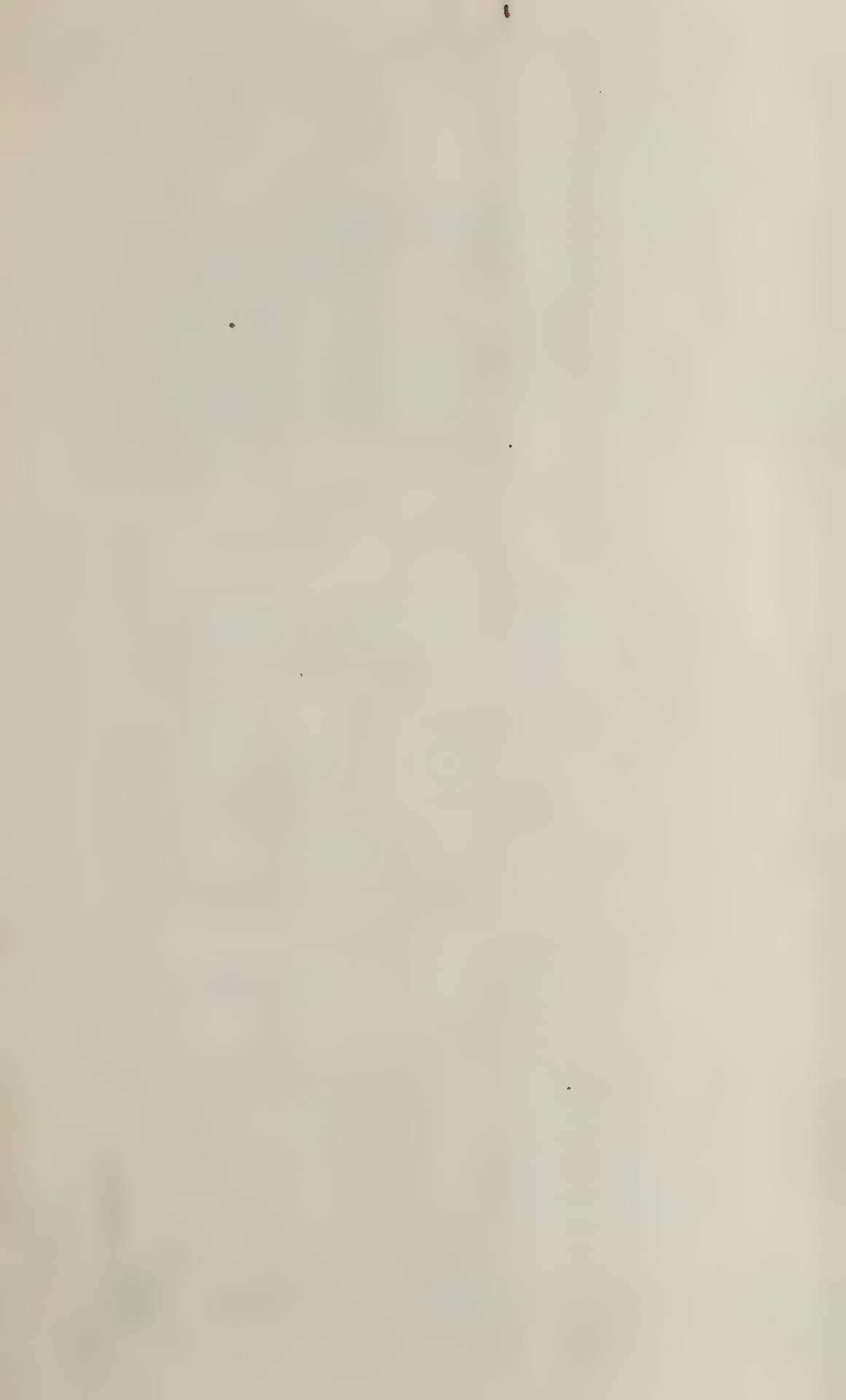
or the  
Corn Riggs are Bonny.

Within y<sup>e</sup> Compass of y<sup>e</sup> Flute.



Last Night I met him on a Bank,  
Where yellow Corn was growing—  
There many a kindly Word he spake—  
That set my Heart a glowing—  
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And loo'd me best of ony—  
That gars me like to sing sin-syne,  
O Corn Riggs are bonny—

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,  
Refuse what maist they're wantina  
Since we for yielding are design'd,  
We chafely should be grantina—  
Then I'll comply and marry late  
And syne my Cookery  
It's free to tounge air or late,  
Where Corn Riggs are bonny—







# PARENTS

antient and modern.

The Words by M.<sup>r</sup> Lockman.

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Monro.

Happy if World, in that best Age, When Beauty was not bought & sold; When if fair  
Mind was uninflam'd, With y<sup>e</sup> mean, thirst of baneful Gold.

With the mean, thirst of baneful Gold.

Then the kind Shepherd when he sigh'd,  
(The Swain whose Toy was all his wealth)  
Was not by cruel Parents forc'd  
To breathe his amorous Vows by stealth.

Now the first Question Fathers ask,  
When for their girls find forward passion,  
Is - What's the Settlement you'll make?  
You're poor - He flings the Door at you

FOR THE FLUTE.



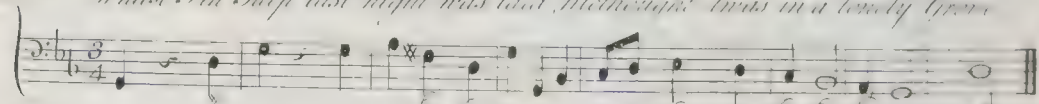


## THE Dream.

*To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Marquis of CARMARVEN, these four Plates are humbly presented.*



*Whilst I in Sleep last night was laid, Methought I was in a lovely Green*



*That I with Emma, beautiful, Maid, walk'd happy, and discours'd of Love.*



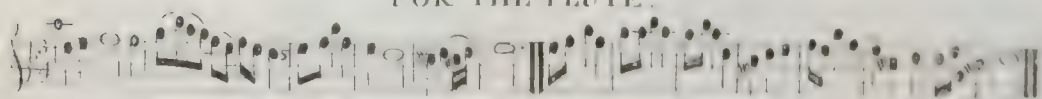
2  
*Sweet cruel, Nymph, said I, reject  
No more if I love of one sincere;  
If Love unfeign'd you e'er expect,  
To find in Man, you find it here.*

3  
*Can Love in Man, said she, be true?  
And dost thou wonder by the ill I do?  
Is not your Sex a perfidious Crew?  
Their promises ne'er made to bind?*

4  
*Then I'll return with equal Fire  
The Love you show your happy Fair:  
Then shall the World our Loves admire  
And say, Behold, one perfect pair.*

5  
*With transport seiz'd, Igan to wake,  
A perfect pair! O dire mistake!  
I found such Bliss is but a dream.*

*Compos'd & Set to Music by a Gentleman of Oxford.*  
**FOR THE FLUTE.**









DAMON'S  
Sedition to Cupid.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Popely.

*Come little Cupid, God of Love, each tender Raption gently move,*

*With fondest Wishes, softest Pain'd sweet thy courted pleasing Reign.*

*Upist this present new Love: And kindly, harrn if thou canst, see.*

*Then prune thy Silken Wings, & bear:  
These sounds to haughty Chloë's Ear:  
Capricious fair One, lay aside,  
Thy aukward Coyneſs, hateful Pride;  
For know, that news of happy News,  
That roving Damon owns thy pow'r:*

*Then quickly, snatch the golden Bow,  
Accept his Flame, receive his Love:  
Tell her, I rage, I smart, I die,  
Nor tell her, Boy, tis all a Lye:  
Yet tell her, if ſhe will not yield,  
To morrow Celia takes the Field.*

— — — — — Flute — — — — —





IN  
PRAISE of BACCHUS.

For two Voices & other Instruments.

The Masque by Corelli.

*Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory, Chief of the Gods we exult in thy story*

*Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory, Chief of the Gods we exult in thy story*

*Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!*

*Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!*

*Friend to the Musick, a Whetstone to Venus,  
Herald to Pleasures, when Wine would convene us,  
Sorrow's Physician,  
When our Condition,  
In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to screen us.*

*Nature she smil'd when thy Birth it was blazed;  
Mankind joye'd when thy Altars were raised;  
Mirth will be flowing,  
Whilst the Vines growing,  
And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.*

FLUTE

FLUTE





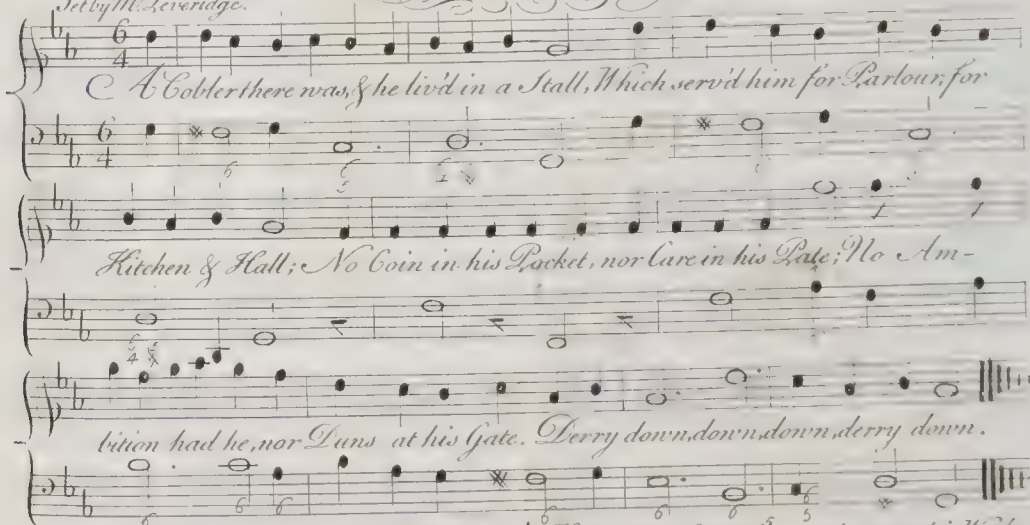


Garnet inv.

Bickham jun. sculp.

# THE Cobblers End.

Set by M. Leveridge.

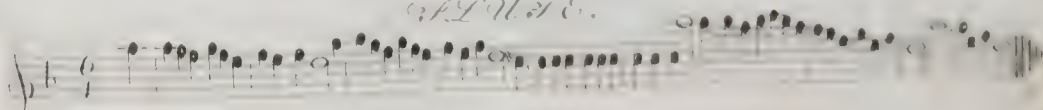


Contented he Work'd, & he thought himself Happy,  
That Night he could purchase a Jug of brown & Slappy;  
He'd laugh then, & whistle, & sing to most sweet,  
Saying, just to a Hair, I've made both Ends meet.  
But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,  
That shoots at y<sup>e</sup> Peasant, as well as y<sup>e</sup> Beau;  
He shot the poor Cocker quite thro' the Heart,  
I wish it had hit some more ignoble Part.

It was from a Window this Archer did Play,  
Where a buxom young Lamsel continually lay;  
Her Eyes shon so bright when she rose ery Day,  
That she shot y<sup>e</sup> poor Cocker quite over the Way.

He sung her Love Songs as he sat at his Work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;  
When ever he spake, she would founce & would frown,  
Which put the poor Cocker quite into Despair.  
He took up his Awl, that he had in y<sup>e</sup> World,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,  
He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Soul,  
So the Cocker he dy'd, and y<sup>e</sup> Bell it did toll.  
And now in good Will, I advise as a Friend,  
All Cobblers take Notice of this Cobblers End,  
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by n<sup>e</sup> past,  
That Love brings us all to an End at the last.

A. L. M. T. C.





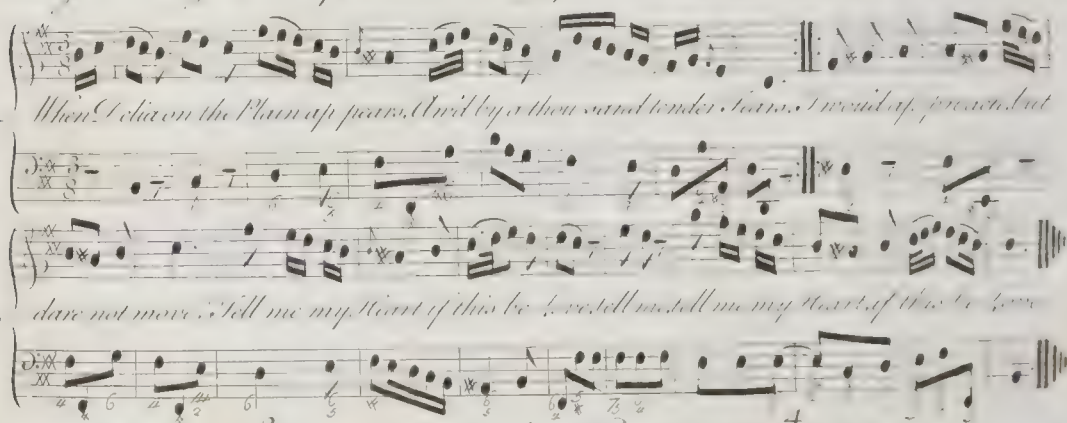


Set by M. Holcombe.

G. Bickham jun. sc.

## THE Doubtful Shepherd.

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>th</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> of Duke of BOLTON, these four Plates are humbly Incribed.



When I chide on the Plain as I pass, And by a thou sand tender fears, I would up, present but

dare not move. Tell me my Heart if this be Love, tell me tell me my Heart if this be Love

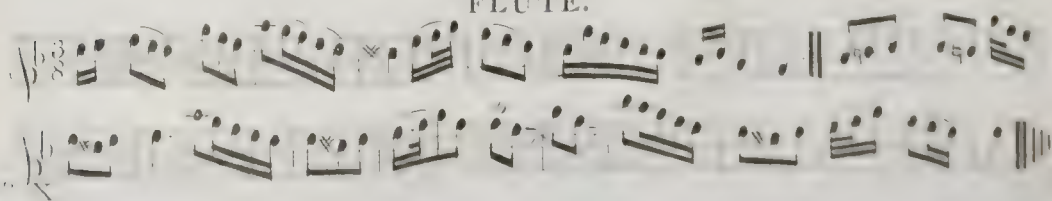
When ev<sup>r</sup> she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,  
No other voice but hers can hear: —  
No other W<sup>d</sup> but hers approve. —  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love, &c.

If she some other Swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,  
That Instant Enemy, I prove. —  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love, &c.

When she is absent, I'm sure  
I delight in all that pleas'd before. —  
The dearest, I never shall leave.  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love, &c.

When arm'd with Insolent disdain,  
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,  
I strove to hate but vainly strove. —  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love, &c.

FLUTE.











*The Ladies Lamentation for y<sup>e</sup> Loss of Senesino.*

*Set for y<sup>e</sup> German Flute &c.*

*As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone, A beautifull Creature was making her Moan,*

*Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, and she pier'd with the*

*Heart with her Cries, Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, and she pier'd with the*

*Oh and my Heart with her Cries.*

*I gently request'd the Cause of her moan,  
She told me her sweet Senesino was flown,  
And in that sad Loss she'd ever remain,  
Unless the dear Charmer wou'd come back again.*

*Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I,  
That draws such a stream from so Lovely an Eye,  
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,  
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.*

*'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman said she,  
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee,  
My Warbler Celestial sweet Darling of mine,  
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.*

*Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I,  
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has soared to the sky;  
Come dry up your Tears and abandon your grief,  
I'll bring you another, to give you relief.*

*No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Skylark, said she,  
But one much more tuneful, by far than all three,  
My sweet Senesino for whom thus I cry,  
Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.*

*Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni, likewise,  
Whom stars, and whom Garters, extol to the skies,  
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,  
My darling is gone, and a figger them all.*

FOR THE FLUTE.



# THE HISTORY OF THE

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2. The second part of the history is the story of the  
3. The third part of the history is the story of the

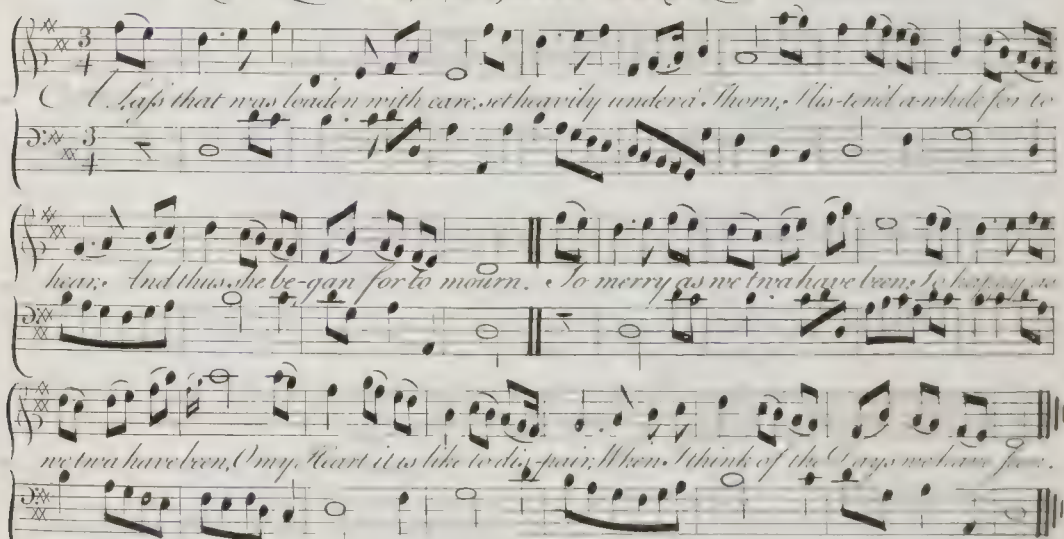
4. The fourth part of the history is the story of the  
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20. The twentieth part of the history is the story of the





## The Dejected Vals.

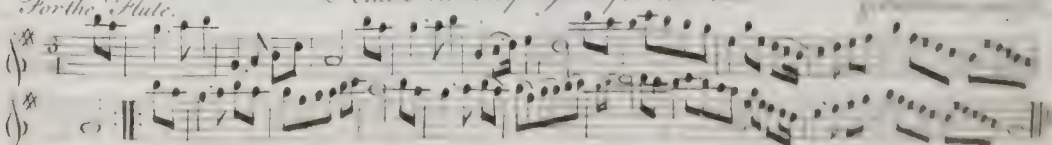


When you my dear Shepherd was there,  
 The Birds did melodiously sing,  
 And the cold nipping Winter did wear,  
 A face that resembled the Spring,  
 Our Flocks feeding close by his side,  
 As he gently pressed my Hand,  
 I had y<sup>e</sup> wide World in my Pride,  
 And could all it's glories withstand.

My Dear, he would oft to me say,  
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?  
 Or why do you thus turn away,  
 From him who is dying for thee?  
 (But now he is far from my sight,  
 Perhaps new Advice may approve,  
 Which makes me lament Day's Night,  
 That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve when the rest of y<sup>e</sup> Folk,  
 Were merrily seated to spin,  
 I sat myself under his Oak,  
 And I heavily sighed for him.

For the Flute.









The KING and the MILLER.

$\text{X}$   $\text{6}$   
 $\text{8}$

$\text{X}$   $\text{6}$   
 $\text{8}$

$\text{X}$   $\text{6}$   
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$\text{X}$   $\text{6}$   
 $\text{8}$

$\text{X}$   $\text{6}$   
 $\text{8}$

$\text{X}$   $\text{6}$   
 $\text{8}$

The his hands are so I could they're not fit to be seen.  
 The Hands of his Betters are not very clean.  
 A Pawn more Liable may as I virily deal.  
 Gold in Handling will stick to the Fingers like Mail.

What if when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks.  
 He cribb without scruple from other Men's sacks.  
 In this of right noble Examples he brags.  
 Who Borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or Should he Endeavour to heape an Estate.  
 In this too he Mimicks the Fools of the State.  
 Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill.  
 To all his Concerns to bring Gift to his Mill.

He Eats when he's Hungry he Drinks when he's Dry.  
 And down when he's weary contented does lye.  
 Then rises up chearfull to work and to sing.  
 If so happy a Miller then who'd be a King.

Set by Mr. Arne.

FLUTE.

G. Bickham sc.

$\text{6}$   
 $\text{8}$

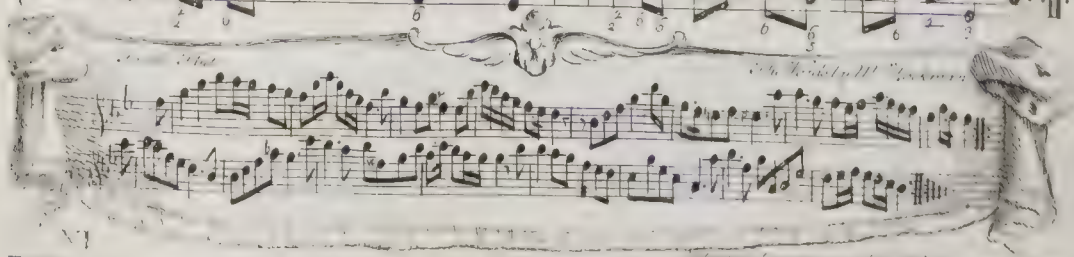
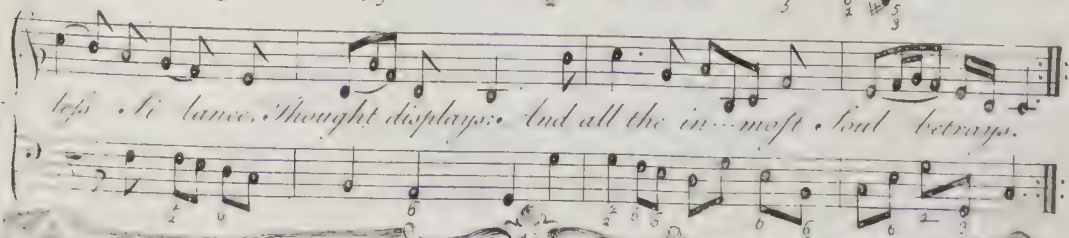
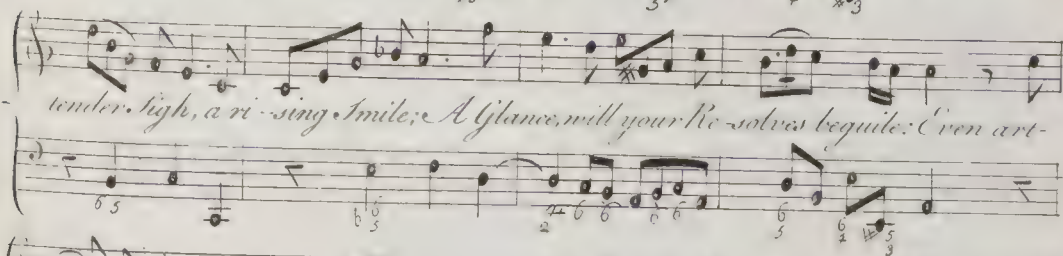
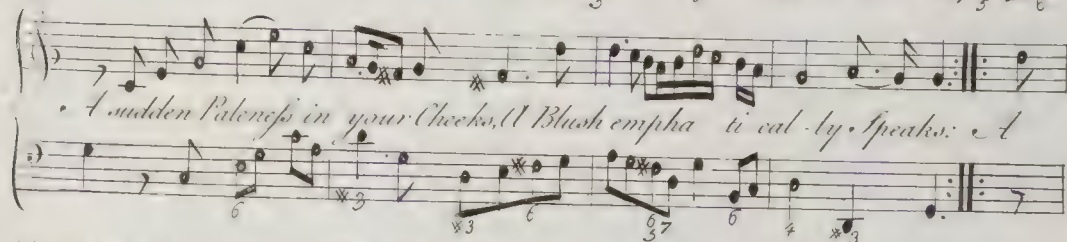
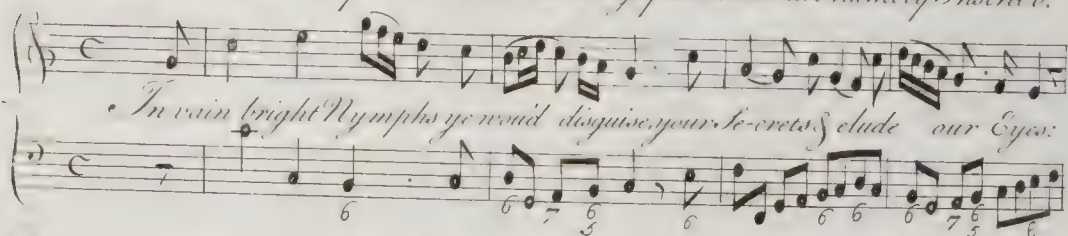






### The LOVELY BETRAYERS.

To the R<sup>th</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

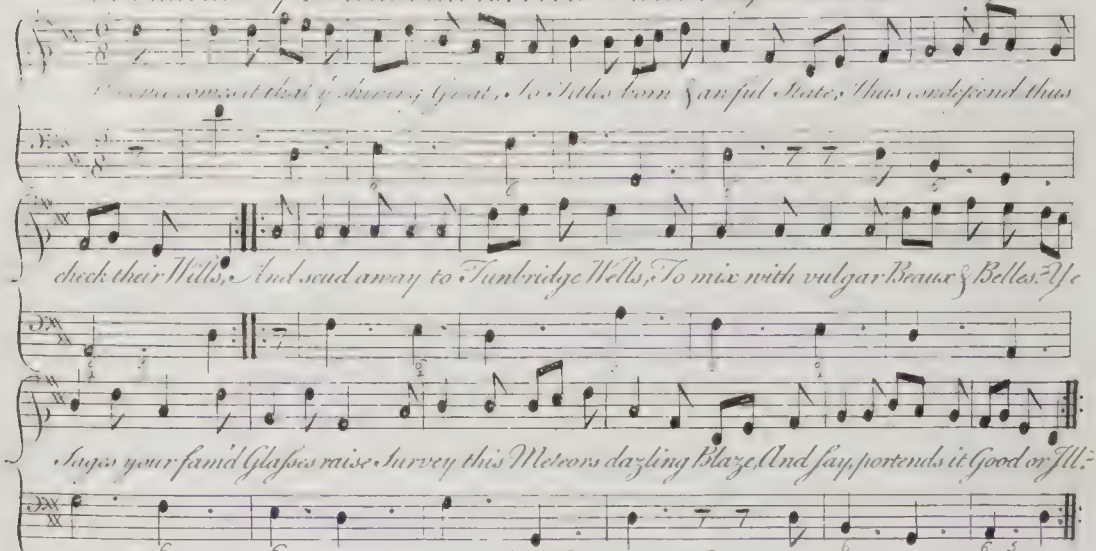








*The Charms of Dishabille, or New-Tunbridge Wells at Islington.*

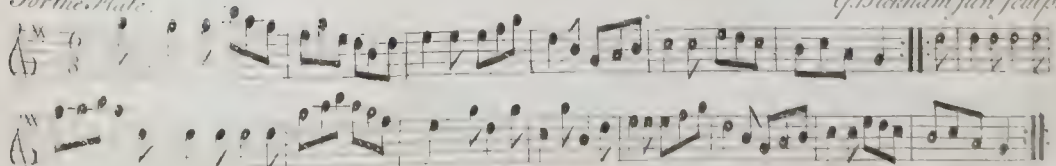


Soon as Aurora gilds the Skies,  
With brighter Charms if Ladies rise,  
To dart forth Beams that save or kill,  
No Homage at the Toilette paid,  
(Their lovely Features unsurvey'd)  
Sweet Negligence her Influence lend,  
And all if artless Graces blends,  
That form if tempting Dishabille.

Behold if Walks, a checquer'd Shade,  
In if gay Pride of Green array'd;  
How bright if Sun! if Air how still!  
In wild Confusion there we view,  
Red Ribbons groop'd with Aprons blue;  
Scarves, Curtzies, Nods, Winks, Smiles & Frowns,  
Lords, Milkmaids, Dutchgipses and Clowns,  
In their all various Dishabille.

Thus, in the famous Age of Gold,  
(Not quite romantic tho' so old)  
Mankind were merely Jack & Gill,  
On flow'ry Banks, by murm'ring Streams,  
They talk'd, walk'd, had pleasing Dreams,  
But dress'd indeed, like a awkward Follis:  
Not the ple Sticks, but the short Cloaks:  
Fry-leaves the only Dishabille.

For the Plate.



G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sculp.

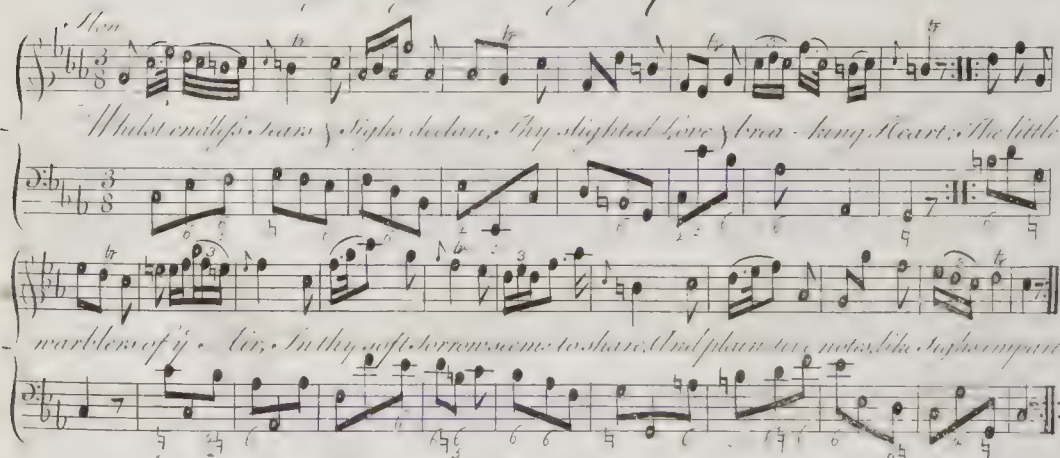
Set to the Tune of the Black Joke.

Set to the Tune of the Black Joke.





THE  
*Dying Symptom.*



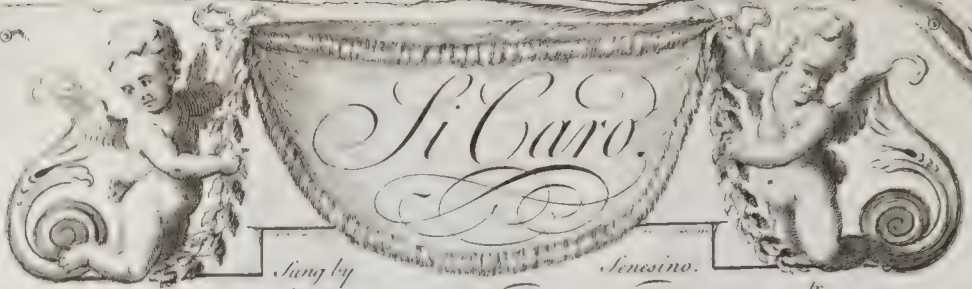
The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow;  
• And near thee glow'd, with brighter Grace,  
• And ev'ry Flower that bloom'd but now;  
Their fragrant Beauties pensiv'ly bow;  
• Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face. —

The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Soc,  
Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart,  
And softens with Louis's Noe,  
Does all his cruel Wiles forego,  
And silent, Whaps his fatal Art.









*Sung by Senesino.*

*Si caro e caro, si ti finiva al fin si nel se no amato caro, si ca re ca re, si si ca re caro*

*si ti finiva al fin si nel se no amato*

*ca re l'ingrat si finiva al fin si nel se no amato ca re si caro ti finiva al fin se*

*si nel se no amato*

*Non d'ap più gelosia tormento*

*al alma mia, al ber fango*

*si tormento al alma mia nel se no fango*

*DC.*

*For the Flute*

Flute part musical notation.





Set by M. F. C. regard.

G. Buckham jun. fecit.

## The Amour.

To her Grace the Dutches of QUEENSBERRY, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

*Not too fast.*

Whilst I gaze on thee trembling, straight her Eyes my Fate declare, When she  
 smiles I fear depending; When she frowns I fear despair, jealous of some rival lover, If a  
 wandering look she gives, Fain I would resolve to leave her, But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my Passion,  
 Or the torments I endure;  
 All disclose my Inclination;  
 Unful Distance yields no Cure.  
 Sure it is not in her Nature,  
 To be Cruel to her Slave;  
 She is to Divine a Creature,  
 To Destroy what she can Save.

Happy he whose inclination,  
 Warms but with a gentle heat,  
 Never flows up to a Passion;  
 Loves a torment if too Great.  
 When y<sup>e</sup> Storm is once blown Over,  
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows;  
 But a Constant faithful Lover,  
 Seldom meets with true Repose.

FLUTE.

*Not too fast.*

N<sup>o</sup> XII.

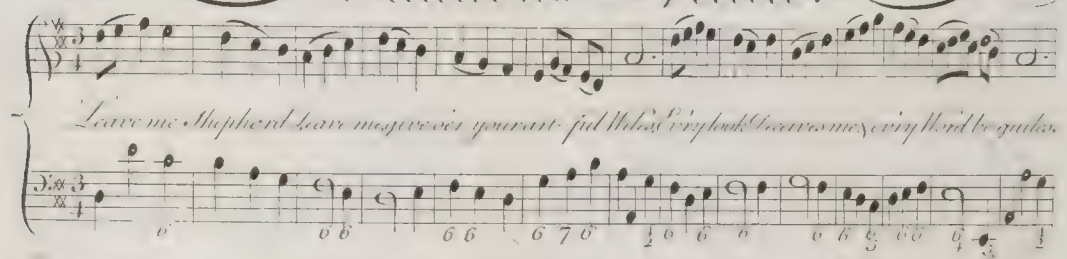
Published according to Act of Parliament August 5. 1737



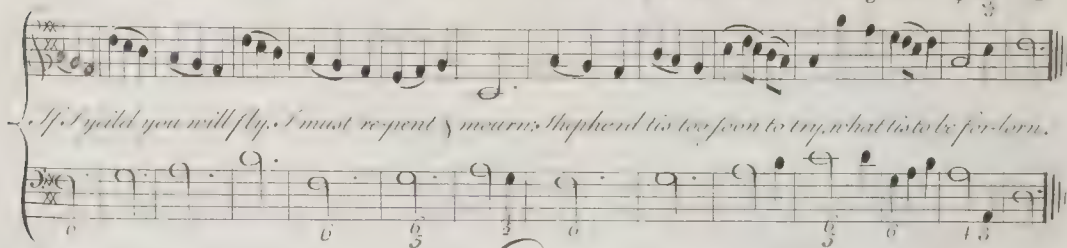




# THE Cautious Maid.



*Leave me, Shepherd leave me, give over your artful Whist! I've look'd for you as long as my eyes could be quiet.*

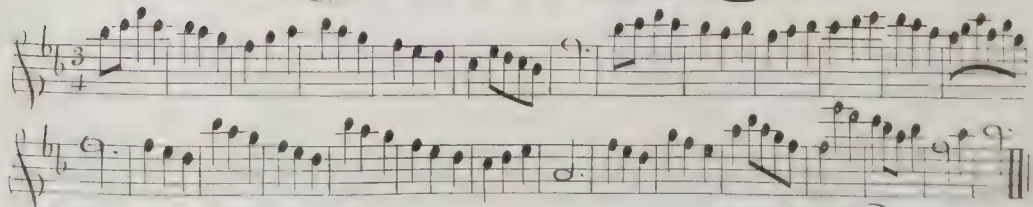


*If I yield you will fly, I must repent & mourn; Shepherd tis too soon to try, what tis to be forlorn.*

Why are you <sup>2</sup> Pursuing,  
To urge me to my Fate,  
To contrive my Ruin,  
And prove yourself Ingrate.  
If I yield you will fly,  
I must repent and mourn;  
Still I can't forbear to try,  
What tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,  
Some few sweet Moments make;  
Years of grief and sorrow,  
They in exchange must take.  
It is madness to be wise,  
When Cupid lends his bow,  
Every sense then open I yes,  
To entertain the Foe.

FOR THE FLUTE.



*W. M. G. G. G.*


*W. M. G. G. G.*



THE  
ADDRESS TO SYLVIA.  
by M. Handel.

G. Bickham

Jan. 1740



*Blest with my Sylvia, life proves a pleasure, but from my treasure*  
*'tis nought but pain:— Fondly Loving,*  
*constant moving, sweetly flowing, smiles bestow*  
*ing, with joy then, Sylvia fly to your lover, you'll there discover, how*  
*much you reign:— If when you find my*  
*Soul sincere, why should you fly me, what can you fear, why should you*  
*fly me, what can you fear. D.C.*

For the German and Common Flute.





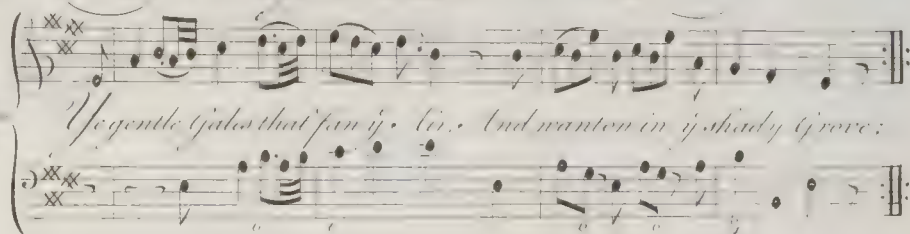




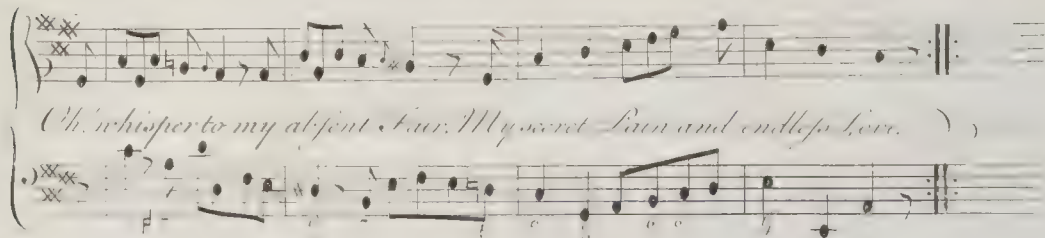


## The Went Lover.

*Affettuoso.*



*Ye gentle Gales that fan it, &c. And waften in y<sup>e</sup> shady Grove;*

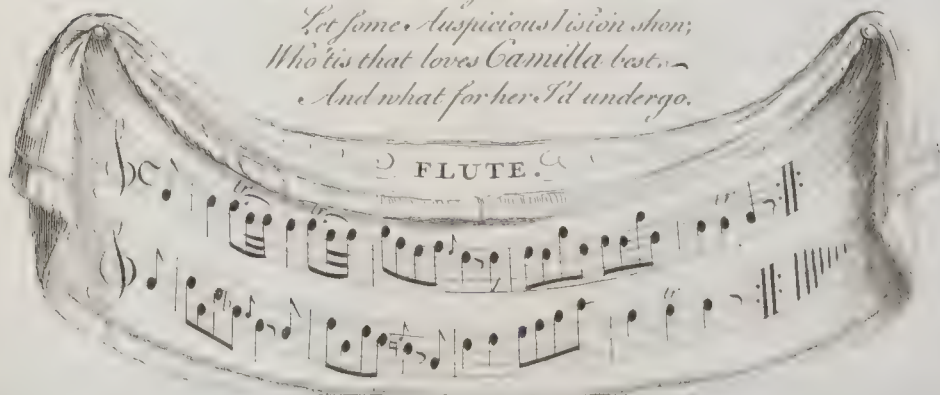


*(Th<sup>y</sup> whisper to my absent Fair, My secret Pain and endless Love.)*

And in the sultry heat of Day, <sup>2</sup> That when she sees their Colours fade,  
When she does seek some cool retreat; <sup>3</sup> And all their Pride neglected bye;  
Thrown spicy Odours in her way, <sup>3</sup> Let that instruct the charming Maid,  
And scatter Roses at her feet. <sup>4</sup> That sweets not timely gather'd dye.

And when she lays her down to rest,  
Let some auspicious Vision shew;  
Who tis that loves Camilla best,  
And what for her I'd undergo.

FLUTE.



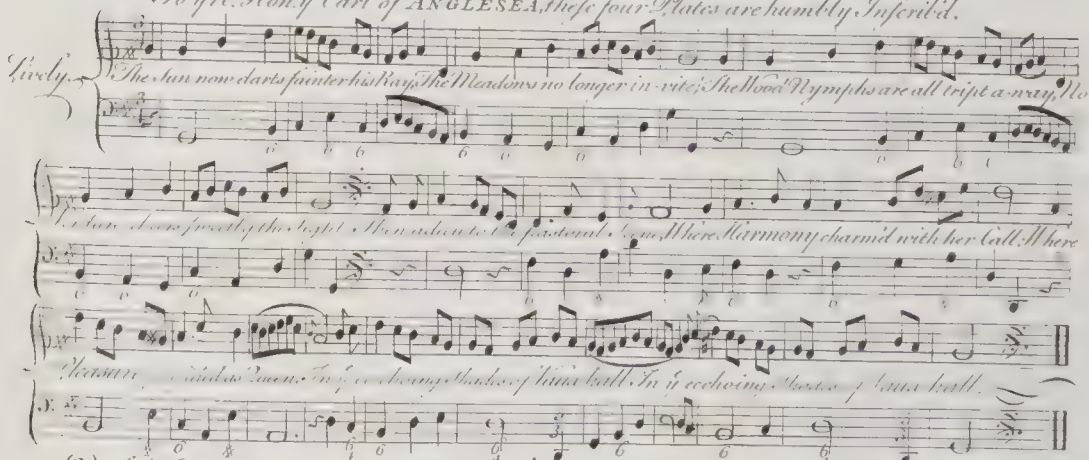






### THE ADIEU to the SPRING-GARDENS.

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>o</sup> Hon<sup>o</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Earl of ANGLESEA, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



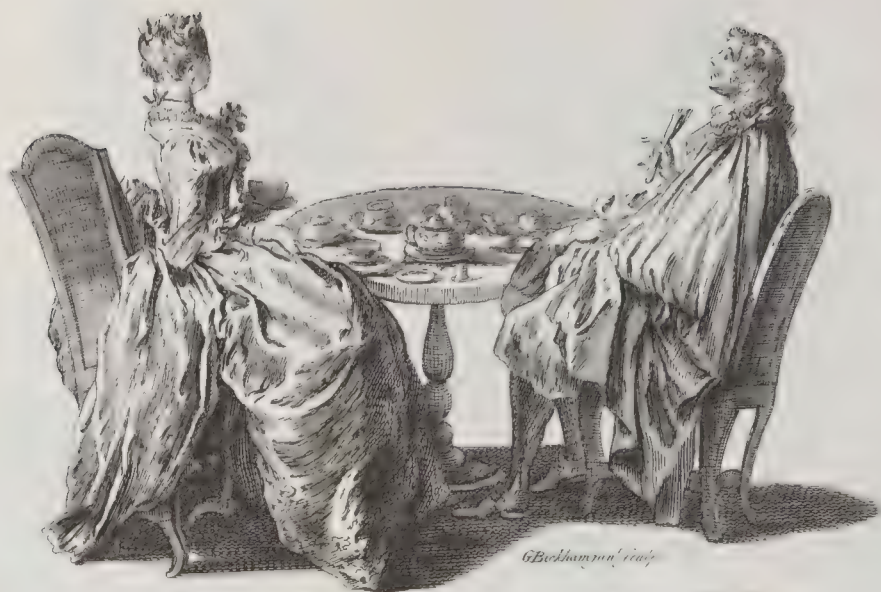
- (2) Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,  
When wafted to th' Elysian Plains,  
As those which my senses employ'd,  
Convey'd to Latia's Hall by y<sup>e</sup> Thames;  
Such Splendors illum'd the Grove;  
My Ears drank such rapturous sound:  
I seem'd in Enchantment to rove,  
And Cities gliding around.
- (3) How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze,  
Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair,  
Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,  
I thought Beautys Goddess was there.  
Not Venus, whose Smiles breed Alarms,  
And with vain Amusements destroy;  
But Beauty, whose bashful charms,  
And which when possess'd gives true joy.

- (4) The Maid to whom Honour is dear,  
Unconqu'rd might take off her Glass,  
And stray among Beauties without fear,  
No Snake lurking there in the Grass.  
In this full Arcadia of old,  
Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joyn'd,  
The Nymphs thus discreetly were bold,  
The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.
- (5) Old Winter, with Spices spread,  
Will soon all his Horrors resume;  
Those past Spring must left her fair Head,  
And Nature awile in fresh Bloom.  
Thy Bowens, O Latia, shall then rise,  
In all the gay pride of the Field;  
Thy Music shall sweetly surprise,  
To thee fam'd Cythera shall yield.









# Advice to Celia.

Set by  
Mr  
Stanley

Oh Celia recall thy lost Hours, And Duty & Reason obey; Despise Love &

all those false Powers, That first gave young Strephon if Sway: Believe me the

Swain is a Rover, Nor constant to any can be. Then, with thee discard, dis-

card such a Lover, And once more resolve to be free, once more resolve to be free.

FLUTE





# Beauty.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> fecit.

*Adagio. And. Ten.*

*Beauty gilds y<sup>e</sup> blushing Morn, keeps y<sup>e</sup> dew drop on y<sup>e</sup> Thorn, Paints y<sup>e</sup> Rose in  
richest Bloom, that fills y<sup>e</sup> Air with sweet perfume: But sweet perfume Nor Rose in  
Bloom, nor dew drop bright, Nor morning light, In charms can vie with woman's Eye.  
In woman's Eye we raptur'd view: Beauty at once and Pleasure too.*

## For the Flute.

Two staves of musical notation for the flute part, featuring various notes, rests, and ornaments.



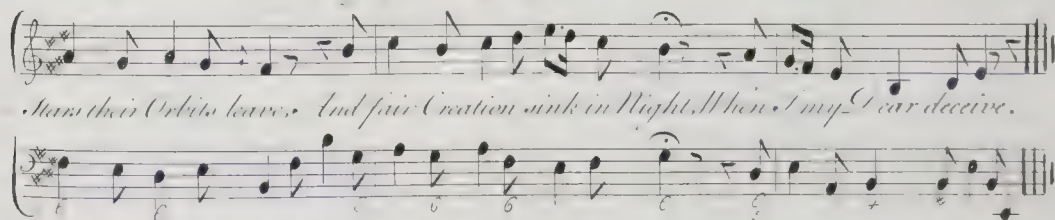
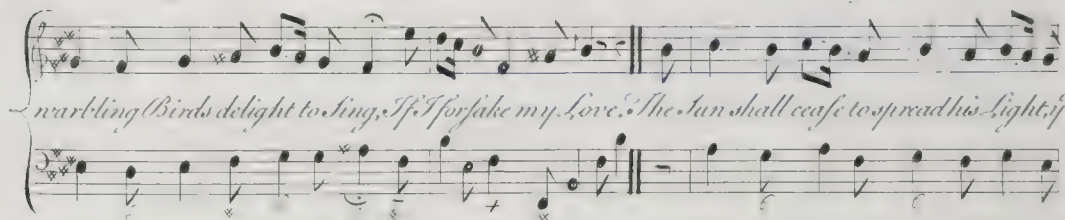
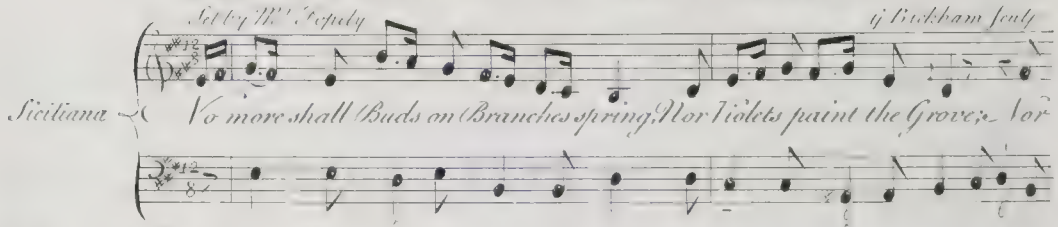




## The Lovers Protestation

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Pepely

by Buckham scul<sup>d</sup>



*Siciliana*

## For the German and Common Flutes.



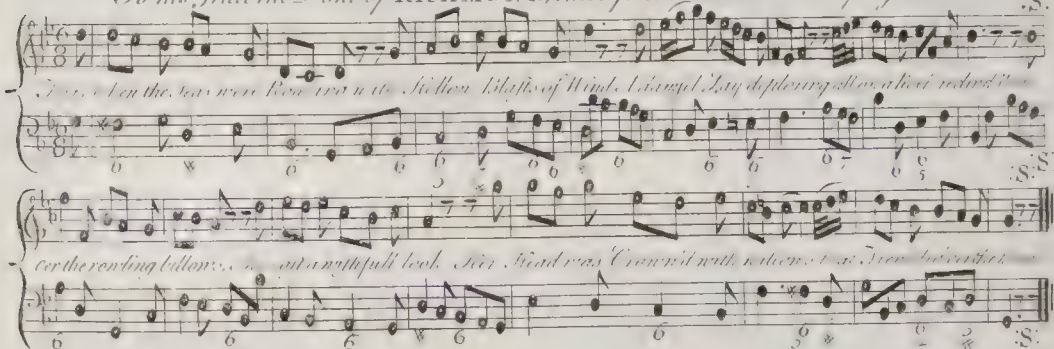




By M. Handel

## The Melancholly Symphon.

To his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.



<sup>2</sup>  
Twelve Months were gon and over,  
And nine long tedious Days;  
Why didn't thou venturous Lover,  
Why didn't thou trust the Seas,  
Cease cease then Cruel Ocean,  
And let my Lover rest;  
Ah! what's the troubled motion,  
To that within my Breast.

<sup>3</sup>  
The Merchant robit of Pleasure,  
Views Tempests in despair;  
But what's the loss of Treasure,  
To the loosing of my Dear,  
Should you some Coast be laid on,  
Where Gold and Dimonds grow;  
You'd find a Richer Maiden,  
But none that Loves you so.

<sup>4</sup>  
How can they say that Nature,  
Has nothing made in Vain;  
Why then beneath the water,  
Doe hideous Rocks remain  
No Eyes the Rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the Deep;  
To wrack the wandring Lover,  
And leave the Maid to Weep.

<sup>5</sup>  
All Melancholly Lying,  
Thus waild she for her Dear,  
Repaid each blast with sighs,  
Each Billow with a Tear.  
When o'er y white waves sleeping,  
His floating Corps she spy'd;  
Then like a Lilly drooping,  
She bow'd her head and Dy'd.

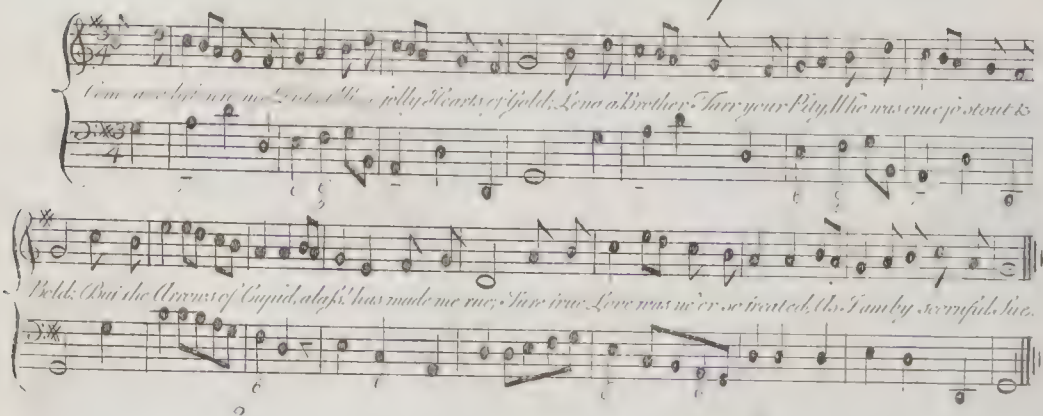








# The Sailor's Complaint.



When I landed first at Dover,  
The appear'd a Goddess bright;  
From Foreign Parts, I was just come over,  
And was struck with so fair a sight:  
On the Shore pretty Lukey walked,  
Near to where our Frigate lay,  
And altho' so near the landing  
Alas! was cast away.

When first I held my pretty Creature,  
The delight of Land and Sea  
No Man ever saw a sweeter;  
I'd have kept her Company;  
I'd have join'd made her my true Love,  
For Better, or for Worse;  
But alas! I could not compass her  
For to steer the Marriage Course.

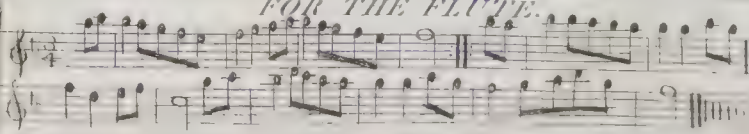
Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,  
Had the Heart to use me so;  
Till I found by often sounding,  
That another Love in tow:

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,  
Could have come into my Mind,  
Than to see the Bold Defiance,  
Sailing right before the Wind:  
O'er the white Waves as she danced,  
And her Colours gayly flew;  
But that was not half so charming,  
As the Trim of lovely Lue.

On a rocky Coast I've driven,  
Where the stormy Winds do rise,  
Where the rowling Mountain Billows,  
Lift a Vessel to the Skies:  
But from Land, or from the Ocean,  
Little dread I ever knew;  
When compar'd to the Dangers,  
In the Frowns of scornful Lue.

So farewell hard hearted Lukey,  
I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,  
And try in a more friendly Latitude,  
Since I in yours cannot be.

## FOR THE FLUTE.













ON

Linda.

On dear Linda's charms, I gaze (And drink destruction from her eyes. In those bright  
Orbs love gayly plays (And laughing bids his arrows fly. Her wounds without causing if  
pain is yet pleasing, to meet is, anguish. Love & Manguish Love & Manguish. And  
when from my charmer's sweet looks, I could dye, & when from my charmer methinks I could dye.

With Venus when on Ida's Grove  
For charms Linda may compare  
The looks and moves of Queen of Love  
As fair her face divine her air  
Bright youth & good nature  
Light up every feature —  
With that all inviting —  
That's gay and delighting —  
Inviting delighting —  
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move  
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move.

FLUTE.





J. Buckham del. 1749

# The Inamourd Swain.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Howard.

To the R.<sup>t</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl ROCKINGHAM these four Notes are humbly inscrib'd.

*Tell me dear Charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly decay all but the joys of Loving thee and*

*They alone Im mortal to, they neither dull the Mind or Sense, nor lose their pleasing*

*In fluence, they neither dull the Mind or Sense, nor lose their pleasing Influence*

For ever I with fierce Desire  
Could gaze on thee and never tire  
My ravish'd Ears could all Day long  
Feast on the Musick of thy Tongue  
And when that fails yet still in you  
I something find that's always new

For the Flute.

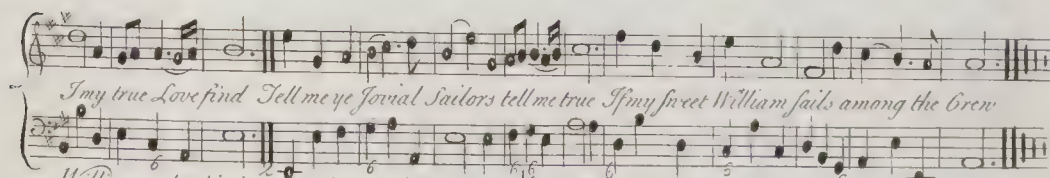
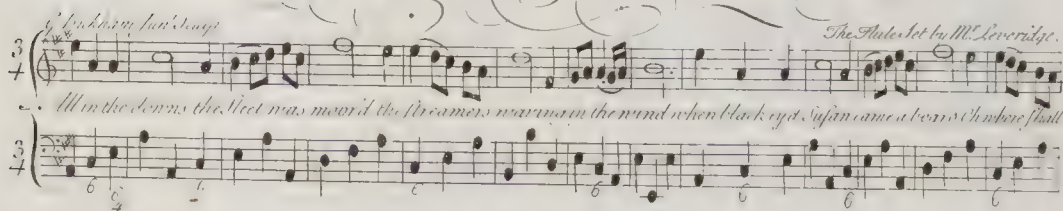
Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves. The first staff is in treble clef and the second is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is a single melodic line for the flute.







# THE Adieu to Susan.



William who high upon the yard  
Rock'd with the billows too and fro  
Soon as her well known voice he heard  
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below  
The cord slides swiftly thro his glowing hands  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

To the sweet lark high poiz'd in air  
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast  
If chance his mates shrill call he hears  
And drops at once into her Net  
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet  
Might envy Williams Lips those Kisses sweet

O' Susan Susan lovely dear  
My vows shall ever true remain  
Let me kiss off that falling tear  
We only part to meet again  
Change as ye list ye winds my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee

Believe not what the land men say  
Who tempt with doubt to thy constant mind  
They'll tell thee Sailors when away

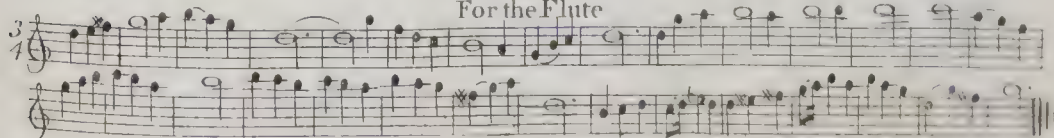
At every port a mistress find  
Yes Yes believe them when they tell thee so  
For thou art present where soe'er I go

If to far Indias Coast we sail  
Thy eyes are seen in Diamond bright  
Thy Breath is Sprink' sprey gale  
Thy skin is Ivory so white  
Thus ev'ry beautiful Object that I view  
Makes in my Soul some Charm of lovely Sue

Though Battle calls me from thy Arms  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn  
Though Cannons roar yet safe from harms  
William shall to his Dear return  
Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly  
Let precious tears should drop from Susans Eye

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word  
The sails their swelling bosom spread  
No longer will she stay on board  
They kiss'd she sigh'd he hung his head  
Her leaping boat unwilling runs to land  
Adieu she cries and waves her Lilly hand

For the Flute

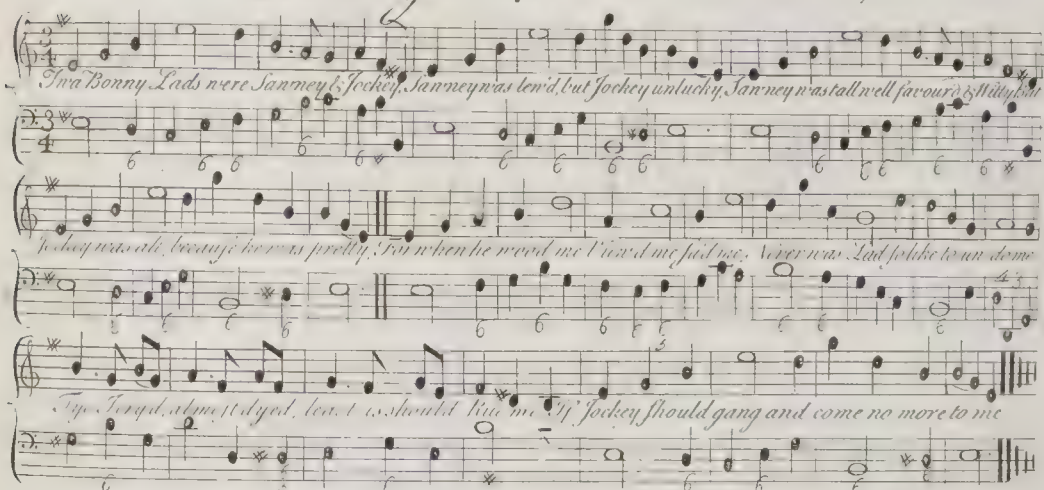






G. Bickham Junr. Sculp.

## Jenny's Lamentation

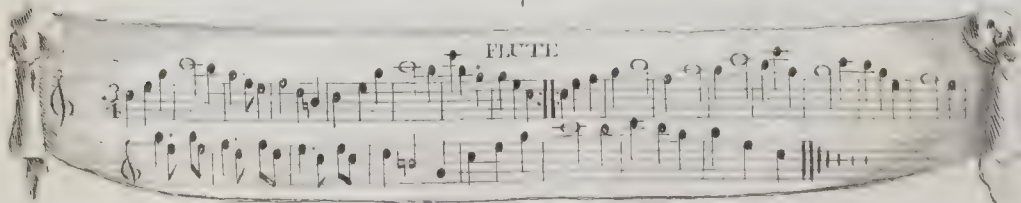


Jockey could love but he would not marry,  
 And I was afraid lest I should miscarry;  
 His cunning tongue with wit was so gilded,  
 That I was afraid lest I might have ill did:  
 For when he blest'd me press'd me kiss'd me,  
 Lest was the Hour I thought when he miss'd me,  
 Crying denying and sighing I wond him,  
 And mickle ado I had to get from him.

But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,  
 For Sanney wou'd make him to fight in a Duell.  
 I own in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,  
 Oh! there to his Death poor Jockey was wound'd.  
 For when he fell'd him, thrall'd him, kill'd him,  
 Who can express my grief that beheld him,  
 Sighing I tore my hair all for to bind him,  
 And wou'd and swore I would not stay behind him.

Thus Jenny for Jockey lay sighing and weeping,  
 For the loss of her Dear whilst others are sleeping;  
 And Sanney to see her thus sorely distressed,  
 For the loss of her Dear in his heart was Oppressed:  
 But when this Deluder wou'd her, bid her,  
 She bid him be gone and call'd him Intruder;  
 And said should you die for my love I wou'd mock ye,  
 You have been the Cause of the Death of my Jockey.

Oh! Jockey there's none that is left to inherit,  
 The Tythe of thy Virtue thy wondrous Merit;  
 Thy Goodness by me shall ne'er be forgotten,  
 I'll sing out thy Praise when thy Carcass lays rotten.  
 For thou wert the fairest rarest and dearest,  
 And now thou art gone like a Saint thou appearest.  
 I'll have on thy grave Stone this Motto inserted,  
 Here lies lifeless Jockey who wou'd broken hearted.

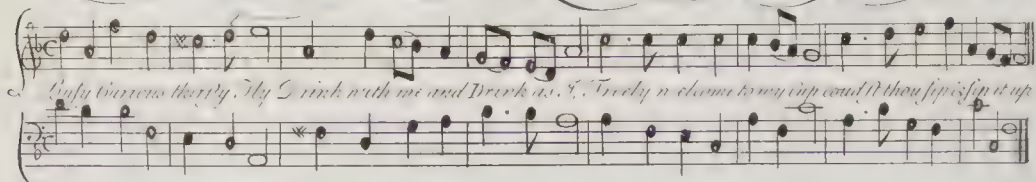




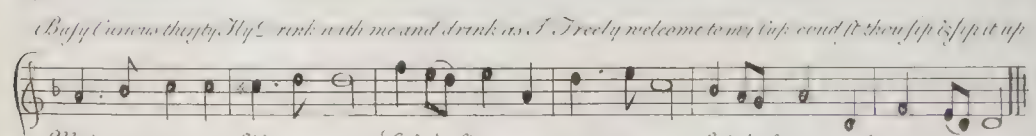




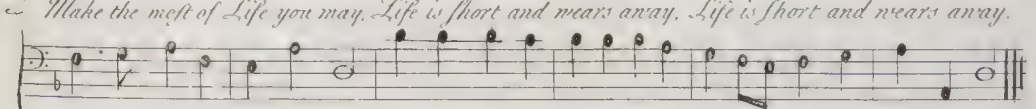
# The FLY



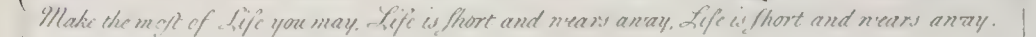
*Buffy Bunnies thirsty, My Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome to my cup could it thou sip & sip it up*



*Buffy Bunnies thirsty, My Drink with me and drink as I, Freely welcome to my cup could it thou sip & sip it up*



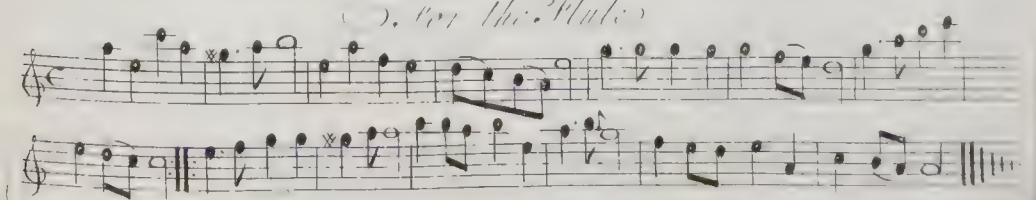
*Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.*



*Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.*

Both alike both mine and thine, —  
 Hasten quick to their decline; —  
 Thine's a Summer mine no more, —  
 Tho' repeated to threescore, —  
 Threescore Summers when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one. —

(For the Flute)























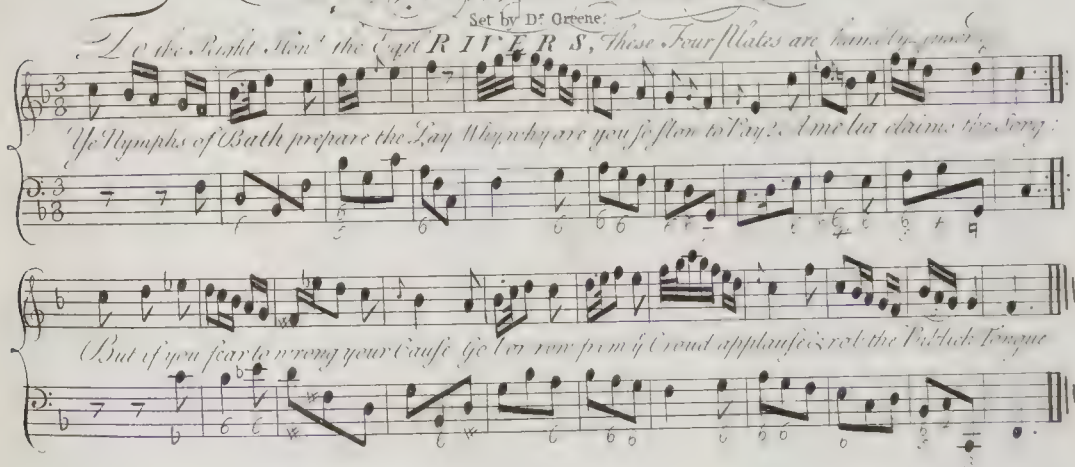






# ON Princess Amelia.

Set by Dr Greene.



<sup>2</sup>  
Sweet as her softly flowing Name,  
Sweet is Amelia's rising Fame;  
And as her Virtue Great:  
Attend ye Nymphs the favorite sound,  
And what from Shore to Shore goes round,  
Let Aron's Banks repeat.

<sup>3</sup>  
See, see, and sure you can no less,  
See how the thronging People press!  
Who, dwelling on her Face,  
Cry, is she then of Brunswick's Line?  
Are all like Her are all Divine?  
And bless the Royal Race.

<sup>4</sup>  
Encircled by our British Fair,  
The Boast of Nature and her Care!  
Amelia charms alone,  
And will it not your Ear amaze,  
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise  
And Pride to be out shone?

<sup>5</sup>  
But chief our Youthfull Heroes trace,  
While humbly on that Form they gaze,  
And tell us their surprise;  
Yet how ye Nymphs can that be said?  
No, no; let's be content to read  
Their wonder in their Eyes.

*For the Table*











by M. Howard

## The Diffident Lover.

When Cloe was by, I a man soon, What heart could be unmoved, she look'd so lovely  
Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, admir'd, & lov'd, He lov'd alas, but lov'd in vain, full of grief & care,  
He knew he never could obtain, the lovely, charming fair, the love, by charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better Swain,  
He not so fair a Bride,  
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,  
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd;  
Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,  
For Cloe's case is thine,  
I dare not ask so much, I dread  
Must Damons fate be mine.

For the Flute





## The Beautiful Charming.

*Stella, darling of the Muses, trine the blooming Spring, sweetest Theme the Poet chooses,  
When of Thee he strives to sing, when of Thee he strives to sing. While my Soul with Wonder traces,  
All thy Charms; 'twixt Mine, All thy Beauties, all thy Graces, thus are seen. I fond of thy Love in thee I find.*

Love and Joy and Admiration,  
In my Breast Alternate rise,  
Words no more can Daint my Passion,  
:S: Then the Pencil can thy Eyes. :S:  
Luscious Nature Thee adorning  
O'er thy Lips, and Cheeks hath spread;  
Colours that can Shame the Morning,  
:S: Smiling with celestial Red. :S:

Pallas Venus too must never  
Boast their Charms triumphant; See;  
Stella bright! outgiving ever,  
:S: This in Beauty, that in Wit. :S:  
Could the Gods, in Bliss Condition,  
Ought on Earth with Envy view;  
Lovely Stella! their Ambition,  
:S: Would be to Resemble you. :S:

## (For the Flute.)

The Music by M<sup>r</sup>. Handel.



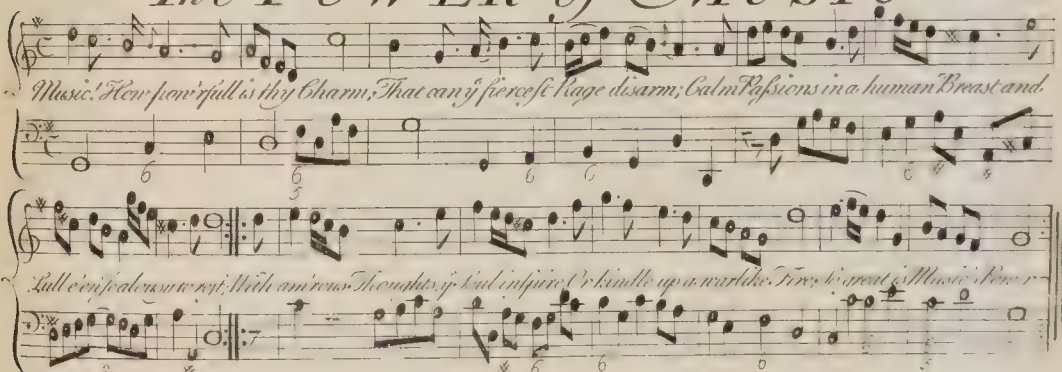




The words by M<sup>r</sup>. Smith—

J. Bickham pin<sup>t</sup>. sculp<sup>t</sup>—

## The POWER of MUSIC.



2

4

Amphion with his tunesfull Lyre  
 Could Rocks remove, and Stones inspire;  
 Command a City to arise,  
 And lofty Buildings reach the Skies  
 While Stones, obedient to his call,  
 Harmonious mov'd and form'd a Wall,  
 So great is Music's Pow'r.

3

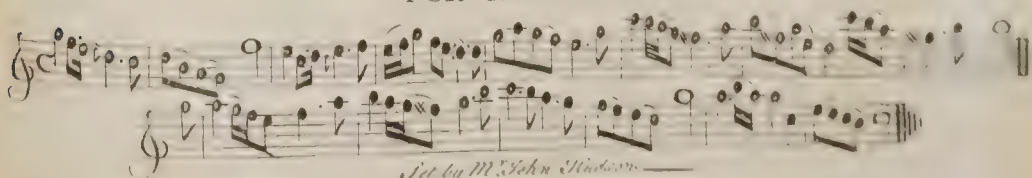
Atrion, from his Vessel cast,  
 In safety o'er the Seas he pass'd;  
 For, mounted like the Ocean's God,  
 Upon a Dolphin's Back he rode;  
 Whilst Shoals of Fishes flock'd around,  
 Well-pleas'd, drunk, in y<sup>e</sup> charming sound,  
 So great is Music's Pow'r.

Sad Orpheus through Hell's dreary Coast  
 Was seeking for his Consort lost,  
 His Music drew the Ghosts along  
 And Furies listen'd to his Song;  
 His Song could Charon's Rage disarm,  
 And Pluto and his Consort charm,  
 So great is Music's Pow'r.

5

Inflam'd by Music Soldiers fight,  
 Inspir'd by Music Poets write,  
 Music can heal the lover's wounds  
 And Calm fierce Rage by gentle sounds;  
 Philosophy attempts in vain,  
 What Music can with ease attain,  
 So great is Music's Pow'r.

FOR THE FLUTE.



Set by M<sup>r</sup>. John Hudson.





G. Buckham sc.

# The Judgment of Paris.

To his Grace y<sup>e</sup> Duke of **RUTLAND** these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

When for a silly glittering Toy, Three Goddesses were in dispute;  
Each try'd to bribe the gentle Boy, And gain the Golden Fruit.

To me, said Juno, give the Prize;  
A Kingdom shall be your Reward:  
I'll give you Wisdom Pallas cries,  
More worthy your Regard.

She said: he bows & thus replies,  
Goddess, I can't but take this part:  
What Thing so great, what Sage so wise,  
As He who rules a Heart!

Here Venus artfully step'd in;  
My Present will more tempting prove:  
A Beauty promis'd, let Me win,  
And quit all else for Love.

Like Paris I would scorn a Crown,  
To Pow'r; or sordid Riches blind:  
I'd Learning slight, my Books lay down,  
Would Emma but be kind.

## FOR THE FLUTE.

Flute melody in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is a simple, elegant tune with various ornaments and trills.

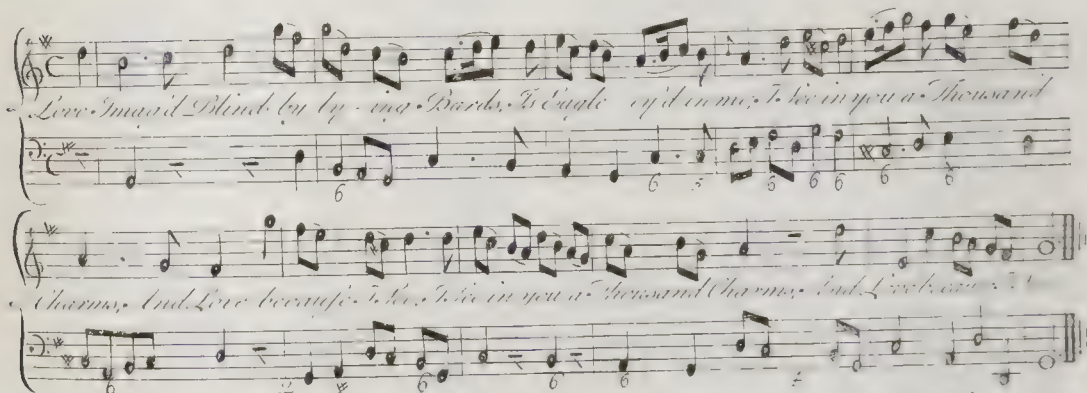






# TO Sallinda.

Set by M. M. C. Festing.



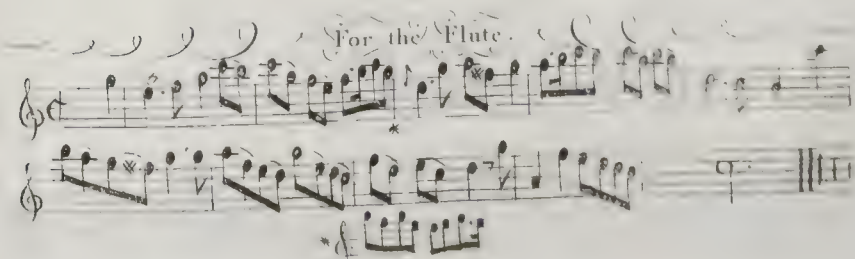
When Nature form'd that Angel Face,  
She lavish'd all her Pow'r;  
For this, she crad, my happy Pleas  
Kneel, Mortals, and adore!

Like her own Flora's vernal Blush,  
Your blooming Check she dyes,  
And from the Morning Dewdrops takes  
The Lustre of your Eyes.

Like equal rows of Orient Pearl,  
She sets your even Teeth;  
With live Vermillion stains your Lip  
With Victor Pens your Breath.

Fond Love, and open Truth appear,  
The Features of your Mind;  
And Pleasure, speaks in every Glass  
The Wish of all Mankind.

Where all the Graces thus Unite,  
Thy Merit too improves;  
And Reason, which at first Admires  
Is forc'd to end in Love.



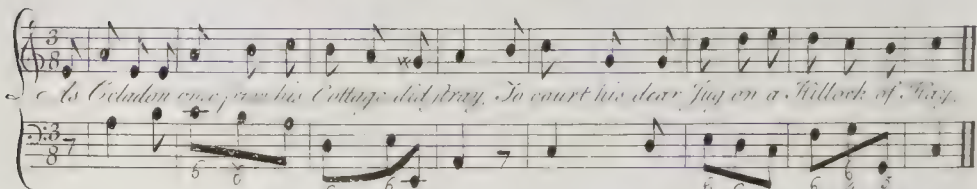




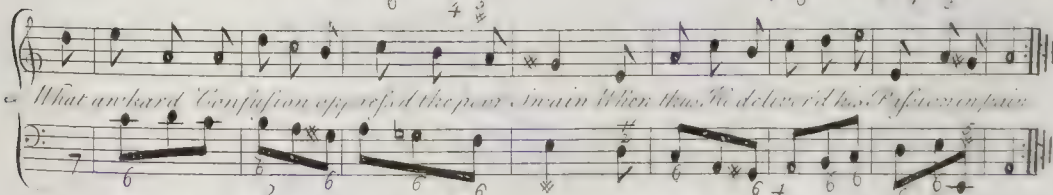
*Libby's Green.*

*G. Buckham,culp.*

## THE Fond Celadon.



*As Celadon once from his Cottage did stray, To court his dear Jug on a Hillock of Hay.*



*What awkward Confusion oppress'd the pair, In vain When thus He deliver'd his Pysion in pain.*

O' Joy of my Heart is Delight of my Eyes,  
Sweet Jug 'tis for Thee faithfull Celadon dies;  
My Pipe I've forsaken tho' reckon'd so sweet,  
And sleeping and waking thy Name I repeat.

Sweet Jug, He a hundred Times ere now repeat  
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet;  
Ah, why dost thou laugh at my sorrowfull Tale,  
Too well I'm assur'd that now He's not meant to deceive.

3  
When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,  
Instead of a Pitcher I call for a Jug;  
And sure You can't chide at repeating your Name,  
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

5  
For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,  
As He at our last Harvest Supper confest;  
Torn it says Jug He has gotten my Heart,  
His long Curling Hair looks so pretty & smart.

6  
His Eyes are so Black and his Cheeks are so red,  
They prevail more with me than all you have said;  
Tho' you Court me & Kiss me & do what you can,  
I will signify Nothing for Rogers the Man.

For the Flute.



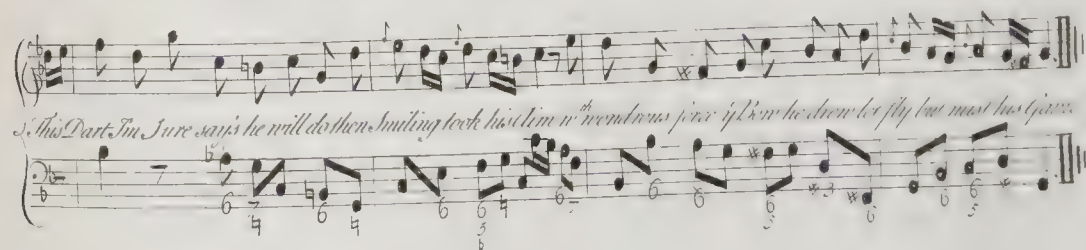
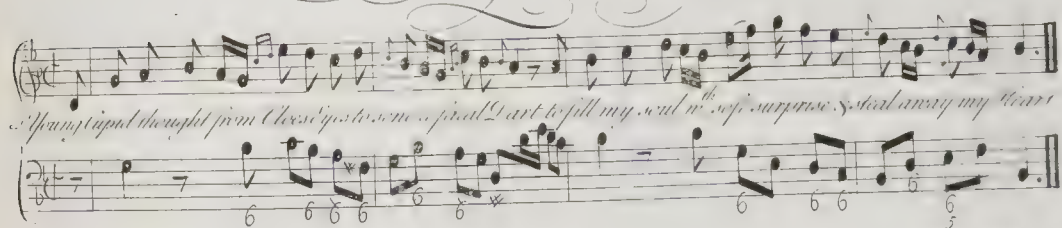






CUPID DECEIV'D.

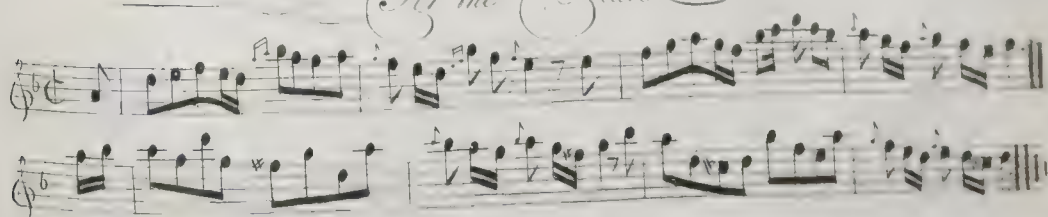
Set by Mr Howard.



Surprised to see his Arrows miss  
He gaz'd on Cloe's Face,  
When just where a Seraphon stole a Kiss  
He found out Cloe's Case  
No wonder cry'd the subtle Boy  
My Power prov'd so faint  
The foolish Girl has spoil'd my Toy  
With various sorts of Paint

Enrag'd to Venus straight he flies  
And humbly thus he pray'd  
Bestow a Curse on Cleo's Eyes —  
And make her dye a Maid —  
The Goddess granted his request  
Her charms no more excel  
To all, this now become a jest  
And must lead Cypri in Hell.

For the Flute





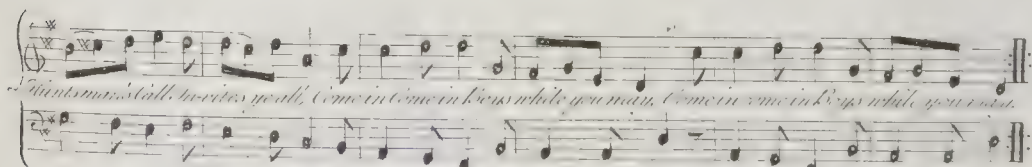
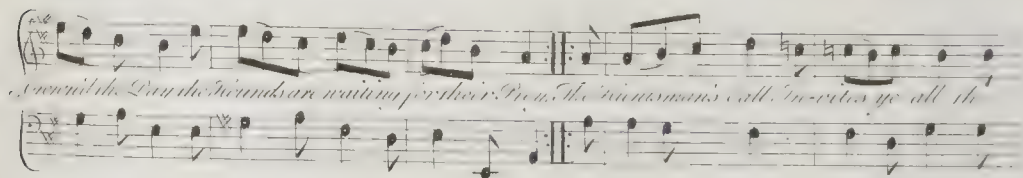
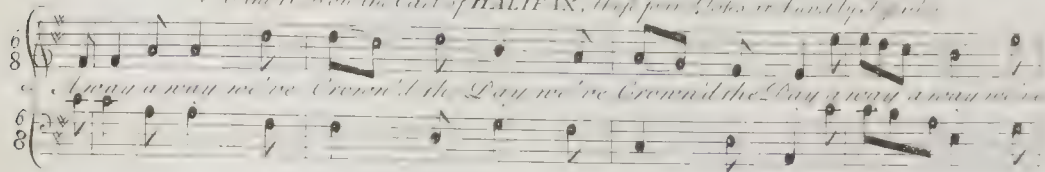


After M<sup>rs</sup> Croy.

THE CHACE.

G. Bickham, sculp

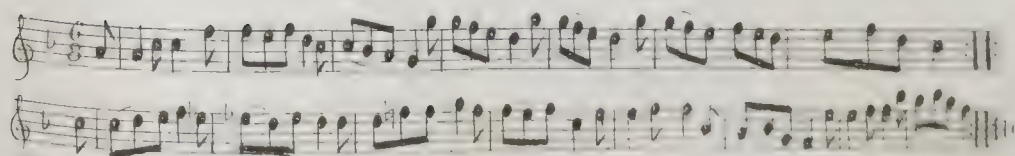
To the W<sup>th</sup> the Earl of HALIFAX, His grace's Chase or Hunt by J. Croy.



The Jolly Horn the Jolly Horn, the Jolly Horn  
 The Jolly Horn the Jolly Horn, with Harmony of Deep Mouth'd Throats  
 These These my Boys, are Heavenly Joys  
 These These my Boys are Heavenly Joys  
 Come in Come in Boys while ye may, Come in &c

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,  
 The Horn shall be, the Husband's Fee, and let him take it not in Kern,  
 The Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age, the Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age  
 Have not Disdain'd to wear the Horn, Have not &c.

For the Flute.



N<sup>o</sup> XIX.







Set by M.<sup>r</sup>. M.C. Festing.

# Reason for Loving, Address'd to Salinda.

*Moderato* *G. Bickham*

If Beauty's lure a- lone in vite,      If vice may heal our Pain, But prudence vainly  
quits her sight, whose sense and worth re- main,      But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sense & worth re main.

The fairest Face we may espise,      Caught by thy Person & thy sense,  
Which hides a foolish Mind,      'Tis both alike I fear,  
But Reason guides if Lovers Eyes,      For if y<sup>e</sup> Eye could make defence,  
When Charms and Wit are joyn'd.      You'd Conquer by the Ear.

## For the Flute.





# *The* *Amanda.*

*Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Howard.*

*Not to fast.*

*For e-ver Fortune, wilt thou prove An un-re-lenting Foe to Love, And n<sup>o</sup> we meet a Mu-tual*

*Heart, Come in between 'till us part Bid us tish on from Day to Day, & wish, & wish of*

*Soul a-way, till Youth, and the great Years are flown, And all of Life of Life is gone.*

*But Busy, Busy still art thou,  
To bind the Loveless Joyless Town;  
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,  
To bind the gentle with the Rude;*

*For once, O Fortune! hear my Pray'r,  
And I absolve thy Future Care;  
All other Blessings I resign,  
Make but thy dear Amanda mine.*

*For the German and Common: Plate.*





no. 10

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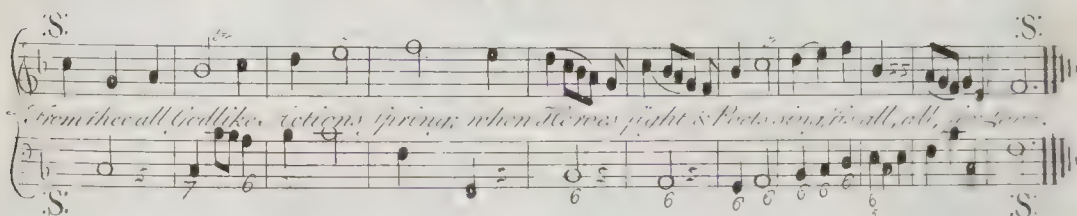
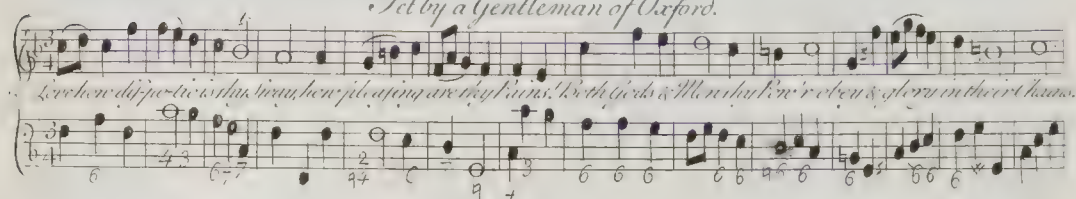
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## The Power of Love.

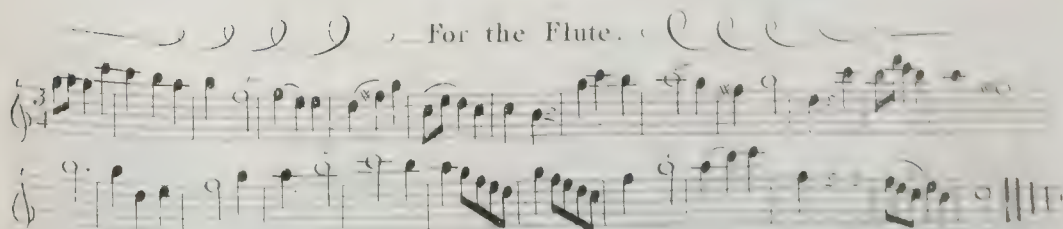
Set by a Gentleman of Oxford.



2  
This Little Tyrant of the Skies  
The Thund'rer's Bosom warms,  
To Earth th' enamour'd Thund'rer flies  
A Slave to Mortal Charms;  
See! he Desarts the Blest abodes,  
Celestial Beauties, Kindred Gods  
And all for Love.

3  
The Beauteous Queen of Smiles & Loves,  
The Am'rous Bliss approv'd,  
Adonis in the Lonely Groves,  
The saw admir'd & Lov'd:  
Phoebus adorn'd a mortal Maid,  
The infernal King himself ador'd  
The Power of Love.

4  
Then Why Ye Powers must here below  
The joys of Love be slighted!  
Why taste we not the Sweets that flow  
From two fond hearts United!  
Since from the Cottage to the Throne,  
Both King & Clown alike must own  
The Power of Love.







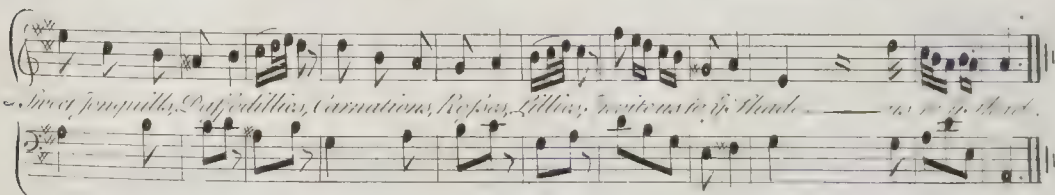
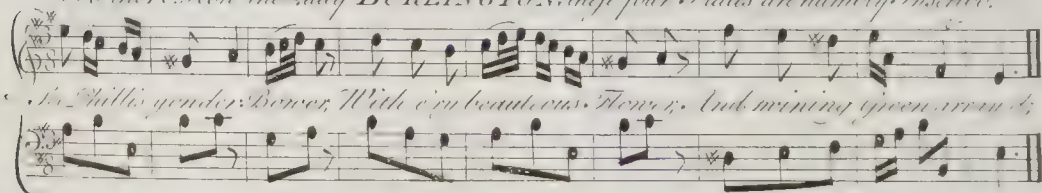
THE

By M.<sup>r</sup> R. Vincent

## Compassionate Maid.

The Words by M. Hundershagen

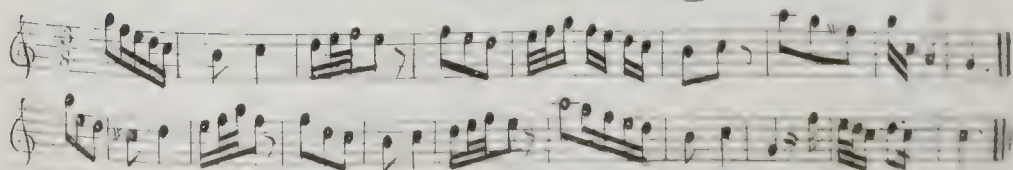
To the R.<sup>hon</sup> the lady BURLINGTON, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.



There clasping Thee, my Treasure,  
In Extacy 'bove measure,  
I'll on your Bosom lye;  
While you're with Locks expiring,  
My Blissful Death desiring,  
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses,  
I'll crown my Dying Blissas,  
Whilst you, in Pity, cry;  
"My Love, I'll not be cruel,  
"But in this am'rous Duel,  
"We'll both together die.

For the Flute.









pl. h. w. m. 11

# THE Meeting in the Morning.

*Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Beard with Universal Applause.*

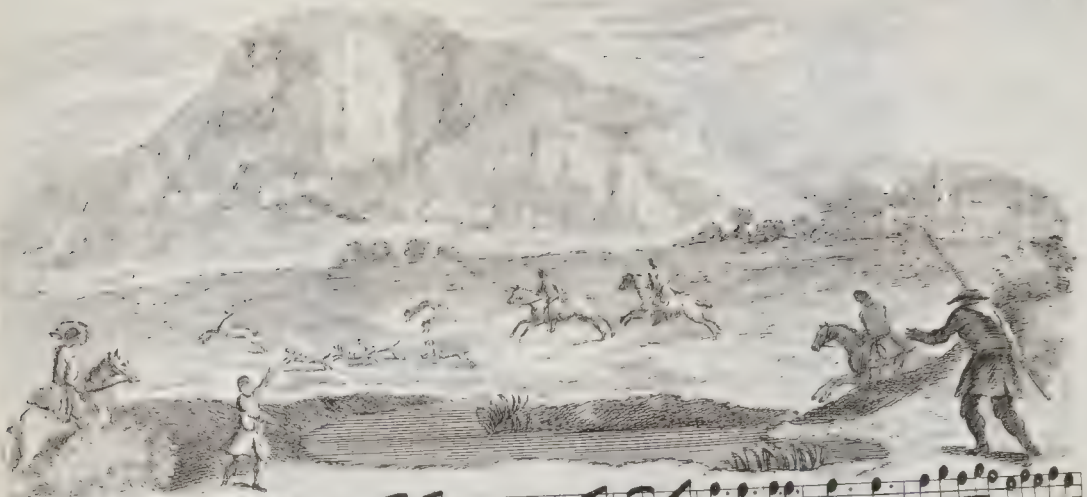
*With early Horn, salute y<sup>e</sup> Morn, y<sup>e</sup>*

*gilds this charming Place with a velvet and lake and m<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>e</sup> joy of joyal Cha...*

*joy of joyal Cha... ce and joy of joyal Cha...*

*With early Horn salute y<sup>e</sup> Morn y<sup>e</sup> gilds y<sup>e</sup> charming Place with a velvet and lake and m<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>e</sup>*





and join the great Chace.

ce with chearful cries bids echo rise & joyn y<sup>e</sup> jovial Chace and joyn y<sup>e</sup> jovial

Trace.

The local Hills around y



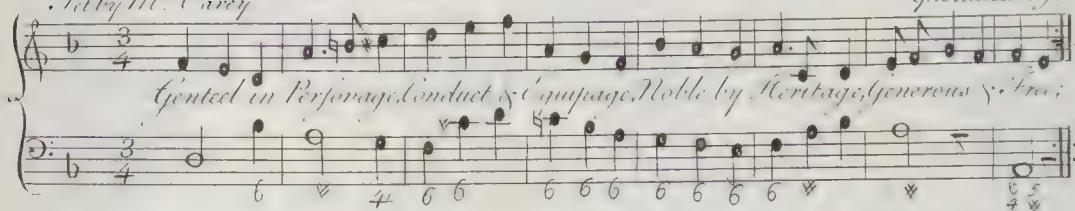




THE  
Maid's Husband.

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Carey

G. Bickham sc



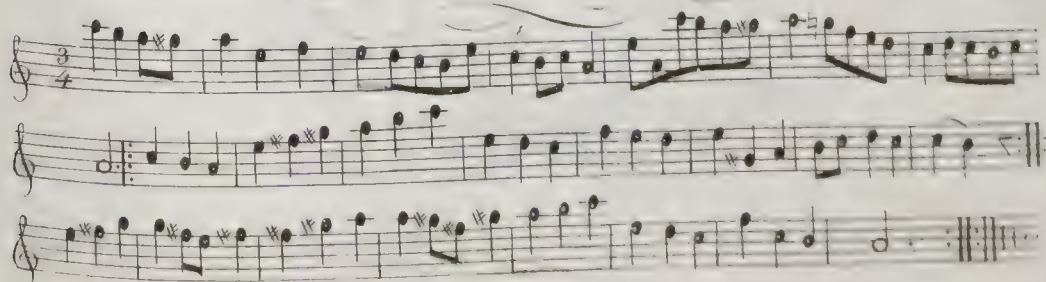
*Gentle in Personage, Conduct & Equipage, Noble by Heritage, Generous & Free;*



*Brave not Romantic, Learned not Pedantic, Frolic not Frantic, This must be He.*

*Honour Maintaining,  
Meanness Disdaining,  
Still Entertaining,  
Engaging & Men:  
Neat but not Foppical,  
Sage but not Cynical,  
Never Tyrannical,  
But ever True.*

For the Flute.



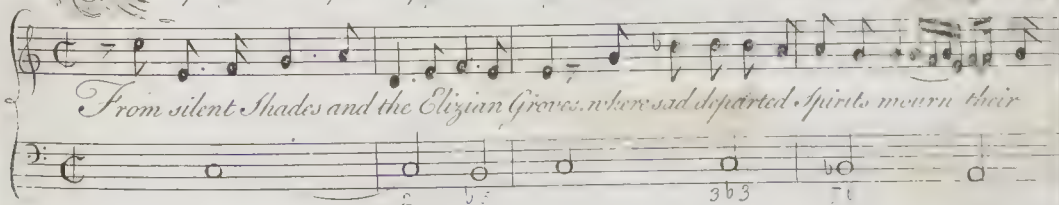




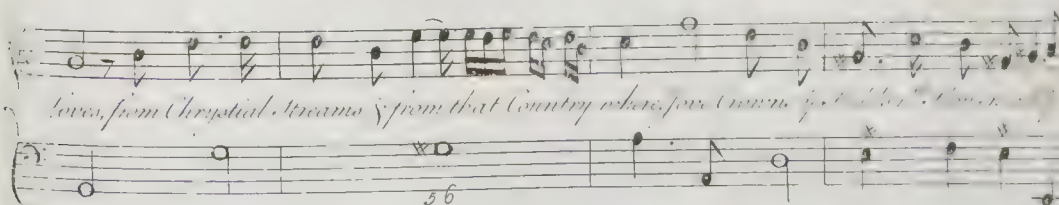
Mad. Vels.,

John M. W. Purcell.

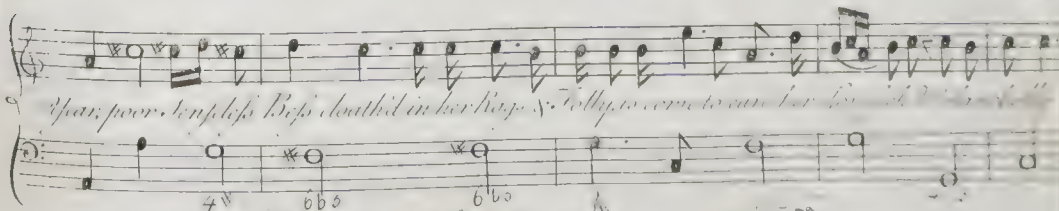
*Key Right Henry Cartwright*



From silent Shades and the Elizian Groves, where sad departed Spirits mourn their



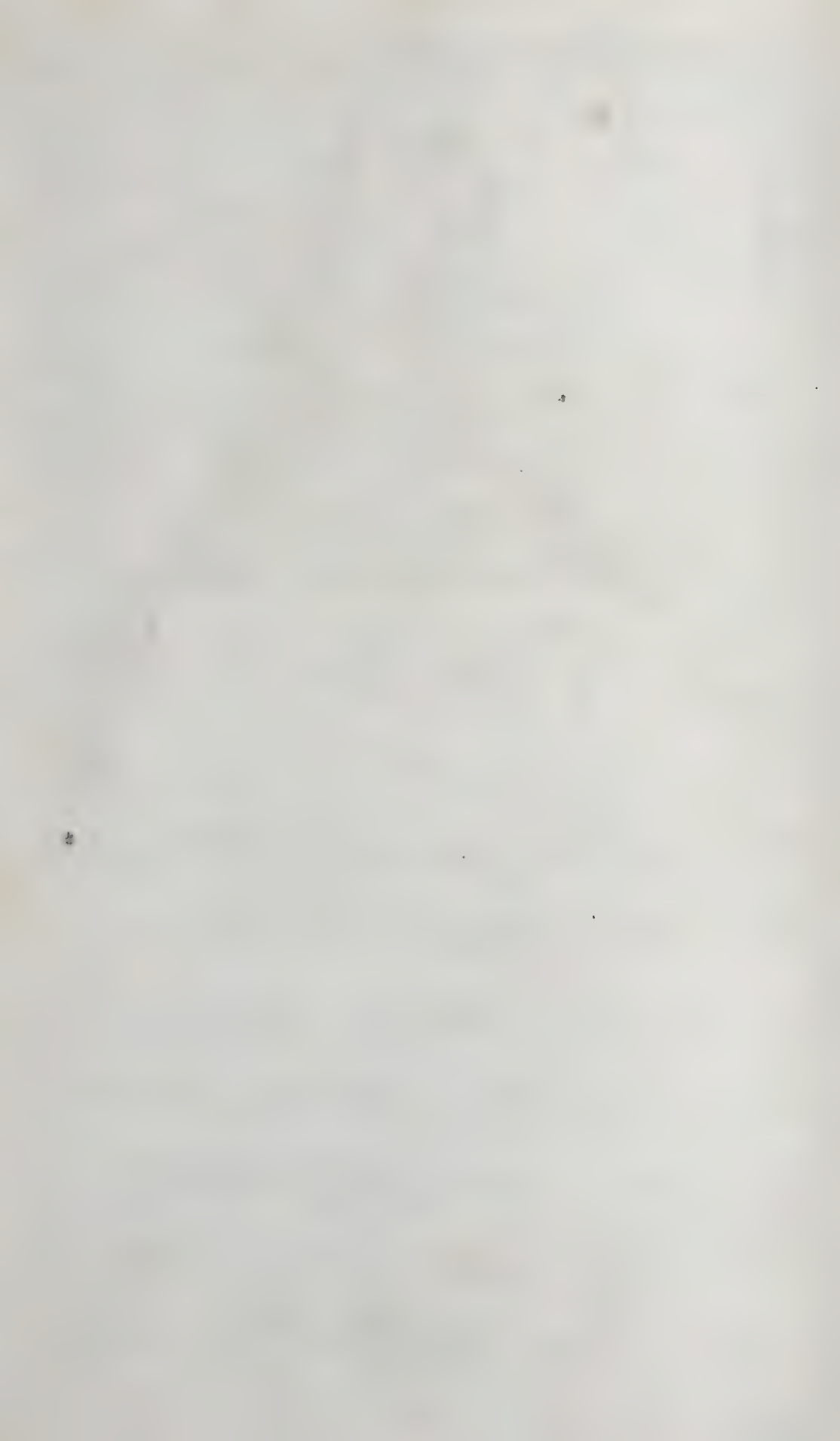
*Love, from Chrysalis, dreams } from that Country where, per I never yet*



Dear, poor, helpless Bess! I thought in her days, Nelly, to come to you for help. But I have

Gen. Dickman junr.

*Defian et. Loul*











*Grant, I'll lay me down and die with in some hollow: here the Raven and Cat, the*

*Owl and Bat, shall war. He forth my Elegy, Did you see my Love as he past*

*by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your heart: bid ye be-*

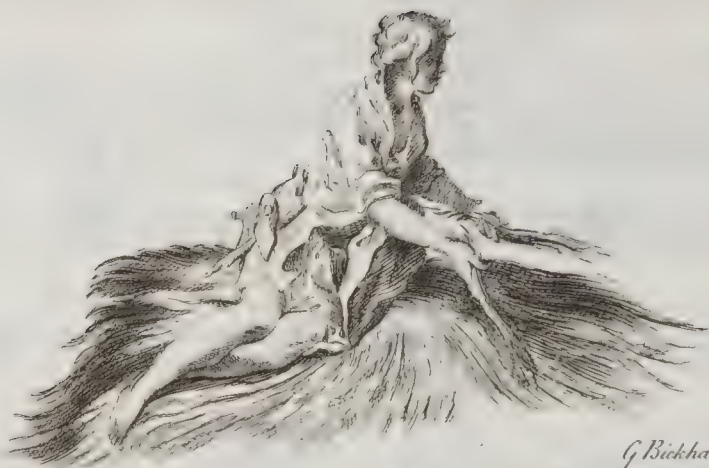
*ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en- snare ye. Hark, hark! I hear his Foot*

*fall, his Boat he will no longer stay; I fearish that the Whips will come and whip my peer*

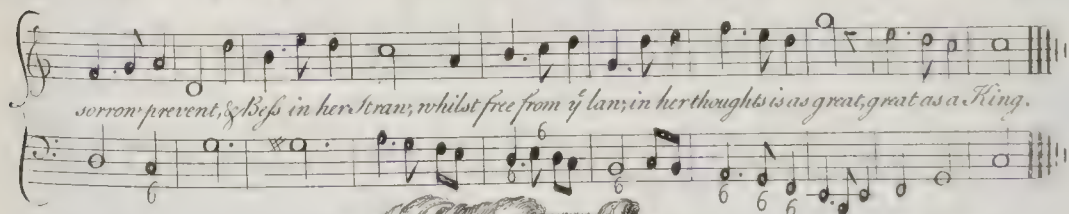
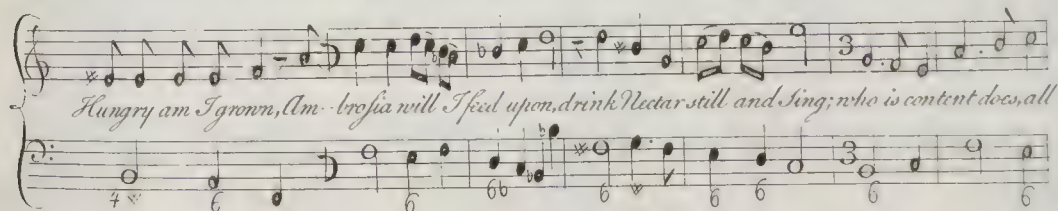
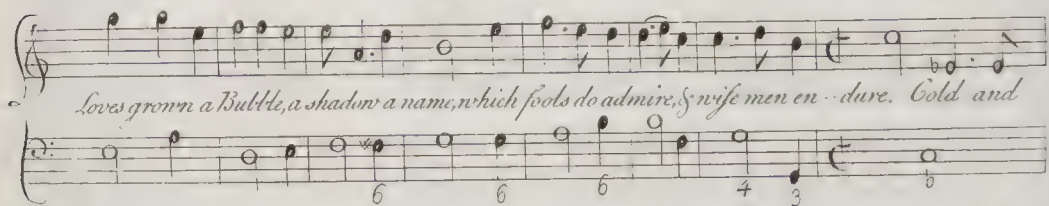
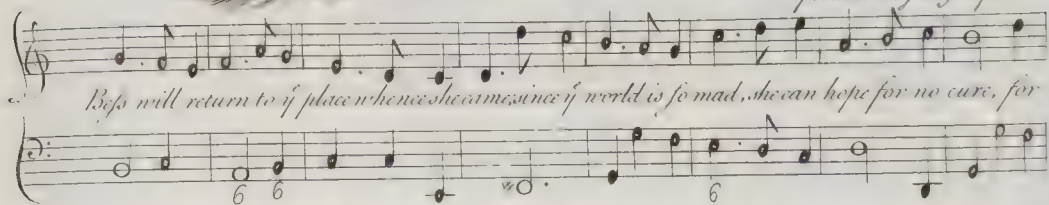
*Wm. Bickham jun. Sculps.*







G. Bickham jun. Sculp.



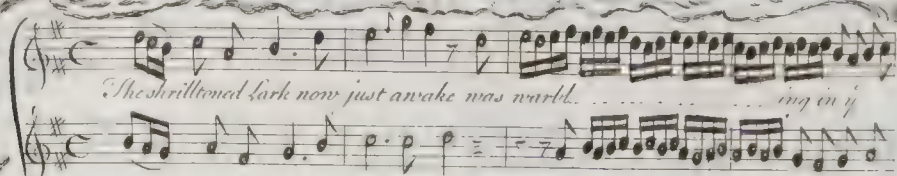
For the Flute.



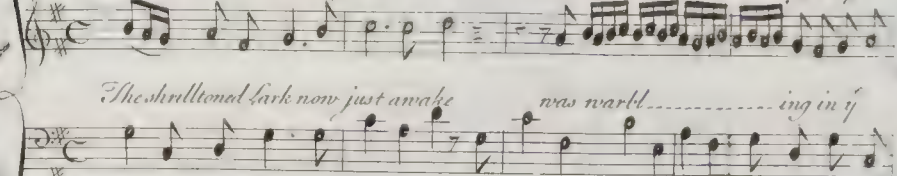


THE  
Nightingall, Lark & Linnets.

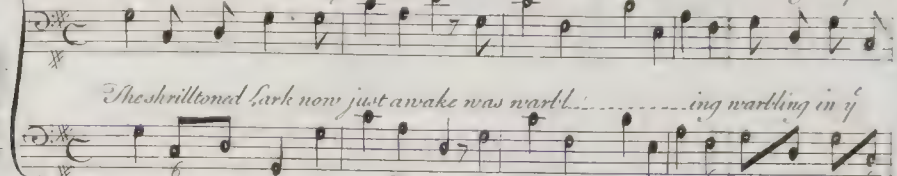
*As if heard from the Earl of OXFORD and MORTIMER, these four stanzas are heard by the night.*



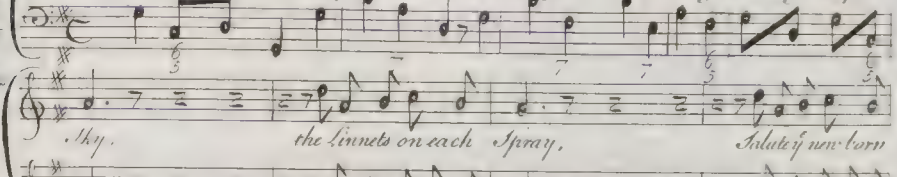
*The shrill-toned lark now just awake was warbling in y*



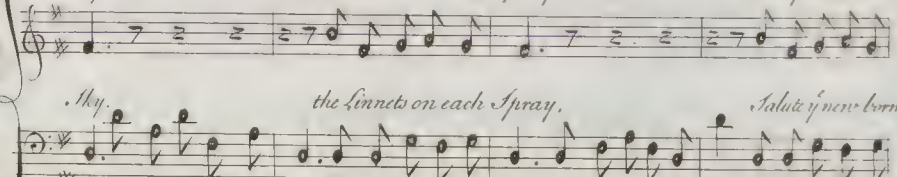
*The shrill-toned lark now just awake was warbling in y*



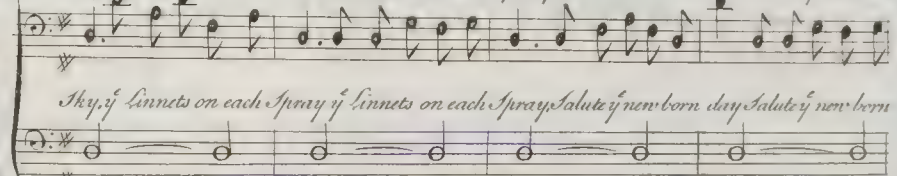
*The shrill-toned lark now just awake was warbling in y*



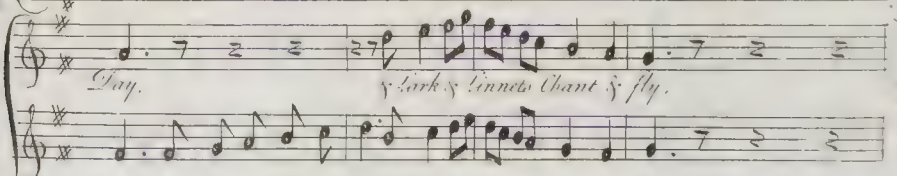
*Sky, the linnets on each spray, Salute y new born*



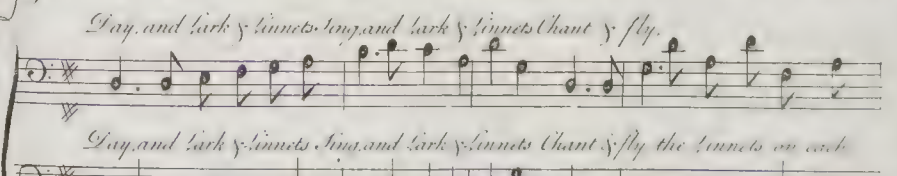
*Sky, the linnets on each spray, Salute y new born*



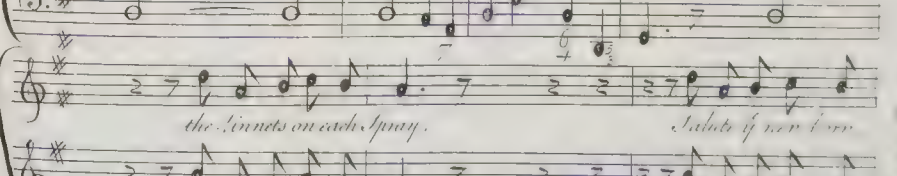
*Sky, y linnets on each spray y linnets on each spray salute y new born day salute y new born*



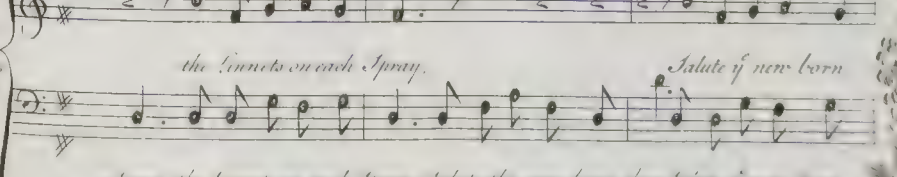
*Day, y lark & linnets Chant & fly.*



*Day, and lark & linnets sing, and lark & linnets Chant & fly.*

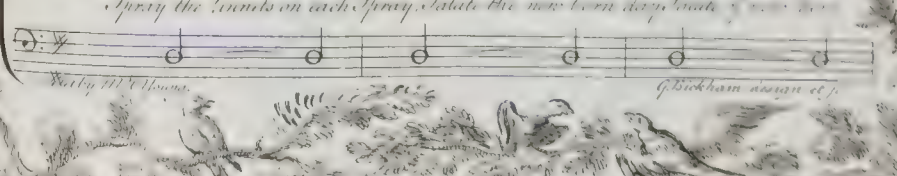


*Day, and lark & linnets sing, and lark & linnets Chant & fly the linnets on each*



*the linnets on each spray.*

*Salute y new born*



*Spray the linnets on each spray salute the new born day salute the new born*

*W. B. M. Albion.*

*G. Bickham design et.*







Day Lark & Linnet's Chant & Song. The Nightingall who's

Day Lark & Linnet's Chant & Song. The Nightingall who's

Sighing breast neer sin. . . . . go in comfort with y

Sighing breast neer sin. . . . . go in comfort with y

Sighing breast neer sin. . . . . go in comfort with y

rest but by her self she still complain in Sweet a dazier moving strain

rest but by her self She still complain in Sweet a dazier moving strain.

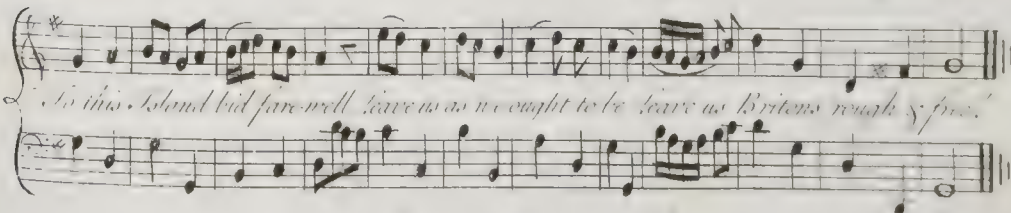
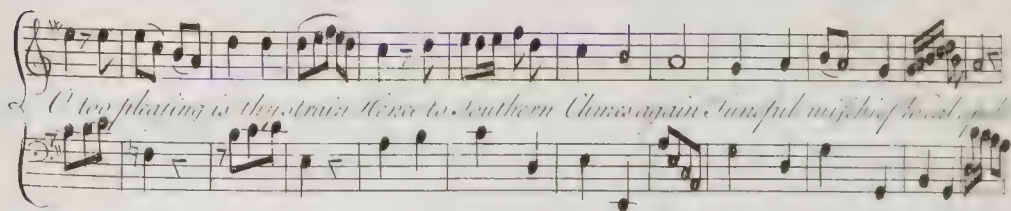
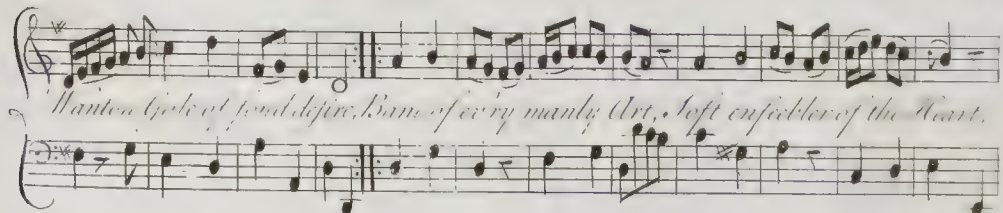
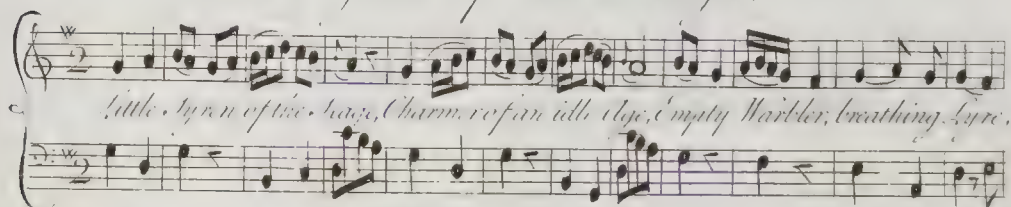
rest but by her self She still complain in Sweet a dazier moving strain.



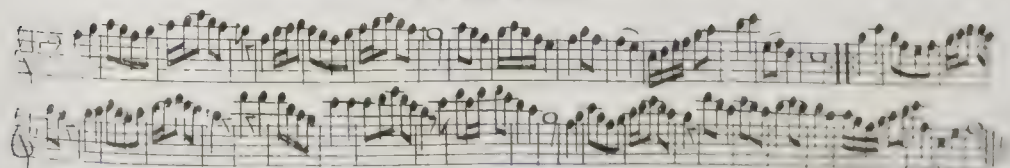




## *The Siren of the Stage.*



For the Flute.

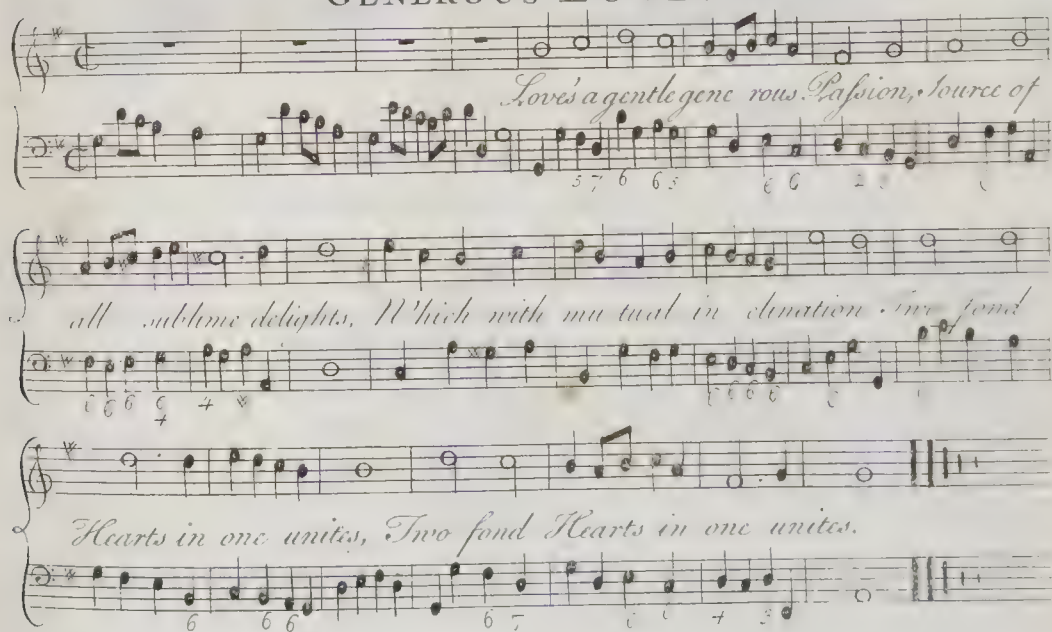






Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Carey.By Beckham jun<sup>r</sup> 2477

# GENEROUS LOVE.



*Love's a gentle generous Passion, source of*

*all sublime delights, Which with mutual inclination, we fond*

*Hearts in one unite, Two fond Hearts in one unite.*

What are titles, pomp or Riches,  
 If compar'd with true content?  
 That false joy which now bewitches,  
 When obtain'd, we may repent,  
 When obtain'd &c.

Lawless Passion brings vexation,  
 But a chaste & constant Love  
 Is a glorious Emulation,  
 Of the Blissful state above,  
 Of the &c.

For the Flute.





Figure 1. [Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

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[Illegible text]

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*Achilles brought by Thetis to his Tutor Chiron.*

The Musick by M.<sup>r</sup> Purcel.

To y<sup>e</sup> R.<sup>t</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord Viscount WEYMOUTH, these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupill A chilles. All tell you All tell you young gentleman w<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> states will w<sup>h</sup> you men

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupill A chilles. All tell you young gentleman w<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> states will w<sup>h</sup> you men

Boy you my Boy must go must go y<sup>f</sup> gods will have it so to y<sup>e</sup> siege of Troy. thence never to return thence never to re-

Boy you my Boy must go must go y<sup>f</sup> gods will have it so to y<sup>e</sup> siege of Troy. thence never to re- turn thence

turn never to return never to return to Greece again but before those Walls to be slain but before those Walls to be slain but before those Walls to be slain

never to re- turn never to re- turn to Greece again but before those Walls to be slain but before those Walls to be slain but before those Walls to be slain

Walls those Walls to be slain. let not your noble courage be cast down. let not your noble courage be cast down. let not your noble courage be cast down

fore those Walls to be slain. let not your noble courage be cast down. let not your noble courage be cast down. let not your noble courage be cast down

let not your noble courage be cast down. but all y<sup>e</sup> while you live before y<sup>e</sup> town. drink all y<sup>e</sup> while drink all y<sup>e</sup> while you live before y<sup>e</sup> town

le cast down. let not your noble courage be cast down. but before y<sup>e</sup> town. drink all y<sup>e</sup> while drink all y<sup>e</sup> while you live before y<sup>e</sup> town

drink & drive care away drink & be merry. you'll neer go the sooner y<sup>f</sup> sooner you'll neer go the sooner y<sup>f</sup> sooner you'll neer go the sooner y<sup>f</sup> sooner you'll neer go the sooner y<sup>f</sup> sooner







# THE Generous Revulſe.

The Words by A. Hill Esq.<sup>r</sup>

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Carey.

Thy vain purſuit for Youth gave o'er, What more alow can I do  
Thy worth, I own thy joys are pure, All are not happy that are true

Suppreſs thy ſighs & weep no more  
Should Heav'n & Earth in thee combine  
'Twere all in vain ſince any pow'r  
To Crown thy Love muſt alter mine.

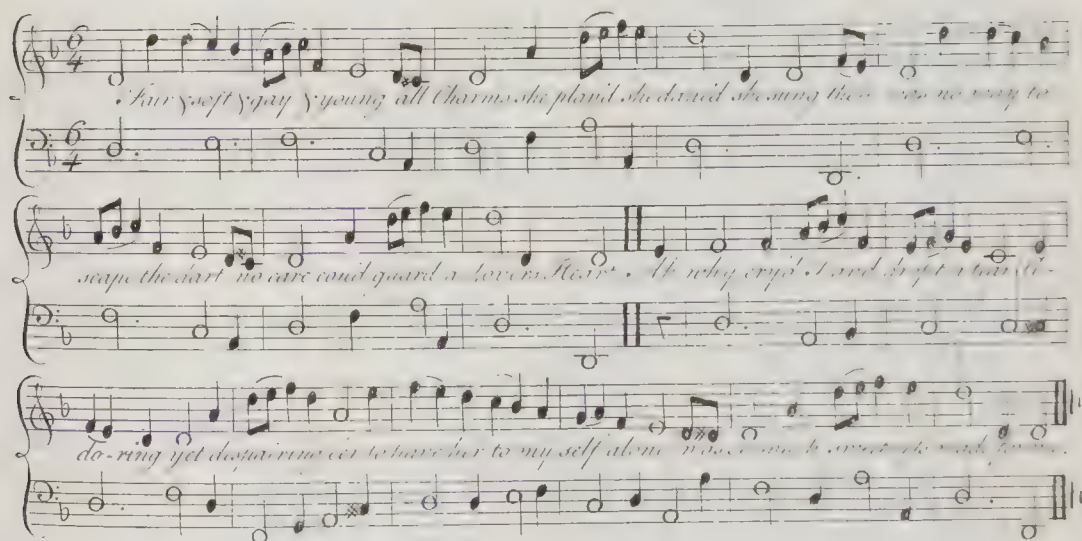
But if revenge can ever ſave  
'Tll ſooth the Ills I cannot cure  
Tell thee I drag a hopeleſs chain  
And all that I inſlict endure.

FOR THE FLUTE.





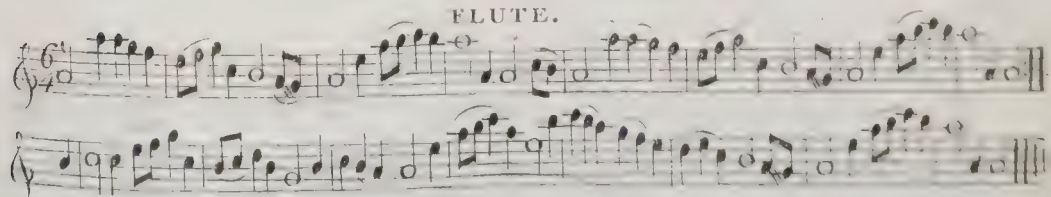
## The Inconstant.



*But growing colder in her Ear*  
*I in soft Numbers told my care*  
*She heard & rais'd me from her feet*  
*And seem'd to glow with equal heat*  
*Like Heav'n too mighty to express*  
*My Joys could be but known by guess*  
*Ah fool said I what have I done*  
*To wish her made for more than one.*

*But long I had not been in view*  
*Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew*  
*E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms*  
*She sunk into anothers Arms*  
*But she that once could faithless be*  
*Will favour him no more than me*  
*He too will find himself undone*  
*And that she was not made for one.*

FLUTE.











## *The Generous Lassie.*

*Up ladies that gently waver, Sea please the job, by Boatman, Bear me from hence, Or  
Bring to me, My brave my bonny Scot-man; In holy Bands, we joyrid our Hands, Yet  
may not this discover, While Parents rate, A large estate, Before a faithful Lover.*

*But I would chuse in Highland Glens,  
To herd the Kid and Goat-man;  
E'er I could for such little Ends,  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man,  
Wae worth y Man, who first began,  
The base ungen'rous Fashion;  
From greedy Views Loves Art to use,  
Whilst Strangers to its Passions.*

*From foreign Fields my lovely Youth,  
Hast to thy longing Lassie;  
Who pants to kiss thy balmy Mouth  
And in her Bosom press thee:  
Love gives y Word then hast on board,  
Fair Wind and gentle Boat-man,  
Wast o'er, wast o'er from yonder Shore,  
My blith my bonny Scot-man.*

For the Flute.





Art by M. W. Pinconi.

# Loves. Bacchanal.

th. W. by M. W. The. K. and Ch. by M. W.

In a Night then by Carl of WESTMORLAND. That four Plates are brought by Superdell.

When why of Cloudy Richard Why so vain by what hope Arms: Lilly, Susan &

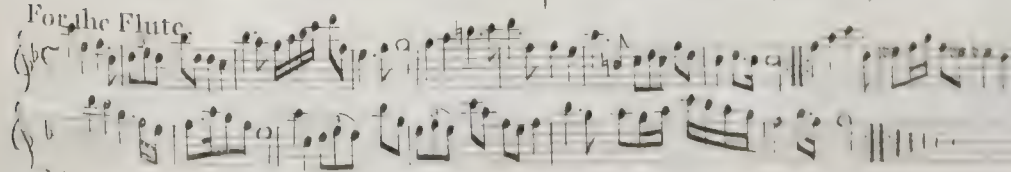
Let horrid Rather fright-ens her than charms Rouse each dull & drooping Spirit

Hang away thy Myrtle Wreath Bumpers here of generous Claret make thee love

Sacrifice this Juice prolific  
To each Letter of her Name  
Geds they deem'd it a Specifick  
Why not Mortals do the same?

See the high-charg'd Goblet smiling  
Bids thee, Stephen drink & prove  
Wine's the liquor most beguiling  
Wine's the Meapen conquest Love.

For the Flute.







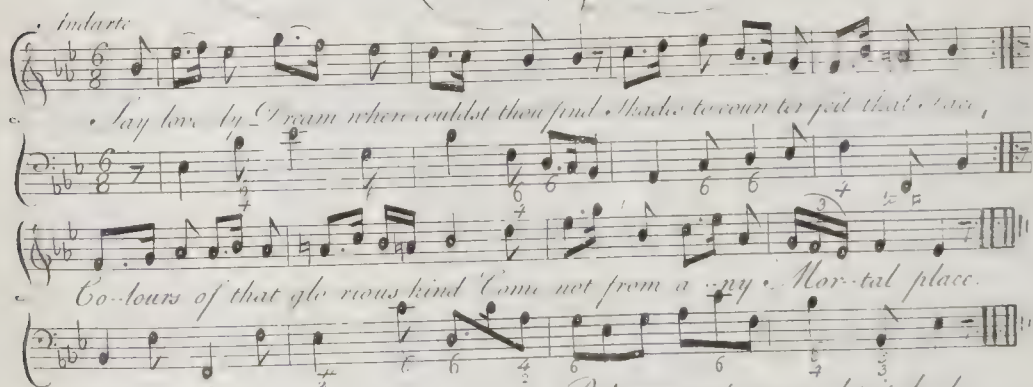




Words from Walter

Set to Music by

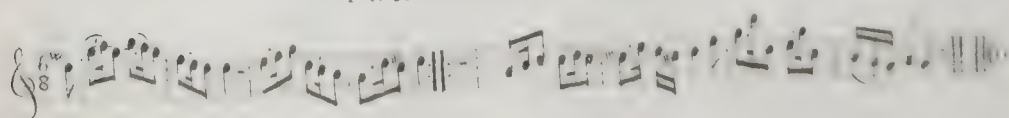
# The Dream.



In heav'n it self th' ousure wert drest  
With that Angel-like disguise  
Thus deluded I am blest  
And see my joy with clos'd Eyes  
But ah! this image is so kind  
To be other than a dream.  
Cruel Zacharissa's mind  
Neder put on that sweet extream  
Fair Dream if thou intendst me grace  
Change that heavenly face of thine  
Paint despid love in thy face  
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale wan and meagre let it look  
With a pity-moving shape  
Such as wander by the Brook  
Of Lethe or from graves escape  
Then to that matchless Nymph appear  
In whose shape thou shinest so  
Softly in her sleeping Ear  
With humble words express my woe.  
Perhaps from greatness state and Pride  
Thus surpris'd she may fall  
Sleep does disproportion hide  
And Death resembling equals all.

FOR THE FLUTE.



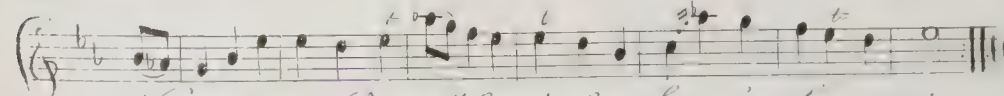
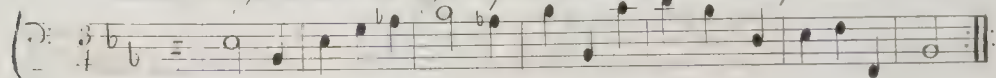




# THE Conquerd Swain.



*Dearest Fair! Oh ease my Care And Charm the fondest Swain*



*No more deny But still Comply Give Love for Love again.*



*The Conquering dart | Has pierc'd my Heart*

*With all thy wondrous Charms*

*Nor can I rest | Untill Possess*

*Enfolded in thy Arms.*

FOR THE FLUTE.









On loosing their Toast and Butter.

Set by M. Lampe.

*The Words by M. Carey.*

But to hear of Children Matters, w<sup>h</sup> they've left their Toast and Butter, And to see my Li- dy melt?

would melt a heart of Stone, a heart of Stone, But to hear the Child even Matters, w<sup>h</sup> they've left their Toast and Butter, w<sup>h</sup>

see my Li- dy Morn, Oh! would melt a heart of Stone, a heart of Stone, w<sup>h</sup> would melt a heart of Stone.

Here the Quin w<sup>h</sup> wants Wrangling there w<sup>h</sup> Words and Mirrors, jansons and w<sup>h</sup> pretty boys, I am a w<sup>h</sup>

rather by the ears, w<sup>h</sup> would for a Bawly- (aked w<sup>h</sup> would) more and more, w<sup>h</sup>

For the Flute.



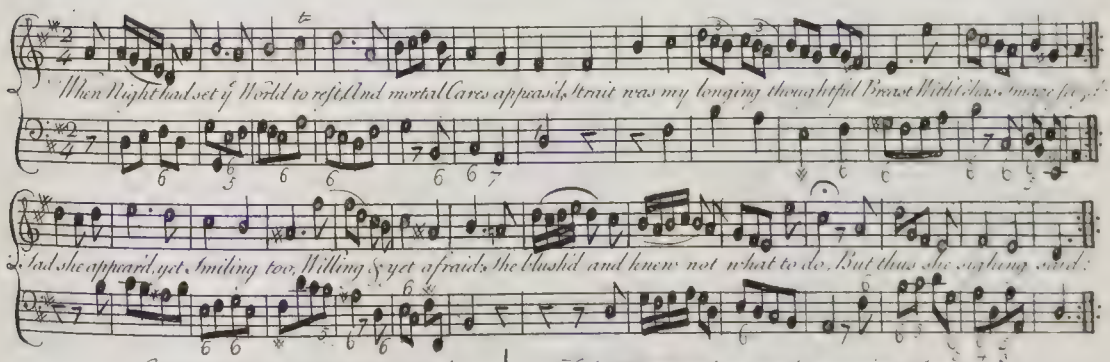




Geal. Bicham inv. et sc.

# The Dream.

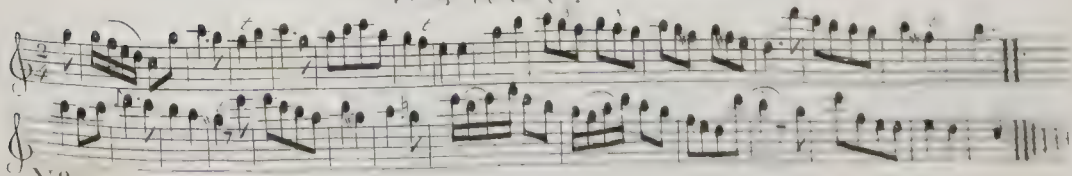
To his Grace of DUKE of SOMERSET these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.  
The Words by John Mottley Esq<sup>r</sup>.



Cease Strephon cease it must not be,  
In vain you weep & sigh,  
Talk not of Love or Flames to me,  
For I must still deny:  
Do but this wither'd Rosebud see,  
Now dead it does appear,  
Before twas gather'd from y<sup>e</sup> Tree  
You thought it fresh & fair.

False Men with study'd treacherous Arts  
Fond Innocence betray,  
They talk of Charms & Flames & Arts,  
But mean not what they say,  
Yet ah! could Strephon faithful prove,  
And constant to these Charms,  
No more, said I, no more my Love  
But clasp'd her in my Arms.

FINIS.









set by a lady

# THE Loving fearful Nymph.

*Haps when charming, Stephens's gone, I sigh & think my self undone But when the lovely  
Youth is here, I'm pleas'd yet grieve, I hope yet fear, Thoughtless of all but him, I rave ah  
tell me is not this call'd Love ah tell me is not this call'd Love.*

*Ah me what pow'r can move me so  
I dye with grief when he must go  
But I receive at his return  
I smile I freeze I pant I burn  
Transports so Sweet so Strong so new  
Say can they be to Friendship due  
Say can they be to Friendship due.*

*Ah no tis love tis now to plain  
I feel I feel the pleasing pain  
For who ere saw bright Stephens's eyes  
But wish'd & long'd & was his prize  
Gods if the trust may be blest  
O let him be by me possess'd  
O let him be by me possess'd.*

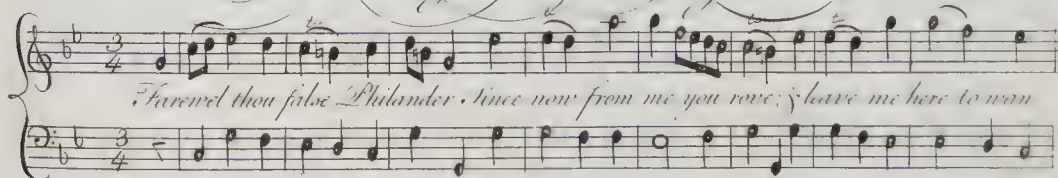
For the Flute.



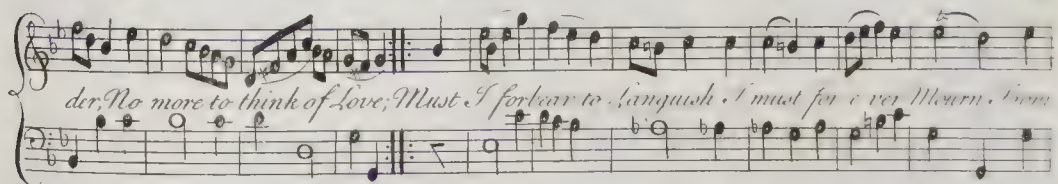




# The Neglected Lass.



Farewel thou false Philander, since now from me you rove; I leave me here to woe



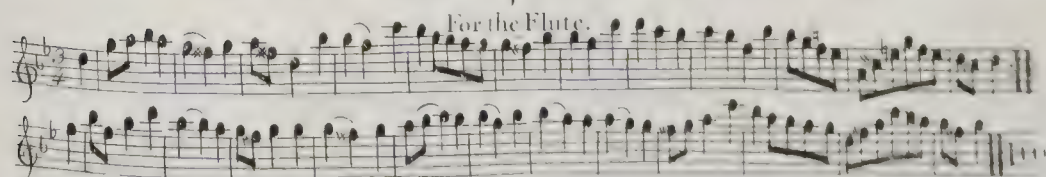
der, No more to think of Love; Must I for ever languish, I must for ever mourn, from



Love I now am Banish'd and I shall no more return.

Farewel deceitful Traytor;  
Farewel thou perjurd Invain;  
Let never Injur'd Creature  
Believe your vows again.

The passion you pretended  
Was only to obtain,  
For now the Charm is ended  
The Charmer you disdain.



For the Flute.







# On Gallant Moor of Moor Hall.

Sung by Miss Isabella Young.

*Nasa Man cry, such a figure you stout vigorous active & tall, There's none can from dangers se-*

*cure you like brave gallant Moor of Moor Hall* *no giant or knight e'er*

*quell'd him he fills all their hearts w<sup>th</sup> alarms no virgin yet e'er beheld him no virgin nee'er be-*

*held him no virgin yet e'er beheld him but wish'd herself daisy'd in his arms wish'd herself daisy'd as he*

( FOR THE FLUTE. )

*S:*

*S:*







Bickham's  
Musical Entertainer

Vol. II.

Printed for Corbett at Addison's head, Fleet Street.  
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament

G. Gower, Inc.

G. Bickham pin. sculp.





# A Table of the Songs in the Musical Entertainer: Vol. 2.

A	Page	I	
<i>A Bonny Northern Lad</i> ...25		<i>If all that I Love</i> .....7	<i>Thou rising Sun</i> .....9
<i>As the Snow in</i> .....33		<i>If that's all you ask</i> ....8	<i>Thrice happy Lizzy</i> ...13
<i>As I saw fair Chlora</i> ...93		<i>If Wine and Musick</i> ...65	<i>Trust not to Man</i> ....14
B		<i>If the Glasses</i> .....82	<i>Tho' Beauty like y<sup>e</sup> Rose</i> ...27
<i>By the Beer as brown</i> ...12		<i>In Spite of Love</i> .....19	<i>The deepning Shadows</i> ...29
<i>By Man beloved</i> .....16		<i>In vain you tell</i> .....61	<i>The smiling Morn</i> ....48
<i>Britons where's your great</i> ...71		<i>In these Groves</i> .....81	<i>The wounded Deer</i> ....62
<i>Britons Strike Home</i> ...97		<i>I go to y<sup>e</sup> Elysian Shades</i> ...57	<i>The Lass of Patie's Mill</i> ...91
<i>Blow on ye Winds</i> ....86		L	<i>'Tis thee I love</i> .....77
C		<i>Let Mine to Social</i> ....53	<i>To the God of Wine</i> ....88
<i>Come Mira Idiot</i> .....5		<i>Let Rocks &amp; Historians</i> ...64	<i>'Twas on a River</i> .....92
<i>Come take your Glass</i> ...46		<i>Love for Love</i> .....78	<i>Thy opening Bloom</i> ...55
<i>Cupid no more shall</i> ....17		<i>Leave off this foolish</i> ...87	<i>Too lovely fair one</i> ...90
<i>Cupid God of pleasing</i> ...44		M	W
<i>Cupid God of gay desires</i> ...85		<i>My Joyous Blades</i> ...2	<i>When y<sup>e</sup> bright God</i> ....11
<i>Charmer permit me</i> ....56		<i>My lovesick Minds</i> ...23	<i>When Chloe we ply</i> ....20
D		<i>My Time O ye Muses</i> ...47	<i>When Sockey first I</i> ...31
<i>Dear Chloe attend</i> ....34		<i>Make hast and away</i> ...89	<i>When Love &amp; Youth</i> ....54
F		O	<i>When Parents obstinate</i> ...68
<i>Fill the Bowl</i> .....45		<i>Oh I would not</i> .....28	<i>When e'er my Chloe</i> ....63
<i>Frown not my Dear</i> ...52		<i>Oh hoh Master Moore</i> ...32	<i>What Cato advises</i> ....18
G		<i>Oh my sickle Tenny</i> ...35	<i>What sullen Tears</i> ...41
<i>Genius of Masonry</i> ....1		<i>Oh my pretty Punchinello</i> ...66	<i>What care I for affair</i> ...42
<i>Glide gently on</i> .....6		P	<i>What beauties does Flora</i> ...89
<i>Glide swiftly on</i> .....51		<i>Poor Children three</i> ...21	<i>Welcome welcome Brother</i> ...26
H		<i>Phillis the Lovely</i> ....72	<i>With broken Words</i> ....30
<i>Had Neptune when first</i> ...3		S	<i>Who to win a Roman's</i> ...36
<i>Here's to thamy Boy</i> ...22		<i>Since Salinda's my Toe</i> ...10	<i>Whilst wanton Cupid</i> ...49
<i>How brimfull of nothing</i> ...50		<i>Summers Heat</i> .....15	<i>Whilst Strephon on fair</i> ...73
<i>How hard is y<sup>e</sup> Fortune</i> ...69		<i>Save Women and Mine</i> ...21	<i>While in a Bow'r</i> ...84
<i>Rail Burgundy</i> ....90		<i>See from y<sup>e</sup> silent Grove</i> ...37	<i>Without Affectation</i> ...70
<i>Happy the Love</i> ....90		<i>Sweetest of y<sup>e</sup> nightly</i> ...83	<i>Why will Florella</i> ....95
<i>Hear me ye Nymphs</i> ...100		T	Z
			<i>Zeno, Plato &amp; Aristotle</i> ...1





# The True Mason.

To the Right Hon. the Marquis of CARNARVON Grand Master, these four Plates are humbly presented.

Genius of Masonry defend. In mystick Numbers while we sing  
Enlarge Our souls the Craft defend And hither all thy influence bring  
With social thoughts Our bosoms fill. And give thy turn to every Will.

Immortal Science too be near!  
(We own thy Empire o'er the Mind)  
Presid in thy radiant Robes appear:  
With all thy beauteous Train behind:  
Invention young, and blooming, there;  
Here Geometry, with Rule and Square.

United thus, and for these Ends,  
Let Scorn deride, & Envy rail:  
From Age to Age the Craft decrease:  
And what We Build shall never fail:  
Nor shall the World Our Works survey;  
But every Brother kapps the Key.

FLUTE.







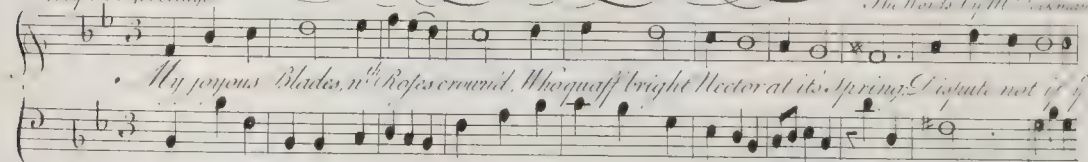
Gravet inv

G. Bickham sc.

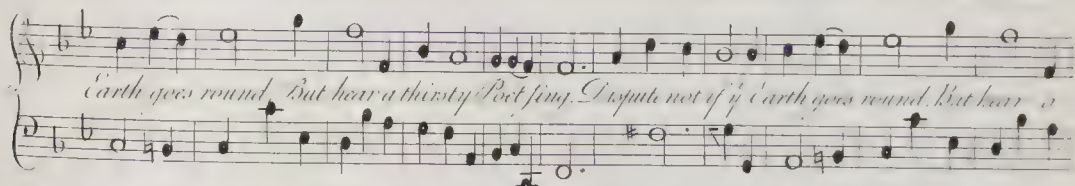
# THE Earth's Motion Provd.

By M. T. C. C. C.

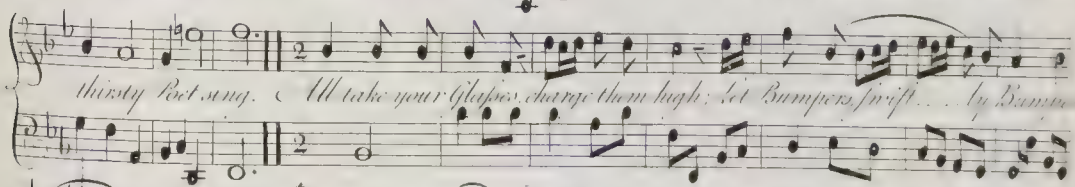
The Words by M. T. C. C. C.



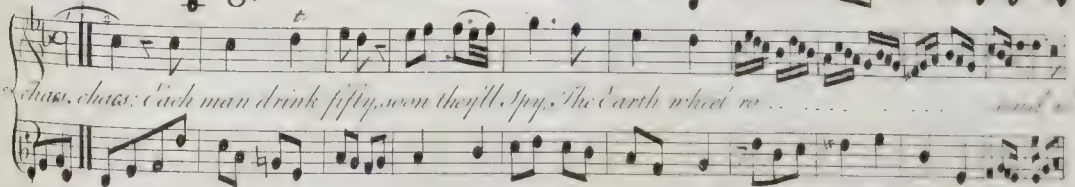
My joyous Blades, w<sup>th</sup> Roses crown'd, Whoequaff bright Nectar at its Spring, I dispute not if y<sup>e</sup>



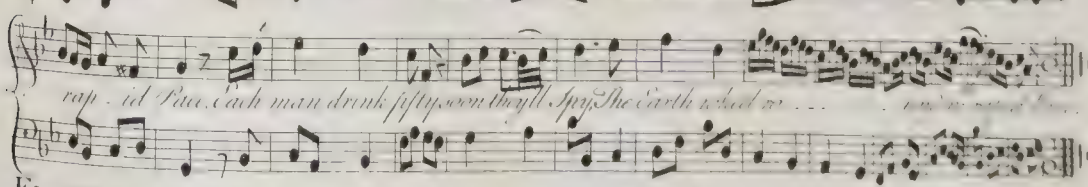
Earth goes round, But hear a thirsty Poet sing, Dispute not if y<sup>e</sup> Earth goes round, But hear a



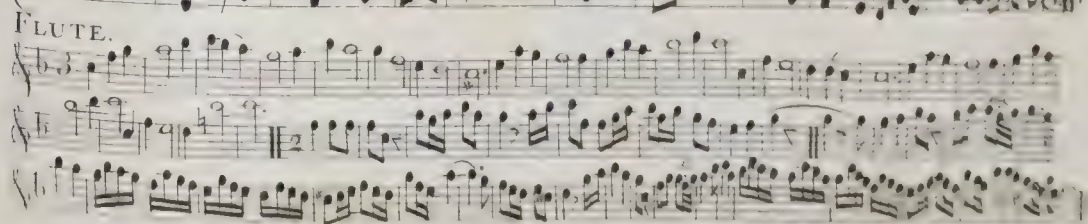
thirsty Poet sing. All take your glasses charge them high; Let Bumpers swift... by Bumpers



chase, chase; Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel'd ro...



rap. id Pace, each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy, The Earth wheel'd ro...



FLUTE.







*THE BACCHANALIAN'S WISH.*

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Popely.

For y<sup>e</sup> German & Common Flute.

Had Neptune when first he took charge of this sea, been as wise or at least been as merry as  
we. Had have thought better on't and instead of his brine, Would have fill'd y<sup>e</sup> vast Ocean with  
generous wine. . . . . ne<sup>er</sup> have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wine.

2

What trafficking then would have been on y<sup>e</sup> Main,  
For y<sup>e</sup> sake of good liquors as well as for gain.  
No fear then of compust or danger of cankers  
The Fishes ne<sup>er</sup> drownd, they are always a drinking.

3

Had this been the case what had we enjoy'd  
Our great estate of sea and land  
A fisher's life, or a sailor's  
To slip like a fool such a fortunate hour.







# Moor Circulating the Cheerful Glass.

*Leno, Plato, Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle. Poets, Painters, Musicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all ad-*

*= mire a pretty life, all require a cheerful glass. Leno, Plato, Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle. Poets, Painters & Musi-*

*cians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty life, all require a cheerful glass. Poets, Painters and Musi-*

*cians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty life, all require a cheerful glass. Every Playhouse has its bottomless*

*drinking are no Trajans, Every Playhouse has its Trajan, Love & Drinking are no Trajans, Love & Drinking are no Trajans, Love & Drinking are no Trajans.*

FLUTE.







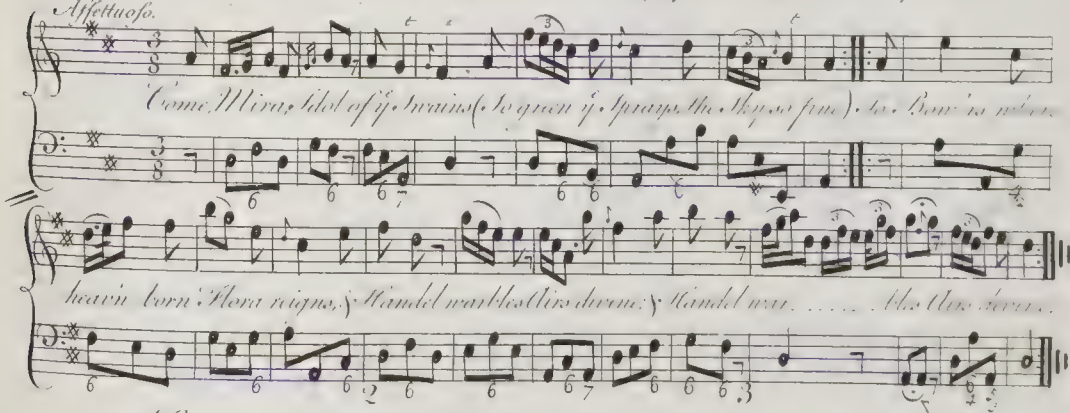
# The Invitation to Mira,

REQUESTING

Her Company to Vaux Hall Garden.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lady FRANCES SEYMOUR, These four Plates are humbly Inscr<sup>ibed</sup>.

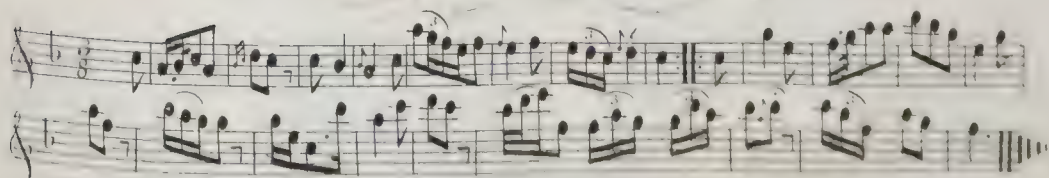
*Affettuoso.*



Come, every sprightly Joy to taste,  
That rural Art & Nature boast:  
Fly thither with thy lightning's haste,  
And be thy universal Toast.

As none so beauteous can be shown,  
Tho' thou should'st every Realm survey,  
As all, wher'er thou com'st must own;  
Thy Graces claim the highest way.

# For the Suite.









## The Forsaken Pastorella.

*Slide gently on, thou murmuring brook, & sooth my tender grief. In as here the fatal*

*Wound, I took, tis here, Look Relief. With sighs on this verdant shore, I fondly, at rest, be-*

*liev'd of charming things he. Swore too credu--lous--ly kind, too cre--dulously kind.*

While thus he said, this purling stream  
Back to its Spring shall flow;  
O Pastorella, 'er my Flame  
The last day shall know.  
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,  
Back to your Crystal Head;  
The false ungrateful purjur'd Swain,  
Has broke the Vows he made.  
Has broke &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess  
His faithless Breast has warm'd,  
And those kind Vows & soft Endears  
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.  
But tell ye Nymph, thou gentle stream,  
If e'er she visits Thee,  
The treacherous Youth has vow'd of same  
Yet broke his Faith with me.  
Yet broke &c.

FINIS.





# Love Relaps'd.

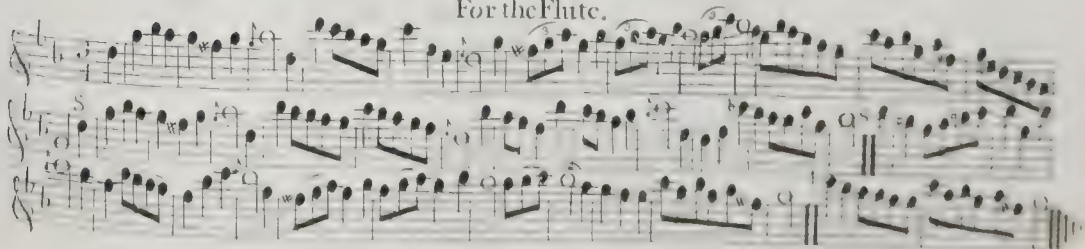
*Sol by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne.* *By R. Kean.*

*Answer'd.*

If all of Love is her, true from looking, I sure can refrain, In others her likeness may trace, Or  
 absence may be all my pain; this soul from her charms, I wou'd, Nor know, I tell thee how, I  
 lov'd What present my Passion admir'd, In absence my Reason approv'd.

<p>Ah, why should I hope for relief,          Where all of I see is disdain,          No pity in her for my grief,          No merit in me to complain.</p>	<p>Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,          Tho' rob'd of my freedom's ease,          Still proud of the choice I have made,          Tho' hopeless it ever can please.</p>
---	---

For the Flute.











(Moore's Engagement to Margery.)

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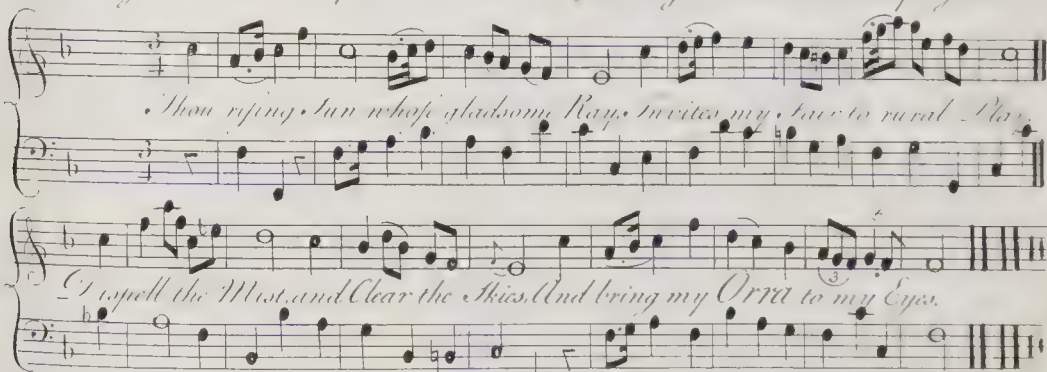


An Ode from the Spectator, &c. by M. W. Smith jun.

Gravelot inv. Bickham jun. sculp.

# THE Layland Lover.

To the Right Hon the Lady CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR these Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

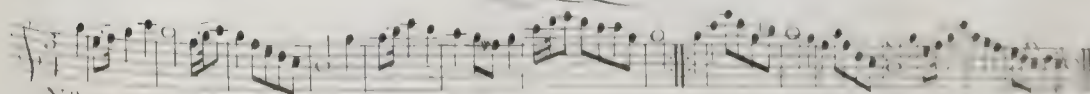


Thou rising Sun whose gladsome Ray, invites my fair to rural Play.

Or dispell the Mist, and Clear the Skies, And bring my Orra to my Eyes.

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 Oh! were I sure my Dear to view:—<br/>I'd climb y<sup>e</sup> Pine Trees topmost bough<br/>Close in Air that quivering plays,—<br/>And round &amp; round for ever gaze.—</p>             | <p>3 Oh! I could ride y<sup>e</sup> Clouds &amp; Skies,—<br/>Or on y<sup>e</sup> Charrins Pinions rise,—<br/>Ye Storks, ye Swains a Moment stay,<br/>And waite a Lover on his Way.—</p> | <p>5 What may for strength w<sup>th</sup> Iudampare<br/>Oh! Love has Letters stranger far—<br/>By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confind,—<br/>(But cruel Love enchants y<sup>e</sup> Mind.—</p> |
| <p>2 My Orra Moor where art thou laid,<br/>What Wood conceals in y<sup>e</sup> sleeping Maid,<br/>Fast by the Root enrag'd I'll tear,—<br/>The Trees y<sup>e</sup> hide my promis'd Fair.</p> | <p>4 My Bliss to long my Bridedonies,<br/>Apace y<sup>e</sup> wisting Summer flies,—<br/>Nor yet y<sup>e</sup> wintry Blasts I fear,<br/>Nor storm nor Night shall keep me here.</p>    | <p>6 No longer y<sup>e</sup> perplex thy Breast,—<br/>When Thought torments y<sup>e</sup> first are best<br/>His mad to go, tis I oath to stay,—<br/>I pray to Orra hast away.—</p>        |

For the Plate.









by M. Carey.

by R. B. C. C. C.

# THE RESOLVE.

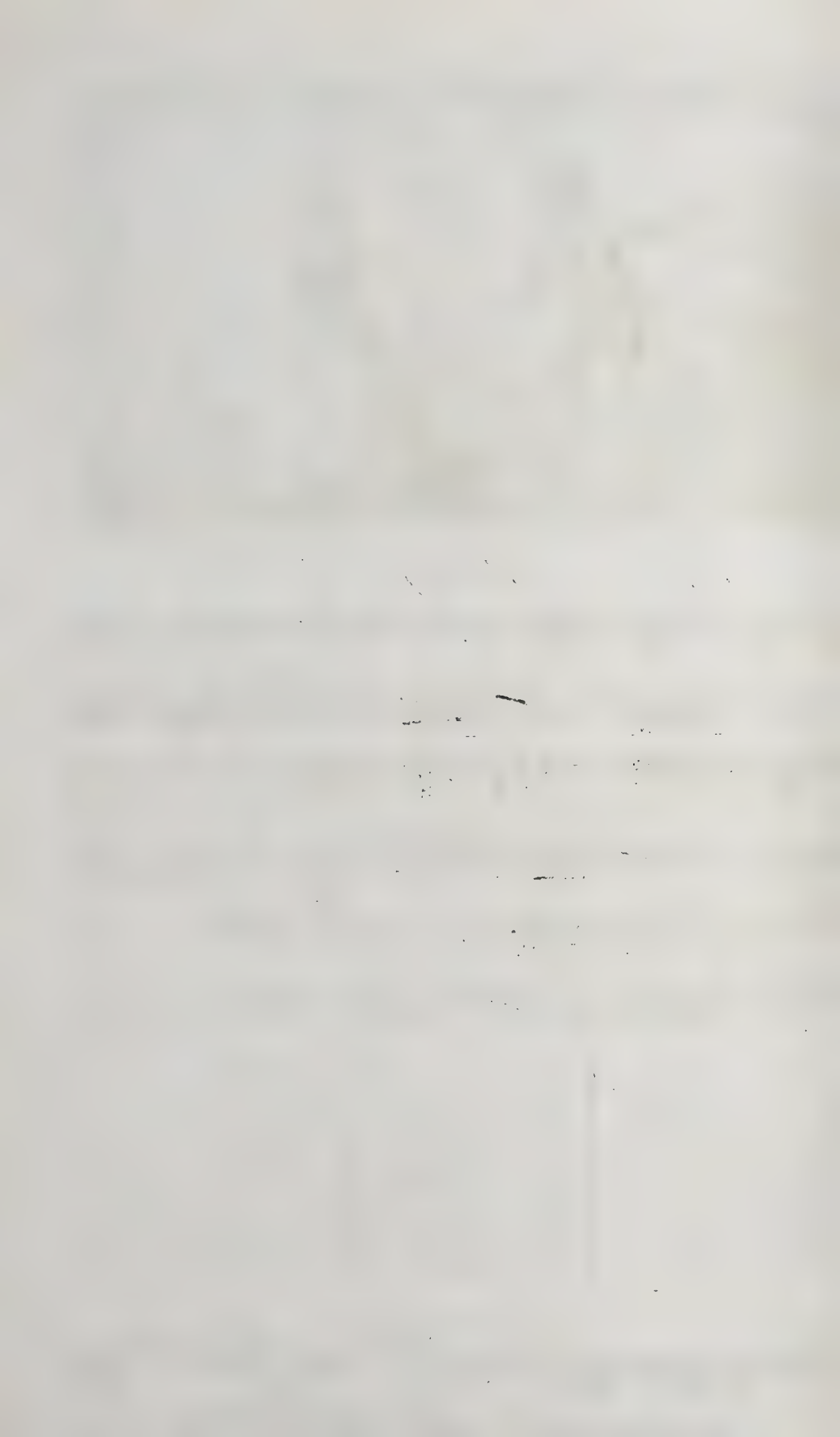
*Since Sallinda my truest part, I'll go when some River, for ever, shall echo my voice, let  
Sallinda my truest part, I'll go when some River for ever, shall echo my voice, the sweetest of all  
more than my fear, In y morning adorning each leaf with a tear.*

2  
To the Rocks all alone,  
When I make my sad Moan,  
From each hollow Will follow  
Some pitiful Groan;  
With silent Disdain,  
The requies all my Pain,  
To my Mourning, Returning,  
No answer again.

3  
Oh Sallinda, adieu,  
When I cease to pursue,  
You'll discover, No Lover,  
Was ever so true.  
Your sad Shepherd flies,  
From those dear cruel Eyes  
Which not seeing, His being,  
Decays, and he dies.

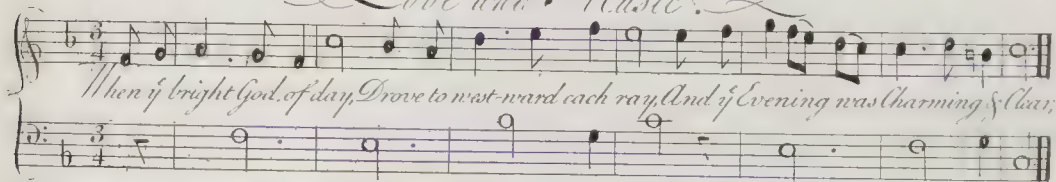
4  
Yet 'tis better to Run,  
To the Fate we can't shun  
Than for ever, Endeavour,  
What cannot be won;  
Gods! what have I done,  
That poor Stephen alone,  
Thus requited, Is flit,  
For Loving but one.

FOR THE FLUTE.

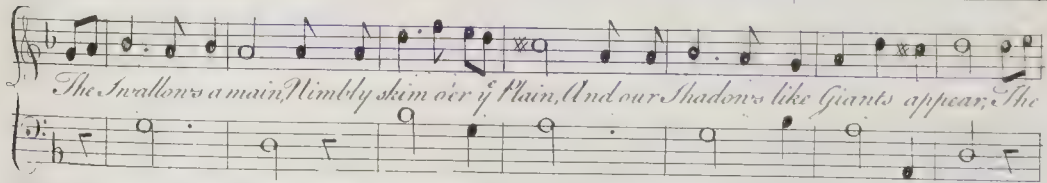




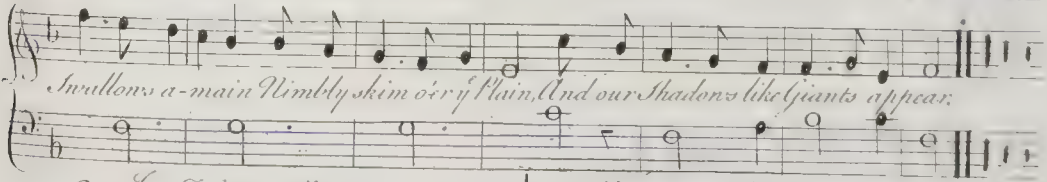
## Love and Music.



When y<sup>e</sup> bright God, of day, Drove to west-ward each ray, And y<sup>e</sup> Evening was charming & clear;



The Swallows a-main, Nimble skim o'er y<sup>e</sup> Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear; The



Swallows a-main Nimble skim o'er y<sup>e</sup> Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear.

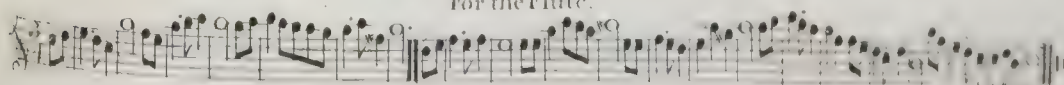
2 In a Jaspamin Bower, —  
When y<sup>e</sup> Bean was in Flower;  
And Zephyr breath'd Odours around, —  
Lovely Sylvia was set,  
With a Song and Spinnet;  
To charm all y<sup>e</sup> Grove with the Sound.

3 Rosy Bowers she sung,  
While the Harmony rung,  
And y<sup>e</sup> Birds all fluttering arrive, —  
The industrious Bee,  
From y<sup>e</sup> Flowers & Trees,  
Gently hum with y<sup>e</sup> Sweets to their Kees.

4 The gay God of Love, —  
As he rang'd o'er y<sup>e</sup> Grove,  
By Zephyr conducted along, —  
As she touch'd o'er y<sup>e</sup> Strings,  
He beat time with his Wings,  
And echo repeated the Song. —

5 Oh ye Rovers beware,  
Now you venture to near;  
Love is doubly arm'd for to wound,  
Your fate you can't shun  
And your surely undone  
If you rashly approach near y<sup>e</sup> bound.

For the Flute.

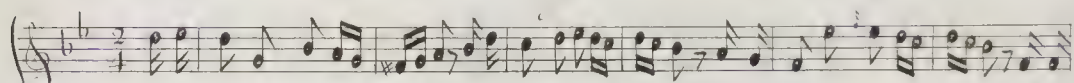








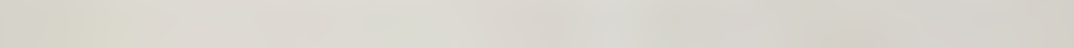
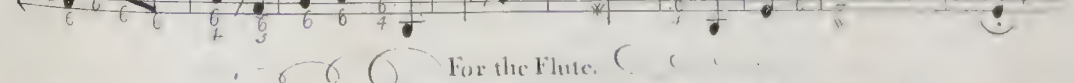
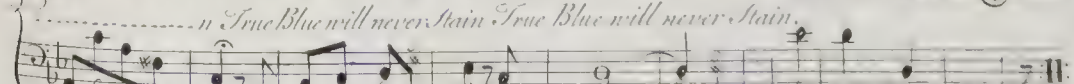
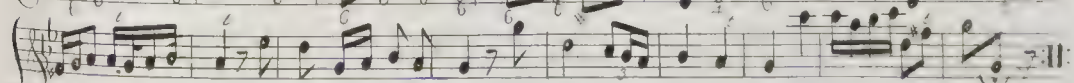
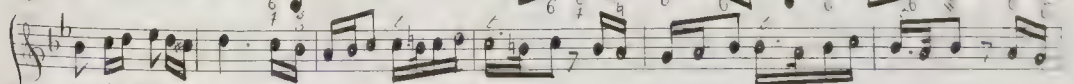
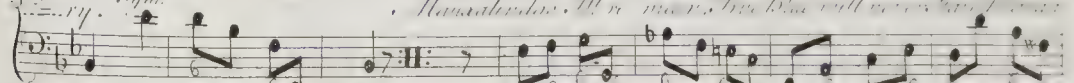
## *More Caring Marcellinda.*



*By y Beer, as brown as Berry; By y Cyder & the Perry, Which so oft has made us merry w<sup>th</sup> a*



*Hy-down, Ho-down der... ry, With a Hy-down, Ho-down der =*



For the Flute.



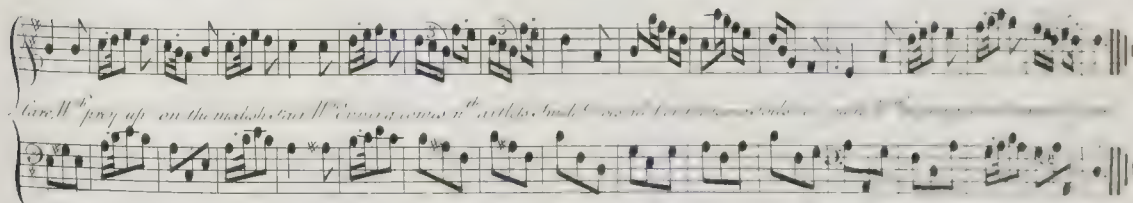
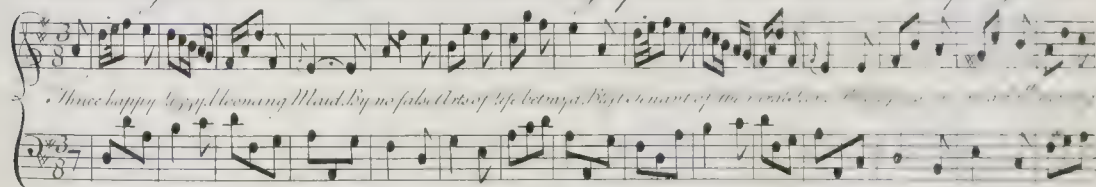


Gravdot inv.  
Bickham jun. sc.

The Words by M. Lockman.  
Set by M. John C. Smith.

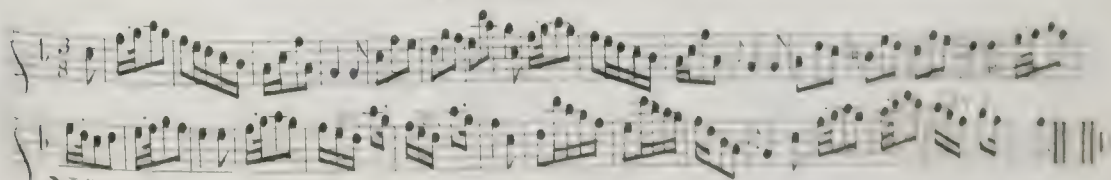
# Lizzy.

To the Right Hon. the Earl **POULET**, these four Plates are humbly, &c.



2	3	4	5
<p>Clarinda fair in Jewels drest, The Pride of Theatres confest, Still shews with irresistible Mean: The Masque's Action Words confound, To make her loud to soft desire— I'd light like this will quickly dye— And Lizzy tastes more perfect joy, In tripping o'er th' enamel'd Green.</p>	<p>When Lindamira in the Dance, To sprightly Airs does just admance, And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen; The crowds of beaux admiring gaze, Nor sickning Pauls refuse her praise, The stateliest Bell is not half so sweet— And Lizzy's of more joys possess— In tripping o'er th' enamel'd Green.</p>	<p>When Coquettilla Canto invite, To while away y<sup>e</sup> Social Night, And banish far corroding spleen; That dance indulgent to her will, Conveys each cooling Lust's spittle, The joys of Spain are less refined— And faster transports forth y<sup>e</sup> Mind, O' Lizzy when she trips y<sup>e</sup> Green.</p>	<p>Hail blissful life which Lizzy leads! Midst budding springs &amp; painted Meads, Just emblem of the golden Mean: A life w<sup>th</sup> purest Virtues graced, Whose obdurate Moments never rest, Made dead by knowers of the dead— When Lizzy can not be indulgent, With tripping o'er th' enamel'd Green.</p>

## FOR THE FLUTE.











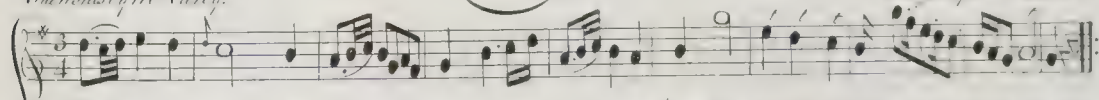
THE

G. Beckham jun. sculp.

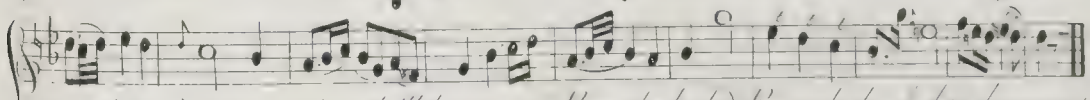
# Prudent Adviser.

The Words by M. Carey.

Music by M. Bennett.



Trust not Man, for he'll de-ceive you, And to hate you may re-fer to you as a re-peat



First he'll Court you, then he'll leave you, Poor de-luded, Poor de-luded to la-mort.



Listen to a kind adviser;

Men but conquer to perplex;

Would you happy be, grow wiser,

And despise the faithless sex.

Q. J. W. T. E.



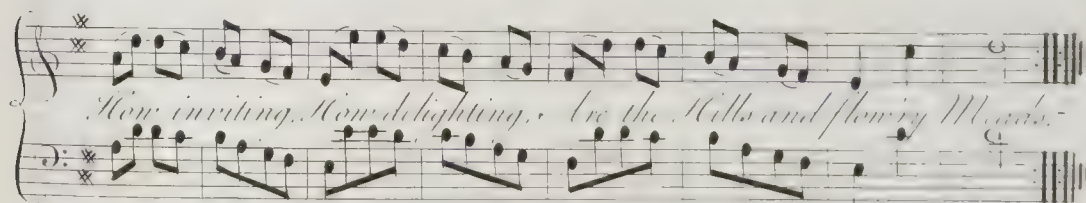
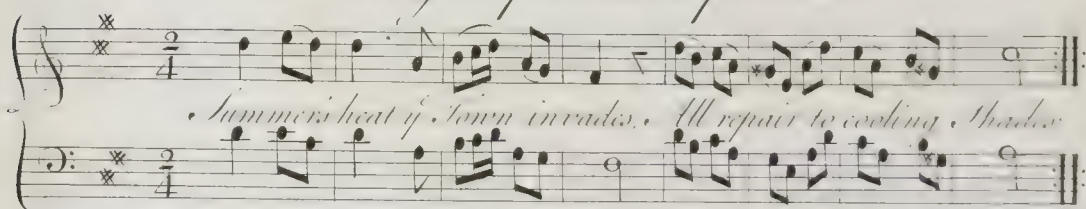




Set by M<sup>r</sup> Michello.

G. Bickham jun. Sc.

# THE Beautys of Hampstead.



Here, were lovely Hampstead stands,  
And if Neighb'ring Vale commands;  
What surprising Prospects rising, —  
• All around adorn the Lands. —

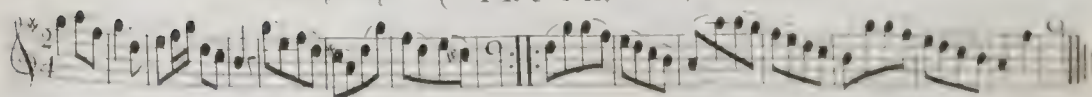
Here are Grottos, purling Streams,  
Shades defying Titans beams, —  
Rosy Bowers, fragrant Herbs,  
Lovers Wishes Poets Themes! —

Here, ever woody Mounts arise; —  
There, verdant Lawns delight our eyes;  
Where Thames wanders, In Meanders,  
Lofty Domes approach the Skies. —

Of the Chrystal bubbling Well —  
Life & Strength the Current well  
Health & Pleasure, (Heavenly Treasure)  
Smiling here united dwell. —

Here Nymphs & Swains indulge their Hearts,  
Share the Joys our Scenes imparts;  
Here be strangers, To all dangers;  
• All — but those of Cupids darts.

( FLUTE. )









# Love Returned.

The Words by M.<sup>rs</sup> Alva.<sup>m</sup> Langford.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> comp.

By Men beloved, How soon we're mov'd! How easily they persuade! How easily they persuade, They  
 please us so, Who can say no? who would you a Maid? Who for, to make her in our mind, to  
 be Offendal, He y<sup>t</sup> first makes Love to me, Shall find, I'll be so fond as he, Shall find, I'll be so fond as he.

A Tender Maid, At first tho' said  
 When once she thinks of Love,  
 When once she thinks of Love,  
 Will freely own That Lying alone  
 Is what she can't approve,  
 Fruit when young eats then the sweetest,  
 Looks the Gayest and the Neatest,  
 Women too by all confess,  
 When they're young kists, Kists then y<sup>t</sup> best  
 When they're young kists, Kists then y<sup>t</sup> best.

FLUTE.

FLUTE.





*A Dithyrambick for two Voices &c.*

*G. Hickham junr sc.*

## The Relief.

*To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> of Lord GEO. GRAHAM. These four Plates are bound up in one.*

*Cupid no more shall give me grief, O anxious Care, no more shall I*

*Cupid no more shall give me grief, O anxious Care, no more shall I*

*While gen'rous Bacchus brings Re-lief, And drowns em in a flowing*

*While gen'rous Bacchus brings Re-lief, And drowns em in a flowing*

2.

*Caelia thy Scorn I now dispise,*  
*Thy boasted Empire I disown;*  
*This takes y<sup>e</sup> Brightness from thy Eyes*  
*And makes it sparkle in my own.*

(FLUTE.)







# Cato's Advice.

Or the

JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

Bickham in sc

*Allegro*

What Cato advises, Most certainly wise is, Not always to labour but, sometimes to Play;  
 To mingle sweet Phospor, With search after Treasures, Indulgence at Night for the Joys of Day, And  
 While the dull Miser, & pines himself wiser, His Bags to encumber he best, who is a Miser;  
 Joys we enlighten, Our Taverns we brighten, And pass a long Eve, in a Phospor

<p>All cheerful &amp; hearty,          We set aside Party,          With some tender fair each bright Bumper is crown'd,          Thus Bacchus invites us,          Thus Venus delights us,          While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.</p>	<p>See here's our Physician,          We know no Ambition          For where there's good Wine &amp; good Company found,          Thus happy together          In Night of all Men          This Sunshine &amp; Summer with us if We</p>
---	--

FLUTE.





G. Buckham jun' sculp.

*In sight of Love at length, I find, all Mistake if will ease me, Her burning fire*  
*Unconfined, By night or day shall playe me, No jealous care attend me, I am free*  
*all mankind; Then drink you've gain'd it, For a Bottle of good brandy, I've brought you here.*

*If you thro' all her naked charms,  
A little hole discover,  
Then take her blushing to your arms,  
And use her like a lover,  
Such liquor shall distill from thence,  
As will transform your ravish'd sense,  
Then drink &c.*

*If you her excellence would taste,  
Be sure you use her kind, I,  
And clasp your hand below her waste,  
To raise her up behind, I,  
As for her bottom never doubt,  
Push but home, & you'll find it out,  
Then drink &c.*

Adieu.

Musical notation for the final section of the song, consisting of two staves with notes and rests.

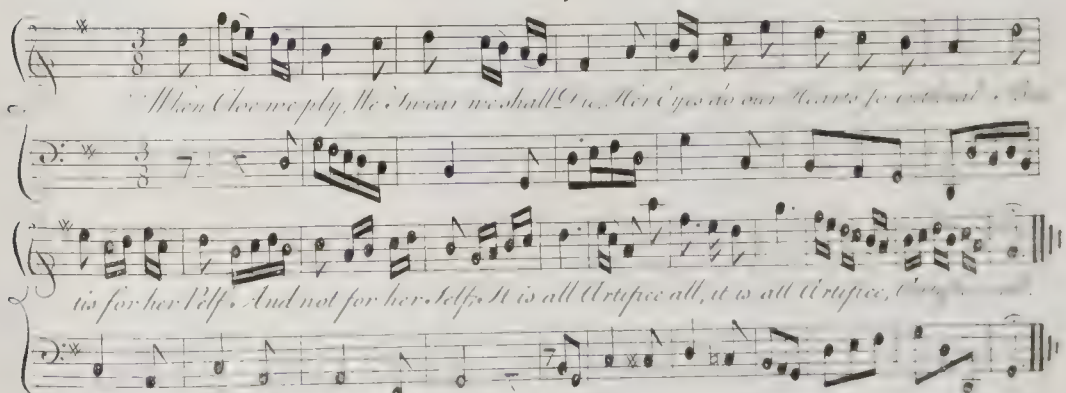






G. Bickham jun

# The Artifice.



<p>When I see we ply, We swear we shall          'Tis for her self, And not for her self, It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice,</p>	<p>My dear our love is ever true &amp; true          Oh Marry again we neer shall.          But in less than a year, they make it appear          'Tis all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &amp;c.</p>
<p>The Maidens are coy, they'll push &amp; they'll pie,          And soon if your rude they will call:          But whisper so low, that they let us know,          'Tis all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &amp;c.</p>	<p>In matters of State And Party Debate          For Church &amp; for Justice we bawll.          But if you attend, You'll find in the end,          'Tis all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &amp;c.</p>

FOR  
 the State.







THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> of Earl of SCARBOROUGH These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Have Women & Wine there is nothing in Life that can Bribe honest Souls to endure it.

Have it, Have Women & Wine, there's nothing in Life that can Bribe honest Souls to endure it.

When y<sup>r</sup> Heart is perplex'd & surrounded with care, dear Women & Wine only cure it. When y<sup>r</sup> Heart is perplex'd & surrounded w<sup>th</sup> care, dear Women & Wine, dear Women & Wine.

Come on then my Boys well have Women & Wine.  
And wisely to purpose employ them.

Come on then &c.

'Tis a Fool that refuses such Blessings Divine.  
Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.

'Tis a Fool &c.

As Women & Wine, dear Women & Wine.  
Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.

Our Wine shall be Old bright & sound my dear Jack  
To heighten our Amorous Fires.

Our Wine &c.

Our Girls young & sound shall kiss with a smack  
& shall gratify all our Desires.

Our Girls &c.

The Bottles well Crack & the Girls we will smack  
& Gratify all our Desires.

FLUTE.

Musical notation for the flute part, featuring a melody in 6/8 time.







## The Darling Topers.

For two voices by M. Carey.

By Beckett and Paul.

Here's to thee my Boy, My darling my joy, For a Toper I love as my life, I love as my life; Who

Here's to thee my Boy, My darling my joy, For a Toper I love as my life, I love as my life; Who

never Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ops, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, he is a Toper, he is a Toper.

never Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ops, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, he is a Toper, he is a Toper.

But heartily Laughs,  
Sings Catches & laughs,  
All the Night he looks jovial & gay,  
Looks jovial & gay,  
When Morning appears,  
Then homeward he steers,  
To snore out the rest of the Day,  
To snore out the rest of the Day.

He never feels  
The Griefs or if Tears  
That the Toler too often attend,  
Too often attend,  
Nor knows he a loss,  
Disturbance or Cross,  
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend,  
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend.

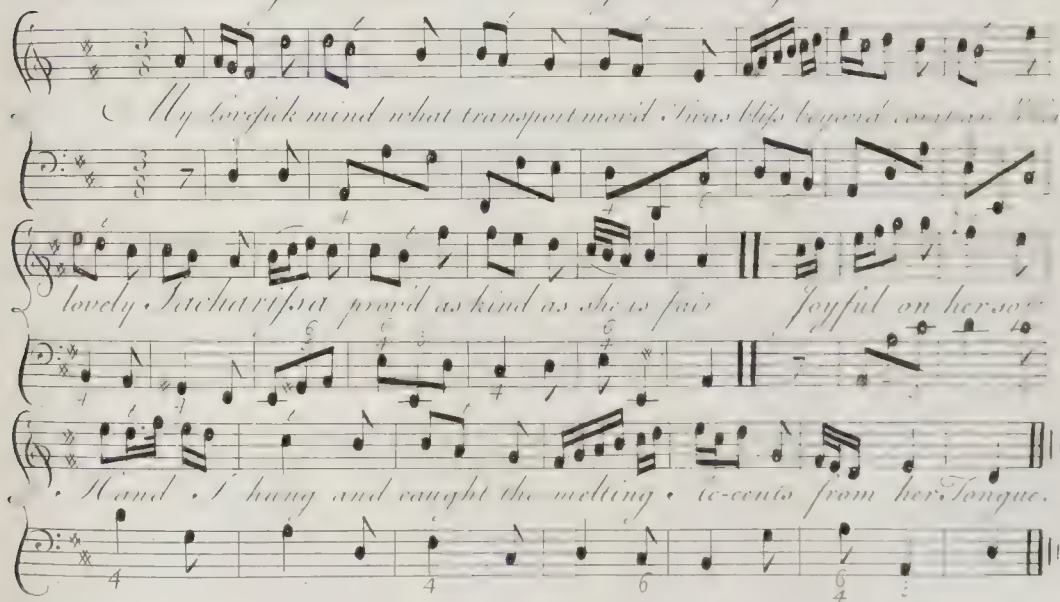
FLUTE.





G. Buchan, jun. sculp.

*Ch. Satcharissa: — Adagio to Miss. 1. — 11*



<p>The more I gaz'd on that fair Face          I more &amp; more admir'd,          For still some new discover'd grace          My raptur'd bosom fir'd,          Happy we sat &amp; talk'd and lov'd          Tigh'd &amp; woo'd &amp; kiss'd &amp; she approv'd.</p>	<p>Whilst Satcharissa true remain'd          Each former Love was flown          I all the rest but her disdain'd          And liv'd for her alone          True as the Needle to the Pole          I turn'd to her if Magnet of my Soul.</p>	<p>But since no more if once fond heart          Like mine no longer dreads to part          Love for her returns          Grant me ye Gods if such there be          A Nymph more constant not less true</p>
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*For the Flute.*

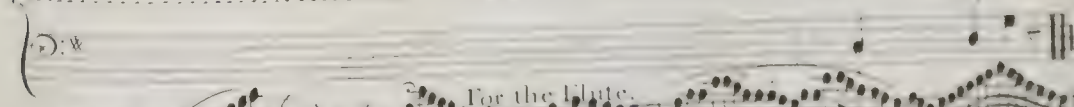
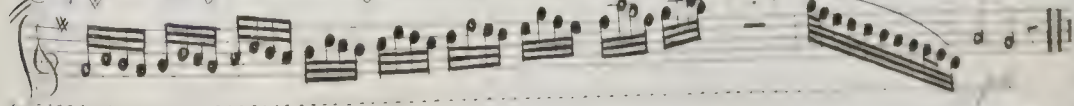
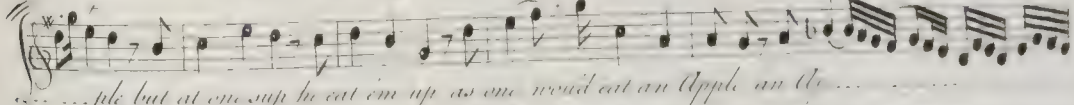
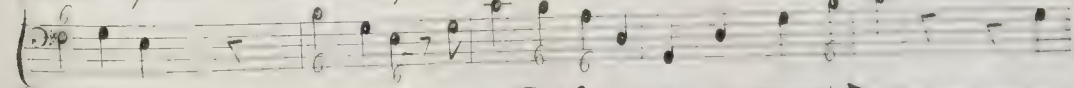
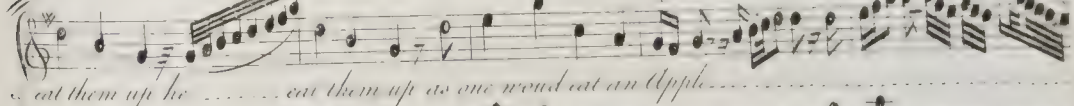
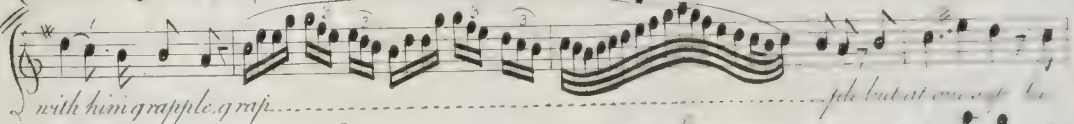
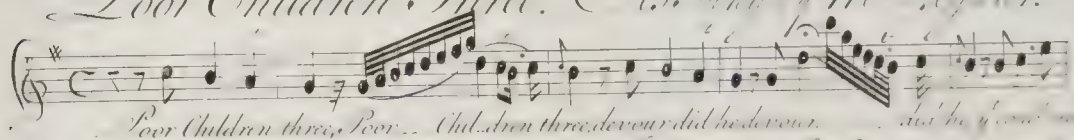




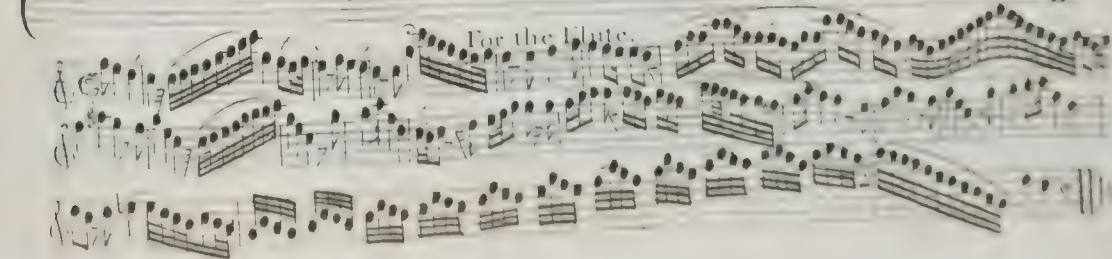




*Poor Children: Thre. (As sung by Mr. Rogers)*



*For the Flute.*



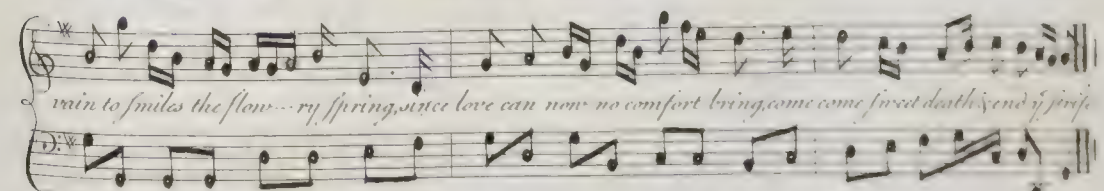
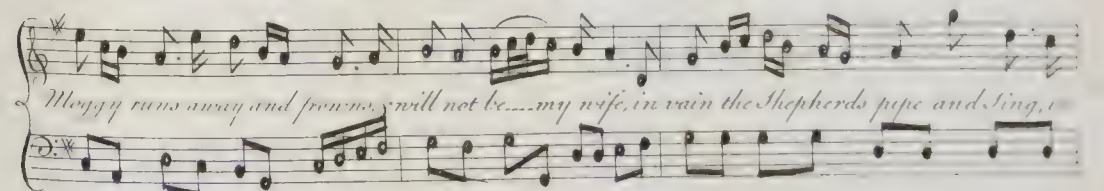
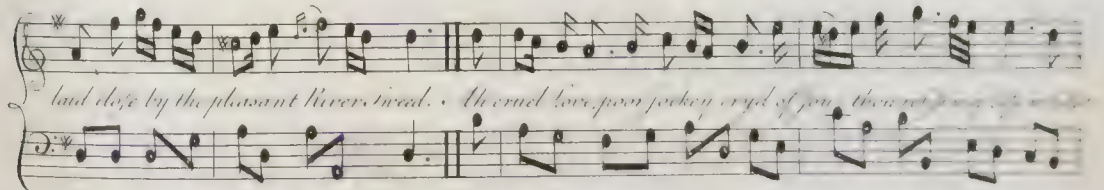
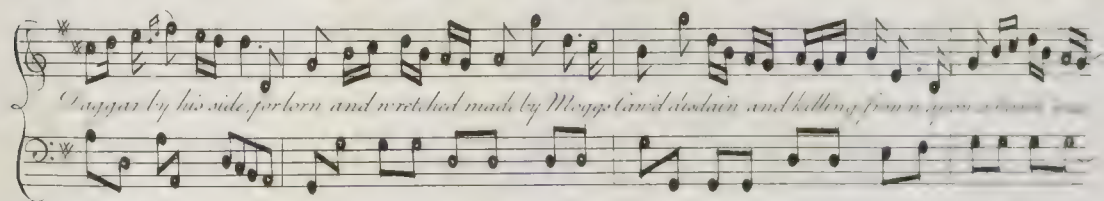
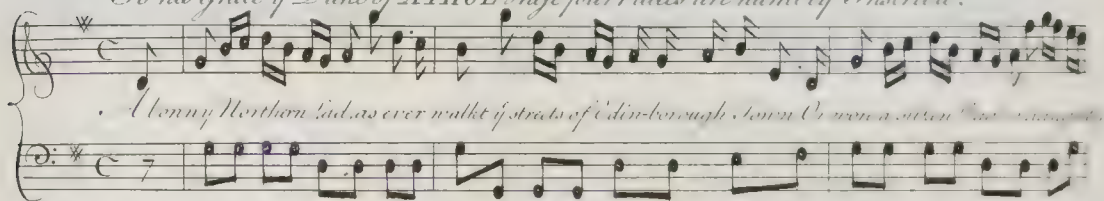




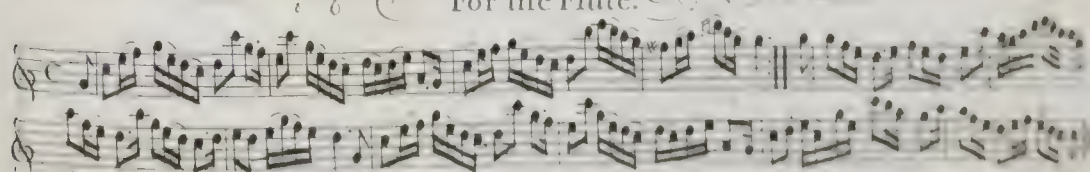


THE  
**Northern Lad's Complaint.**

*To his Grace the Duke of ATHOL These four Plates are humbly Inscribed.*



For the Flute.

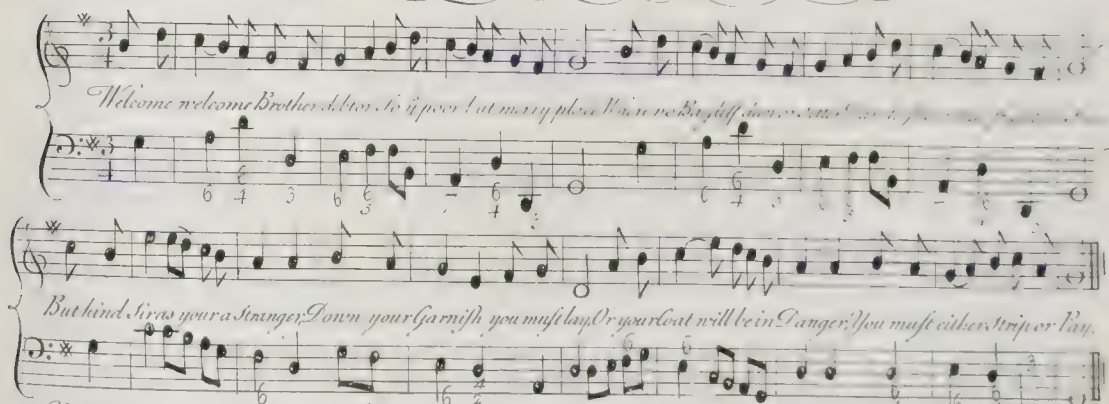








## Debtors welcome to their Brother.

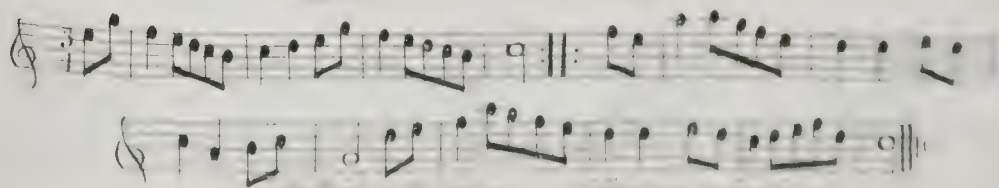


Near Repine at your Confinement, —  
 From your Children or your Wife, —  
 Wisdom lyes in true Refinement, —  
 Thro' y various scenes of Life, —  
 Scorn to show the least Repentment, —  
 Tho' beneath y frowns of fate, —  
 Knaves & Beggars find Contentment, —  
 Fears and Cares attend the great, —

Tho' our Creditors are spiteful, —  
 And restrain our Bodies here, —  
 We will make a good delightful, —  
 Since there's nothing else to fear, —  
 Every Island but a Prison, —  
 Strongly Guarded by the Sea, —  
 Kings & Princes for that Reason, —  
 Prisoners are as well as we, —

What was it made great, Heav'n order —  
 Neep at his unfriendly fate, —  
 'Twas because he could not Wander —  
 Beyond y Worlds fence, —  
 For the World is also bounded, —  
 By the Heavens and Stars at —  
 Why should we then be confounded, —  
 Since there's nothing free but Love

## For the Slave.







*Waltzau, No. 1* *G. Bickham, no. 1*

*The beauty like the Rose, that smiles on polwerth Green, In various Colours*

*shows, As tis by Fancy seen; Yet all its different glories be, Unadorned*

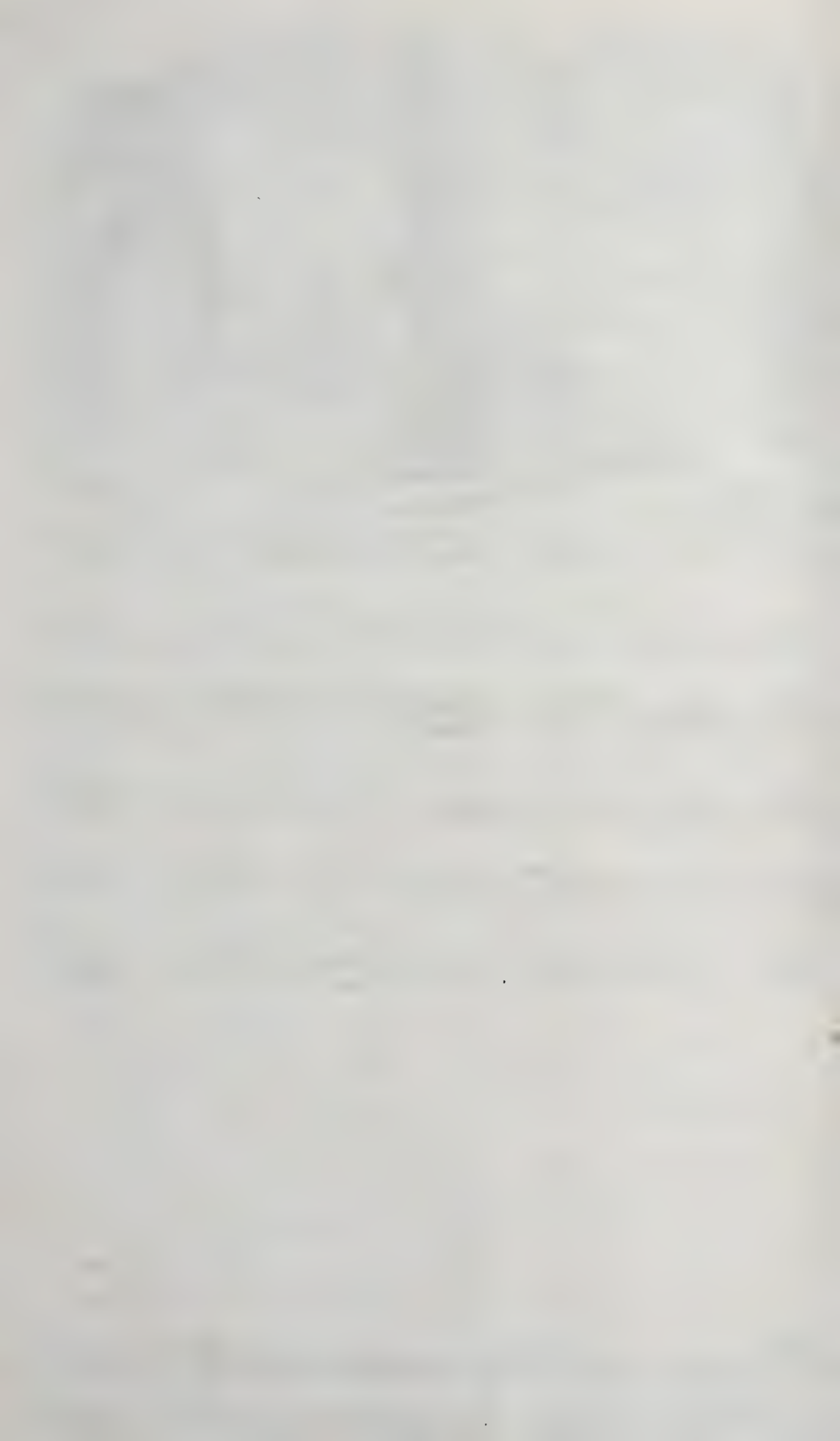
*Since, And Virtue like the Sun on high, gives ray to every Grace.*

*So Charming is her air; —*  
*So smooth so calm her Mind,*  
*That to some Angels' care, —*  
*Each motion seems assign'd; —*  
*But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,*  
*The joyful moments slip, —*  
*As if, for Wings they stole of ray,*  
*The darteth from her Eyes. —*

*Kind am'rous Cupids, while —*  
*With tuneful Voice she sings, —*  
*Perfume her breath and smile, —*  
*And wave their balmy Wing,*  
*But as the tender blushes rise, —*  
*Tell innocence doth warm —*  
*The soul in blissful extasies, —*  
*Dissolveth in the Charm. —*

*Slute!*









*Moore in Armour, to fight if I ragon.*

*Oh, I would not for any Money, this vile Beast should kill*

*better kifs me gentle Knight than w<sup>th</sup> I ragons fire to fight*

*Oh, I would not for any Money this vile Beast should kill*

*better kifs me gentle Knight, better kifs me gentle Knight than*

*fight, than with I ragons fire to fight.* DC

*For the Flute.*

Flute part musical notation.



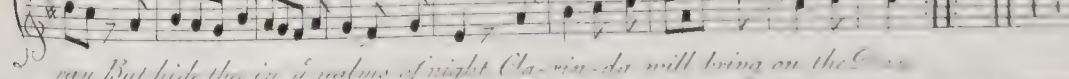
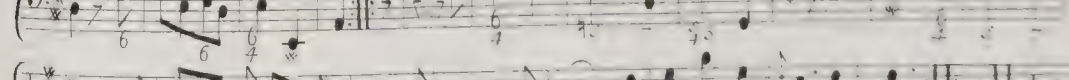
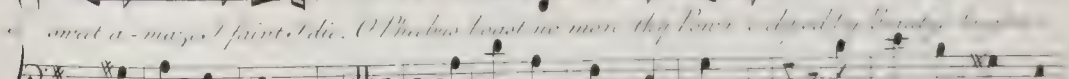
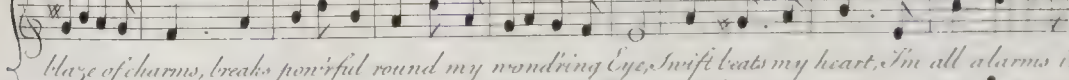
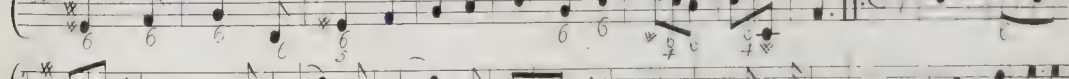
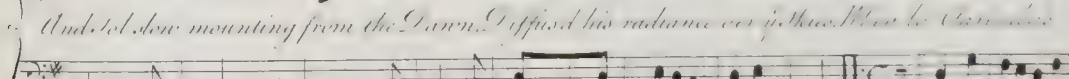


(THE)  
Blaze of Charms.

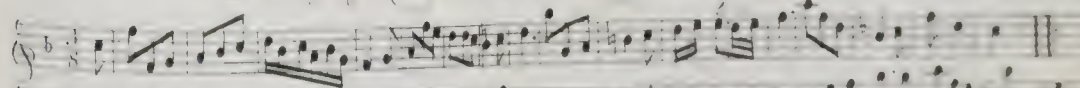
To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>th</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lord ABERGATENNY. These four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

*Allegretto.*

The deepening shadows were with-drawn from Chambers radiant bowers to rise



( FLUTE. )



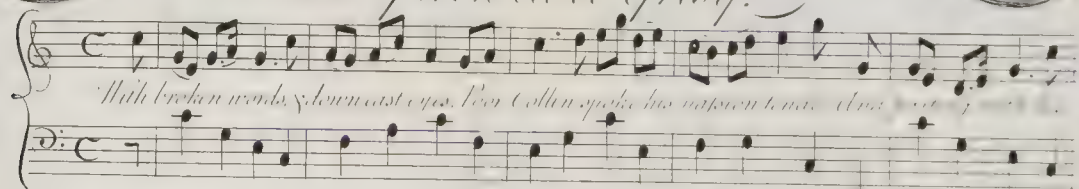




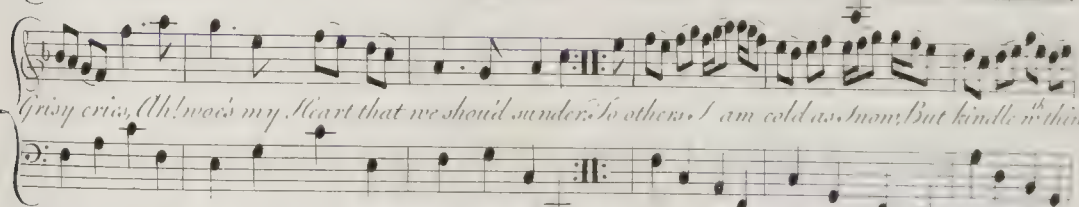




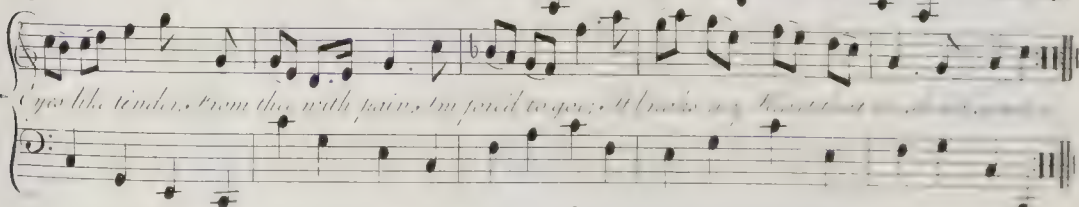
*Collin's farewell to Grisyl.*



*With broken words, & down cast eyes, Poor Collin spoke his parting tears. (Collin goes.)*



*Grisyl cries, Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder; To others, I am cold as snow, But kindle within*



*eyes like tender, from thee with pain, I'm fain to go; What is my heart to thee?*

*Chained to thy charms, I cannot range,  
No beauty new, my love shall hinder;  
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder:  
The image of thy graceful air;  
And beauty, that invites our wonder;  
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,  
Shall e'er be present, tho' we sunder.*

*Dear Nymph, believe thy brain in this  
You ne'er can find a heart that's kinder; —  
Then seal a promise, with a kiss, —  
Always to love me, tho' we sunder; —  
Ye Gods, take care of my dear life, —  
That as I leave her, I may find her; —  
When that blest time shall come to pass  
We meet again, and never sunder. —*

FLUTE.







*Jenny the Pedler, & Amorous Jenny.*

When Jenny first I saw, my heart was charmd, & so I thought I should

...tho' my heart did beat at being alarm'd; that, tho' Jenny thought I could be

At last, I durst take a Paper quite for Jenny And told a secret that I had

then did smile, with a pleasing look, And told me Jenny in his Arms, his Arms could melt

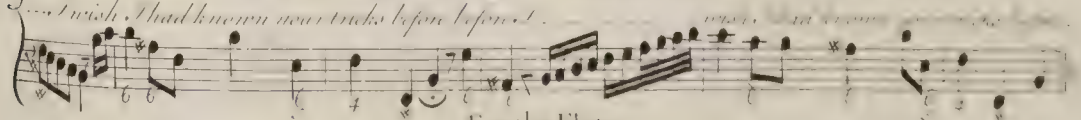
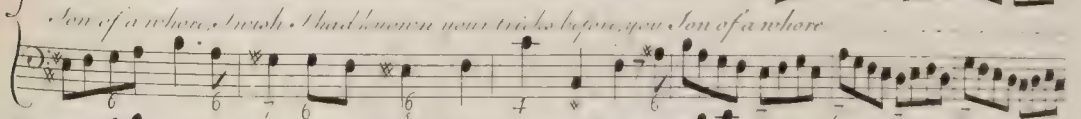
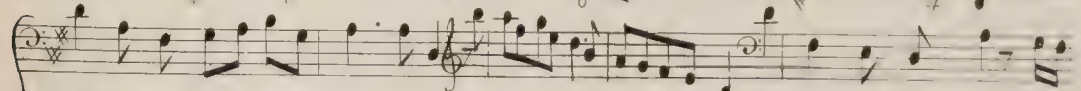
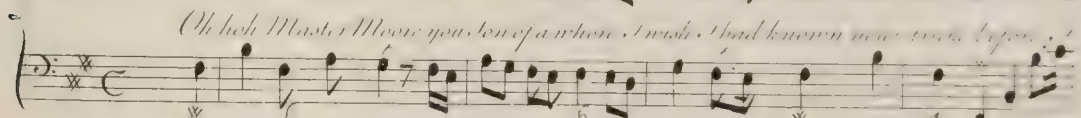
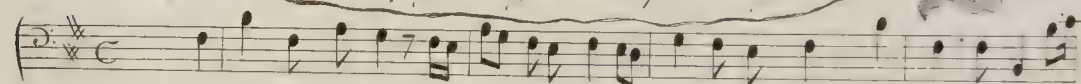
For the Flute.

For the Flute.

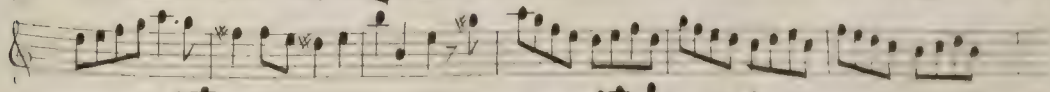








For the Flute.







## Beauties Decan.

*To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Countess of SUNDERLAND this Plate is humbly inscrib<sup>d</sup>.*

*As the Snow in Vallies lying Shakes his warm beams ap-  
plying, soon dissolves and runs a-way, so the beauties so the Graces  
Of the most bewitching Faces, At approaching Age decay.*

## FOR THE FLUTE.







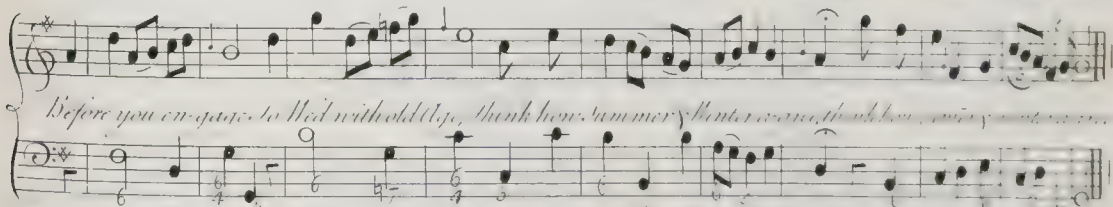
## Chloe Admonished.

Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Howard.

Geo. Bickham jun. del. sc.



Dear Chloe at-tend, to thine advice of a Friend, And for once be ad-monish'd by me:

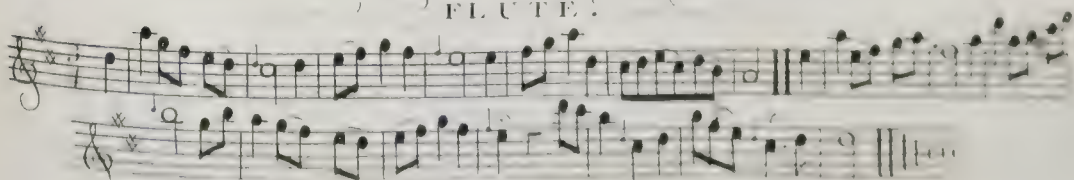


Before you en-gage, to Wed with old Age, think how Summer's Plants are, though they flourish, but decay.

Is ancient a Fruit, —  
For want of a Root, —  
Is doom'd to a speedy decay;  
Youth might ripen your charms, —  
But old Age in young Arms,  
Is like Frosty Weather in May. —  
Believe me dear Maid, —  
When y<sup>e</sup> best Cards are play'd, —  
You seldom can meet with a Trump,  
And to help the jest on, —  
When the sucker is gone, —  
What a Plague would you do w<sup>th</sup> a Pump!

Let Men of Auctorities, —  
Think of Wallock no more,  
They need not be fond of that Noose; —  
The Cripple that begs,  
Without any Legs,  
Can have no occasion for Shoes. —  
A Clock out of repair,  
Does but badly declare,  
The Ticking of Days away, —  
For unless my dear Love,  
The Pendulum move, —  
'T would be strange if the Clock should go right.

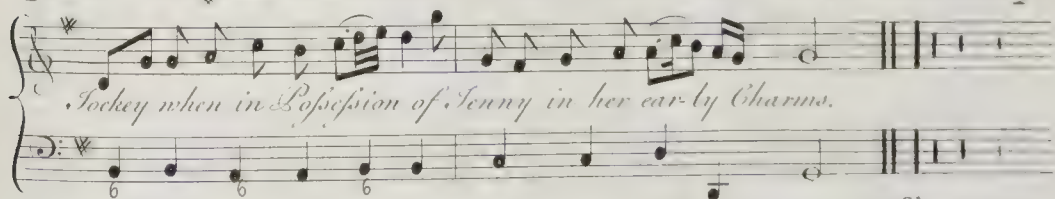
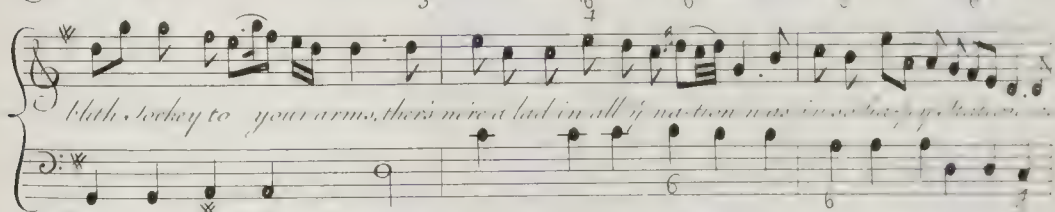
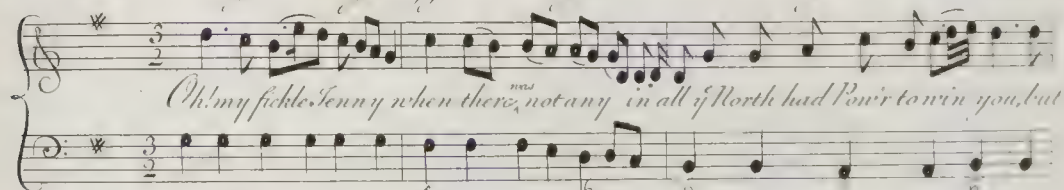
FLUTE.







## *Picklefenny & Jockey, a Dialogue.*



*She.*  
*Had you still Carress'd me*  
*As when first you press'd me*  
*No other Lad had e'er possess'd me*  
*But I still your own had been*  
*Had none ever been in league w' ye*  
*Had you let none else Collogue ye*  
*Nor wandred after Katherine Ogie*  
*I had quail as well as any Queen.*

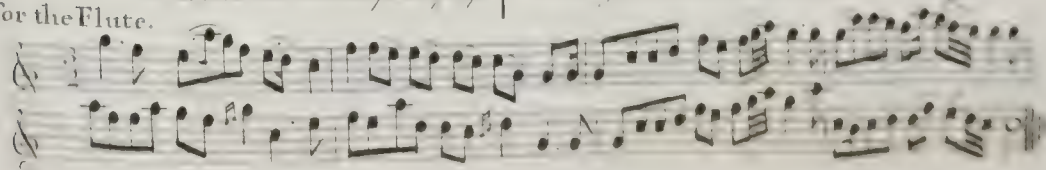
*He.*  
*Moggy of Dumferling*  
*Is my only Darling*  
*Shesing as sweet as any Starling*  
*And Fancies with a Bonny Air*  
*Moggy is so kind and tender*  
*Was fate ready now to end her*  
*And from y' stroke I could defend her*  
*I'd die but I woud Moggy spare.*

*She.*  
*Savny me Carresses*  
*Whose Drapings so please*  
*That my poor heart ne'er at ease*  
*Unless we are together blith*  
*O! So heartily befriend him*  
*Was fate really now to end him*  
*And from y' stroke I could defend him*  
*Ten thousand times I'd suffer death.*

*He.* *Come lets leave this fooling*  
*My hearts never cooling*  
*But Fennys charms are ever ruling*  
*And thus our love come fairly by.*

*She.* *Should you to your Arms resign me*  
*Should all y' Lords of th' land adore me*  
*Nay our good King himself for me*  
*With you alone I'd live and die.*

*For the Flute.*



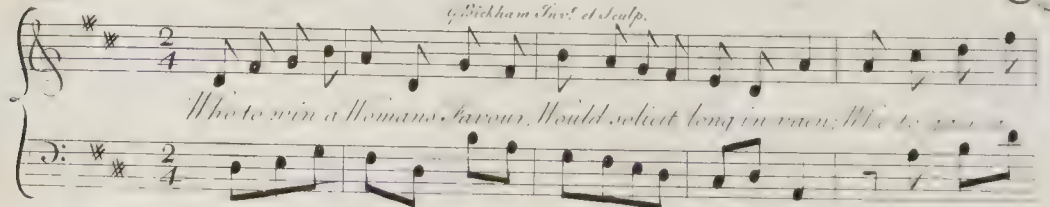




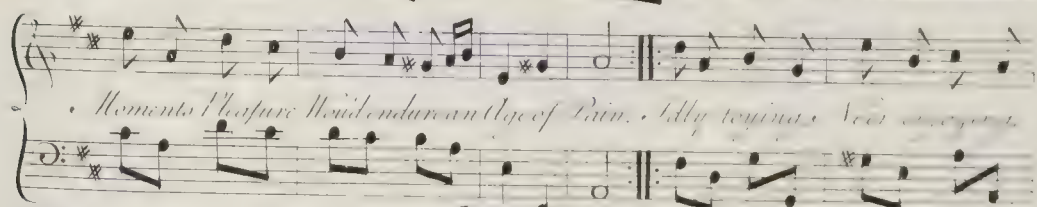


## The Rover.

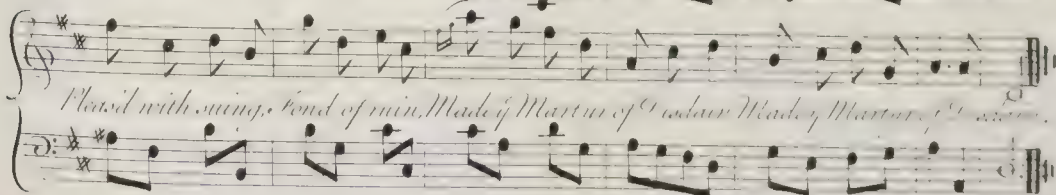
*G. Bickham Junr. et Sculp.*



*Who to win a Romans favours, Would solicit long in vain; Who to*



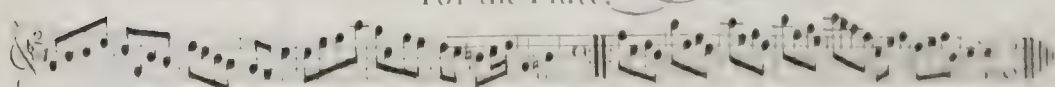
*Moments Pleasure Would endure an Age of Pain. Idly toying, Ne'er*



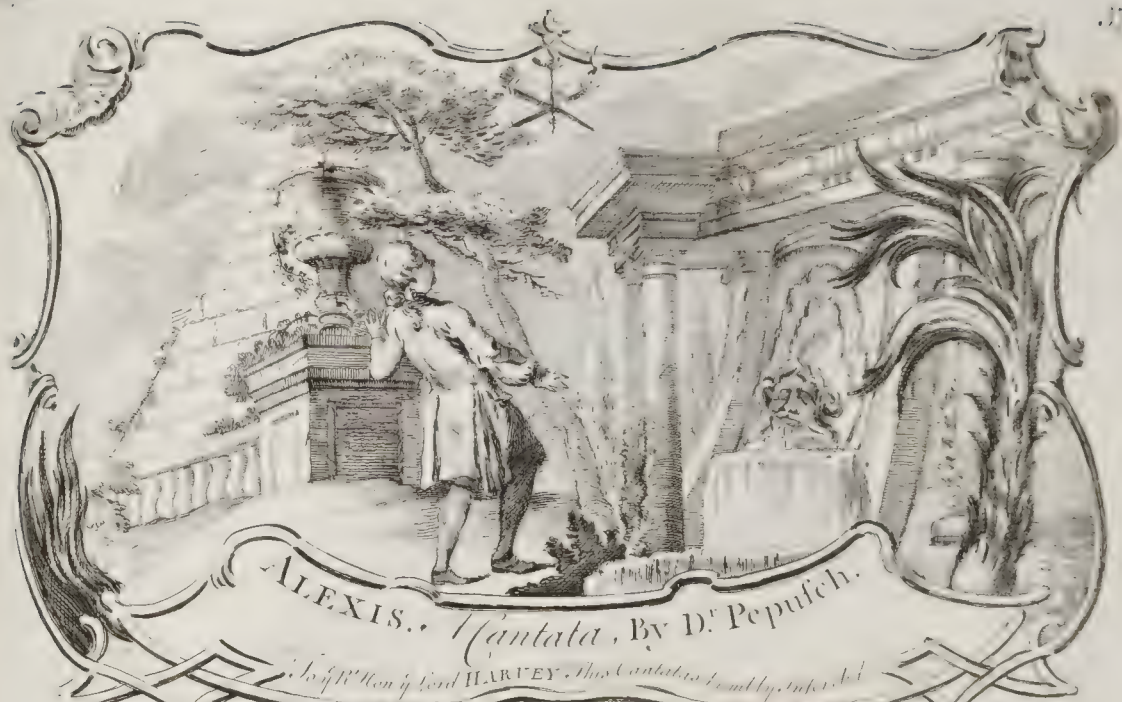
*Pleased with, being, fond of mine, Made of Martinus of Goodness Made of Martinus of Goodness.*

*Give me Love the beautiful Rover;  
Whom a general Passion warms;  
Fondly blessing every Lover, —  
Frankly proffering all her charms  
Never flying,  
Still complying,  
I'm bound to please you,  
Glad to ease you,  
Circled in her snowy Arms.*

For the Flute.







ALEXIS. Cantata, By D. Pepusch.

To the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lord HARLEY, this Cantata is humbly inscribed

Blackham House

Recitative.

*As from y<sup>e</sup> silent Grove Alexis flies vaults with winged feet*

*pain in lovely Eyes created in his Heart, To shining theatres he now repairs to learn Camillas moving*

*live when thus to Musicks power y<sup>e</sup> breast adds softest Purris*

*Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly harmonish Musick Ourselves pay our hearts to*

*these very passions adds to that charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> soft sighs*

*Amphibious mixt passions adds to these*

*Charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> sweetly harmonish Musick Ourselves pay our hearts to*

*these very passions adds to that charming sounds y<sup>e</sup> soft sighs*

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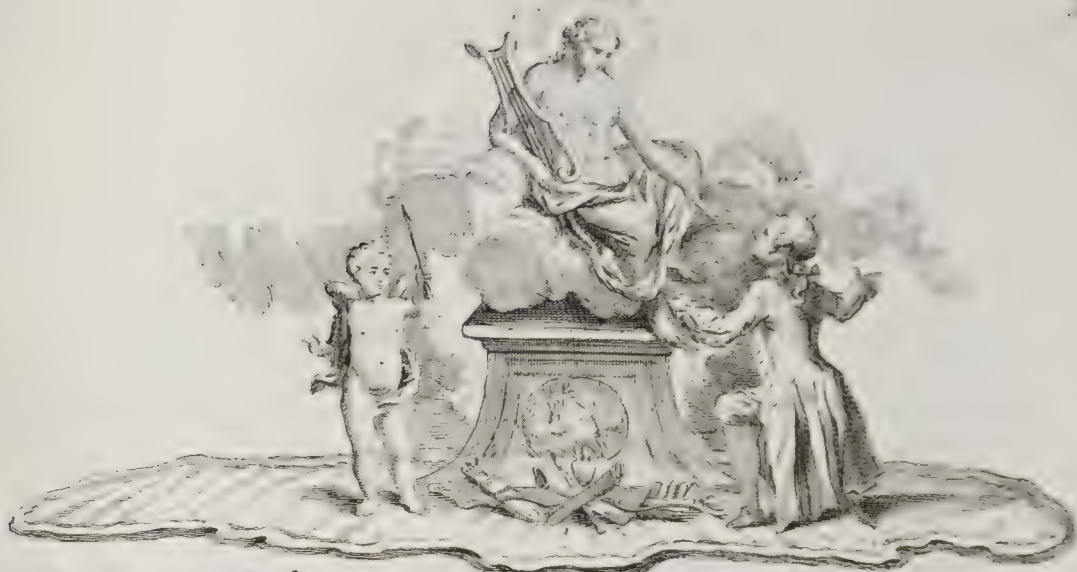
*Amphibious mixt passions adds to these*

Slow.

Aria







*Phaebus quickly if relieve me I shall no more deceive me, All to my sight.*

*free to my sight, I shall be free, All to my sight, I shall be free. (Sings to the)*

*knew n<sup>o</sup> Ulysses once he lov'd how much Ulysses and Ulysses*

*provid' you hushaling herbs, how vain if thus be said, if you do not believe*

*Art.*

*Cimbalo*

*Violoncello.*

*Art.*



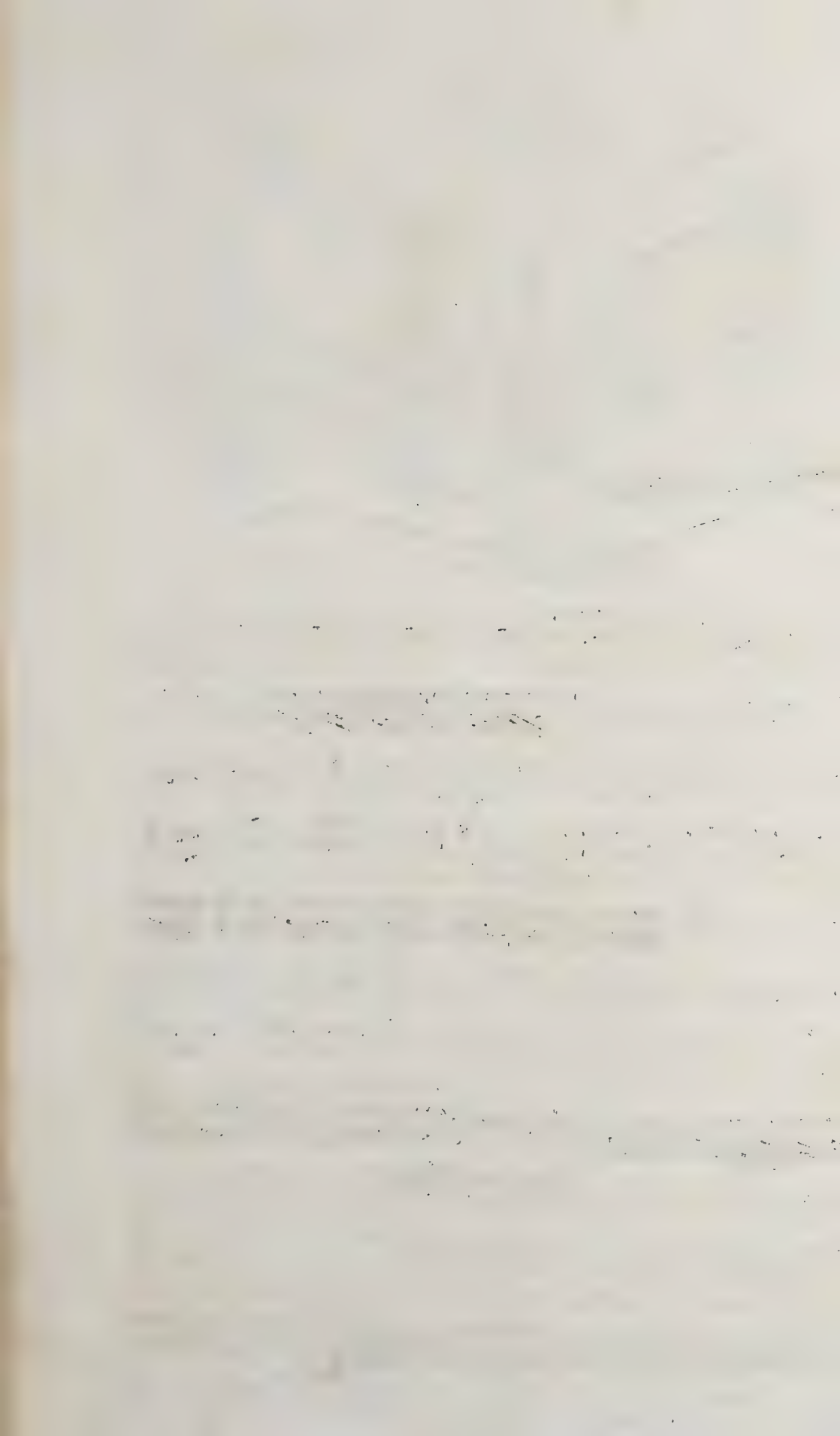


*Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee*

*charming can't relieve thee do not, Shepherd then desire the Music is the voice*

*Love Music is the voice of Love: Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee*

*do not, Shepherd then desire the Music is the voice*





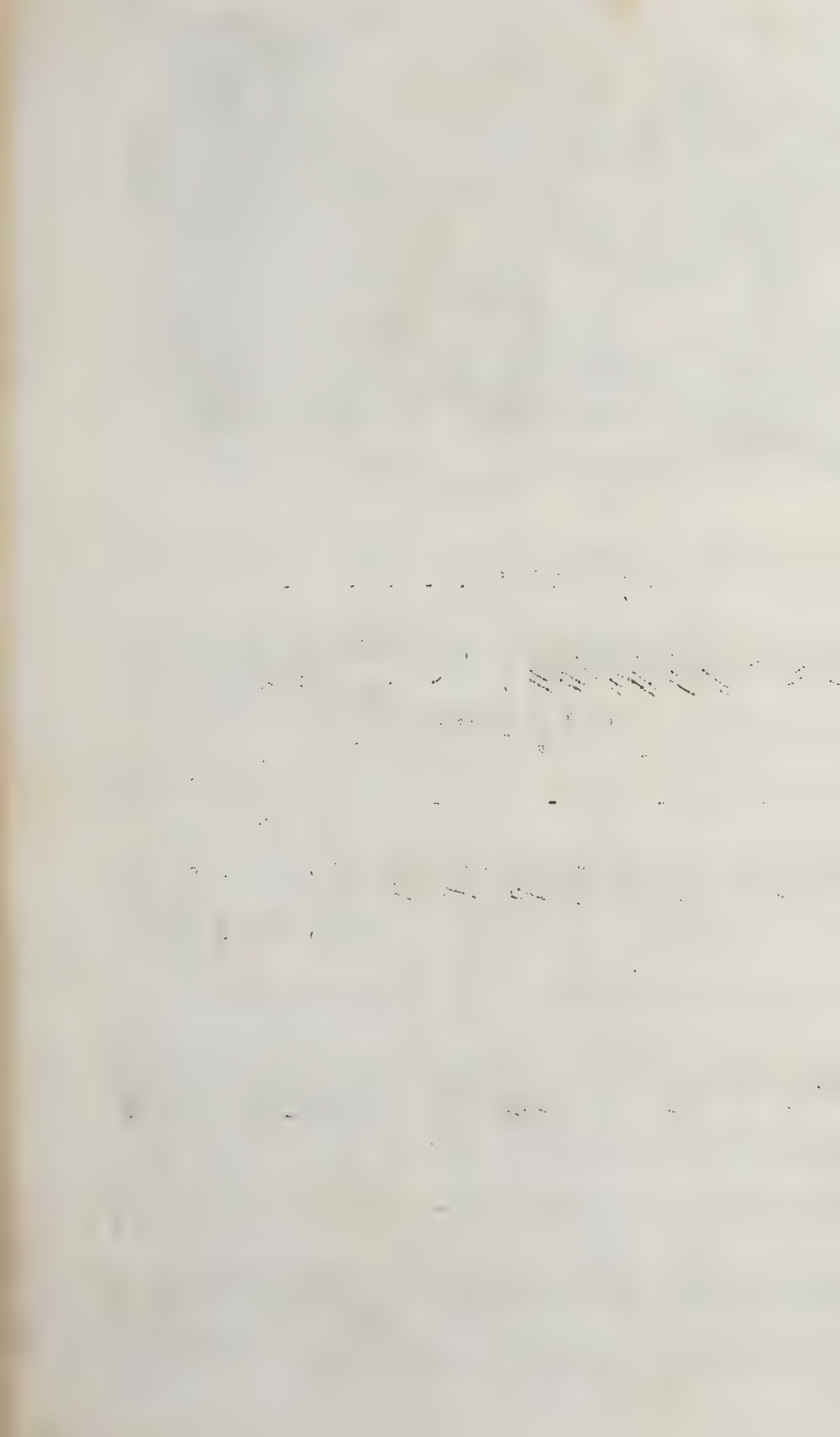


*Voice of Love. Music is the Voice of Love*

*Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move will a*

*pain re-move, Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a-lone thy pain re-move*

D. C.



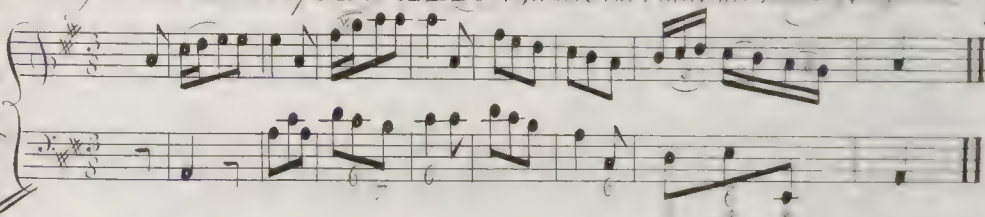


THE

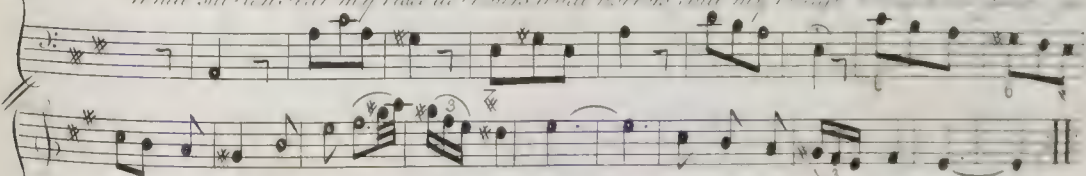
# Lamenting Proserpine.

*To his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, these Four Plates are humbly presented.*

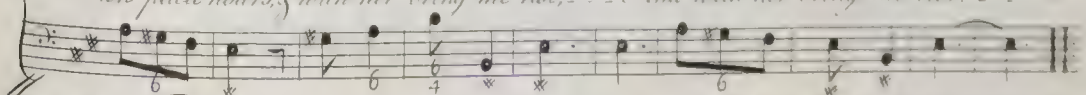
For  
the German  
and  
Common  
Flute.



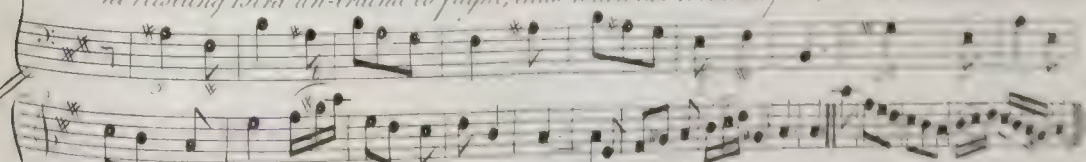
*What sad-ton, tear my face do crown, What horrors fill me down*



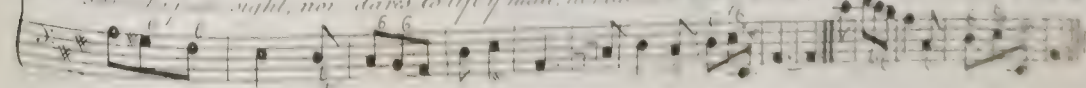
*Now peaceful hours, & with her bring me rest, = = = And with her bring me rest. = =*



*The Nestling Bird un-train'd to flight, thus when her Mother fled, with*



*By sight, nor dars to lift y' head, nor do*









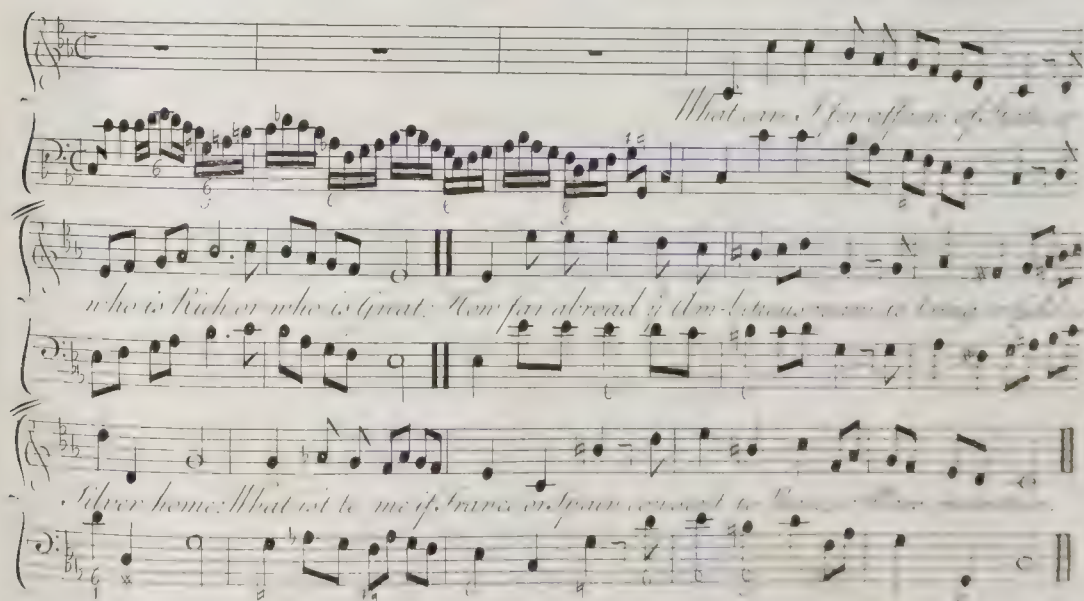


Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Carey.

THE

G. Bickham In. Sc.

# Contented Farmer.



I pay my Taxes, Peace or War;  
 And wish all well at Gibraltar;  
 But mind a Cardinal no more  
 Than any other, scarlet Whore;  
 Grant me ye Powers but health & rest,  
 And let who will the World contest.





Near some smooth Stream, oh  
 let me keep, my liberty & feed my sheep: A shady walk, will lead me, to a view  
 of Range of Bevan Orchard which good Apples bear, when Spring a long way off is near.

When Winters never are severe,  
 Good Barly Land, to make good Beer,  
 With Entertainment for a Friend,  
 To spend in peace my latter end,  
 In honest ease, & home spun gray,  
 And let y<sup>e</sup> Evening Crown y<sup>e</sup> Day.

For the Flute.







# *Notes Charming D's Truffles.*

*Cupid God of pleasing art quick teach th' ena-mour'd, brain to language teach*

*fierce de-sires to know teach him fierce de-sires to know Heroes and be-lap*

*did not love in-spire their glory did not love in-spire their life*

*ry love does all that's great below love does all that's*

For the Flute.

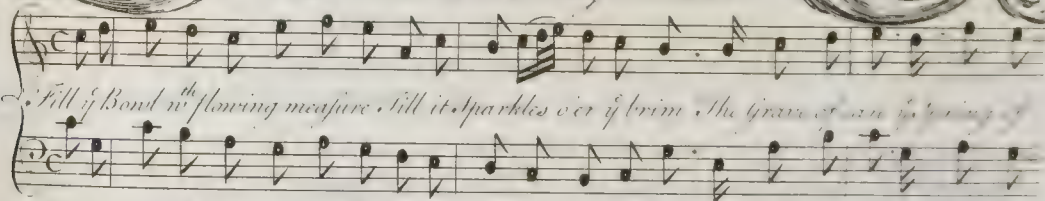




## The Banquet.

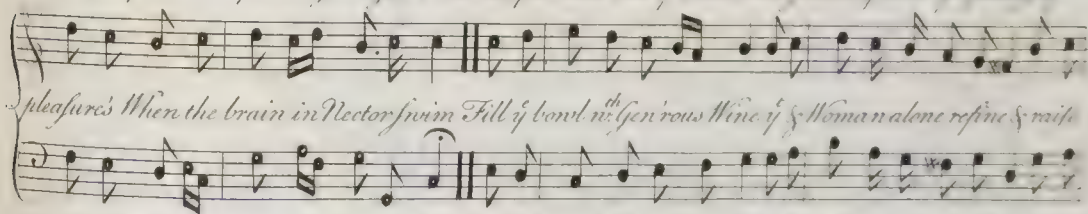
To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Lord WALPOLE these

Four Plates are humbly Inscribed.



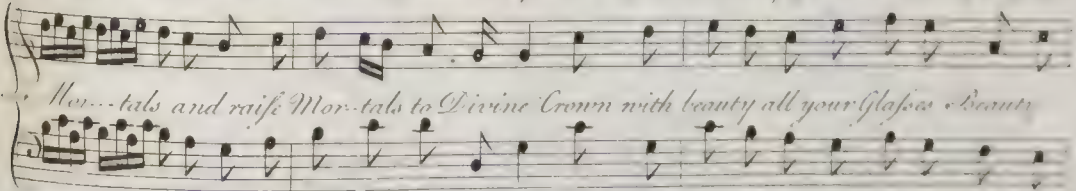
Fill y<sup>e</sup> Bowl w<sup>th</sup> flowing measure, till it sparkles o'er y<sup>e</sup> brim, the grave of our pleasures

Fill y<sup>e</sup> Bowl w<sup>th</sup> flowing measure, till it sparkles o'er y<sup>e</sup> brim, the grave of our pleasures



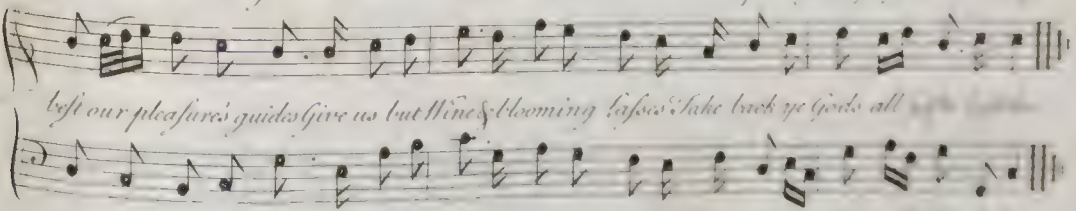
pleasures When the brain in Nectar swims Fill y<sup>e</sup> bowl w<sup>th</sup> gen<sup>l</sup>rous Wine y<sup>e</sup> Woman alone refine & raise

pleasures When the brain in Nectar swims, till y<sup>e</sup> bowl w<sup>th</sup> gen<sup>l</sup>rous Wine y<sup>e</sup> Woman alone refine & raise



Hor...tals and raise Mor-tals to Divine Crown with beauty all your Glasse Beauty

Hor...tals and raise Mor-tals to Divine Crown with beauty all your Glasse Beauty



lest our pleasures guides give us but Wine & blooming Lasses take back ye Gods all

lest our pleasures guides give us but Wine & blooming Lasses take back ye Gods all









*G. Bickham sculp.*

THE

*The Music by M. W. Ashmole at Kew.*

# Northern Lass.

*Come take your glass if Northern Lass so prettily advise, I'll be a*

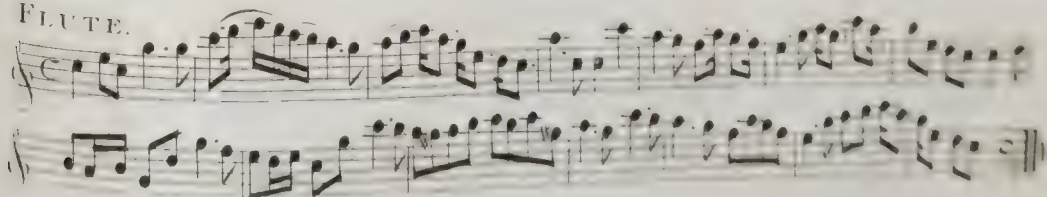
*Health, & ready was I-gre-a-bly, surpris'd her Shape so neat, her hair so neat*

*Air and Mein so free, the Siren charm'd me from my Meat but late, now I am*

*If from the North such Beauty comes,  
How is it that I feel;  
Within my Breast y<sup>e</sup> glowing Flame,  
No Tongue can e'er reveal,  
Tho' cold & raw y<sup>e</sup> North Wind blows,  
All Summer's on her Breast,  
Her Skin was like the driven Snow,  
But Sun shine all y<sup>e</sup> rest.*

*Her Heart may southern Climates melt,  
Tho' Frozen now it seems  
That Joy with Pain be equal felt,  
And ballan'd in Extreams,  
Then like our genial Wine shall charm,  
With Love my panting Breast,  
Me, like our Sun her Heart shall warm  
Be Ice to all the rest.*

FLUTE.

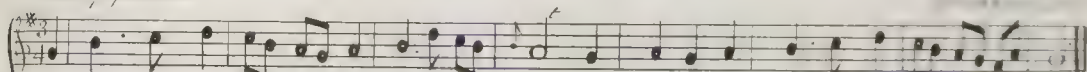




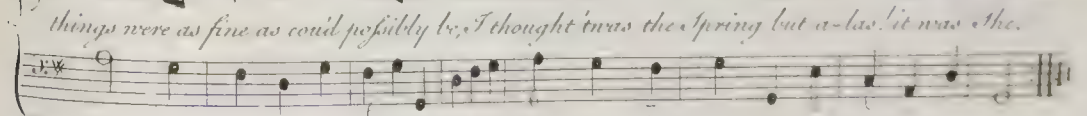
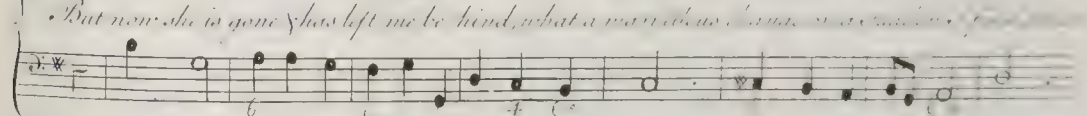
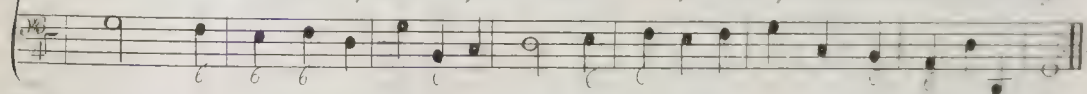


# The Penitive Swain.

From the first Act.

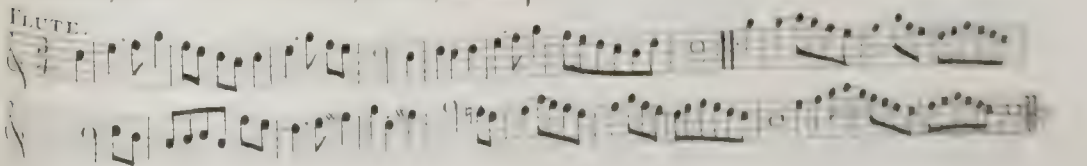


My time O ye Muses was Hap-pi-ly spent, when Phoebe went with me where e-ver I went  
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast, sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was blest.



things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the Spring but a-las! it was the.

With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep, — Will no pittying River that hears me complain,  
To rise up and Play, or to lye down and sleep, — Or cure my Grief quiet, or soften my Pain. —  
I was so good humoured so cheerful and gay, — So be cur'd, thou muse Collin thy Rapsion remove  
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day, — But what Swain is so silly to live without love  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown, — No Giddy bid the dear Sympth to return, —  
So strangely uneasy as never was known, — For neer was Shepherd so sadly forlorn, —  
My fair one is gone & my joys are all drown'd, — Oh what shall I do? I shall die with despair —  
And my Heart — I am sure it weighs more y<sup>a</sup> Round, — Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so true









THE  
Persuasive Lover.

*The smiling Morn the breathing Spring, In viti the torrid Buds, true no fond  
from each spray love melts the universal lay let us, Amants to us let us  
Now that flows And in soft Raptures waft the Day Among the Barks of Endermay.*

*For soon the Winter of the Year  
And Age like Winter will appear  
At this thy living Bloom will fade  
As that will strip the tenants shade  
Our last of Pleasure then is o'er  
The featherd songsters love no more  
And when they droop and weary  
Adieu the Barks of Endermay.*

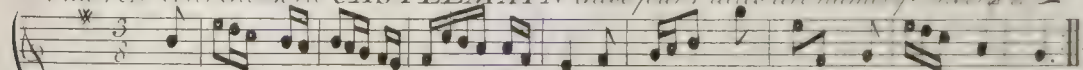
FLUTE.





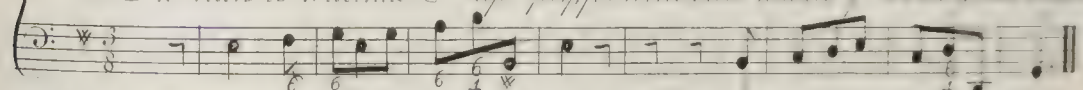
## Strepthon Inflamed.

To the R.<sup>th</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lord CASTLEMAIN these four Plates are humbly presented.



Whilst Wanton Cupids round me fly, & charm my Soul with vain desire.

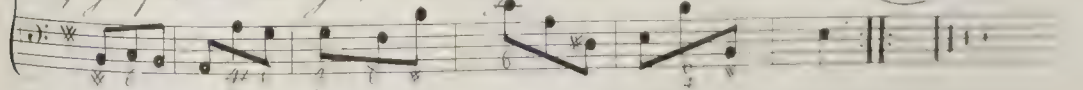
In Vain to Bacchus I apply, for Wine still wakes my thirsty heart.



To struggle further twice in vain, O's of my fate complain.



Joys of Love can taste; But those who meet with Pain.



## For the 3<sup>rd</sup> Plate.









( THE BEAU. )

Sung by  
M<sup>rs</sup> Cline.

How troublesome of Nothings is life of a Beau, they think of they've Nothing to do, Nor they've Nothing to talk of for Nothing they think of. Such such is the Life of a Beau, a Beau a Beau, Such such is the Life of a Beau.

For Nothing they rise but to draw in fresh Air,  
Spend in Morning in Nothing but curling their Hair,  
And do Nothing all Day but sing santer & stare,  
Such such is the Life of a Beau.

For Nothing they run to the Assembly & Ball,  
And for Nothing at Cards a fair Partner call  
For they still must be teased who've Nothing at all  
Such such is the Life of a Beau.

For Nothing at Night to the Playhouse they crowd,  
For to mind Nothing done there they always are proud,  
But to love, & to grin, & talk - Nothing at all,  
Such such is the Life of a Beau.

For Nothing on Sundays at Church they appear  
For they've Nothing to hope nor they've Nothing to fear  
Such such is the Life of a Beau.

FLUTE. *Adagio*





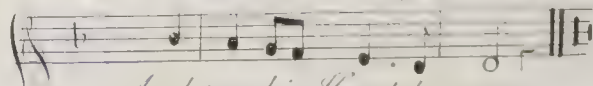
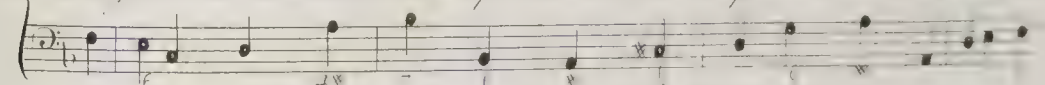
## The Maid's Request.



*Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream, Purge the Lust from*



*In gentle Murmurs tell my Shame, And try his Heart to move*



*And try his Heart to move.*



*To may thy Banks be always Green,*

*May a dotted Cap be thy Crown,*

*Thy Chancel never Dry; —*

*In place of selfish Needs; —*

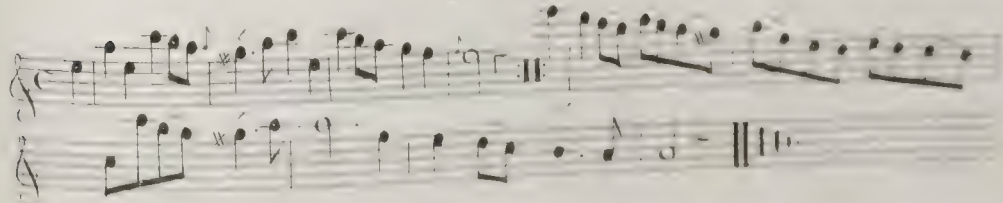
*If e'er thy Spring be failing, —*

*May gentle Tears be thy Down,*

*My Tears shall that supply.*

*And Knots of bending Reeds.*

FLUTE.

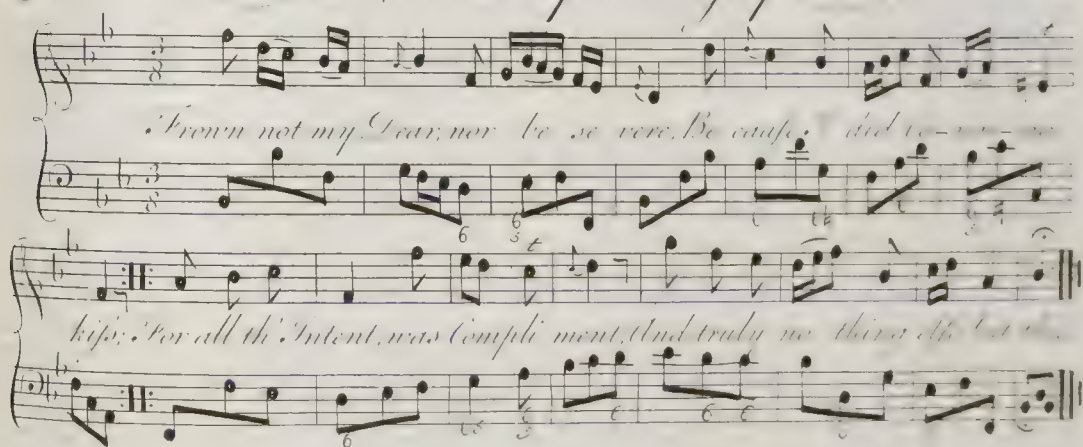








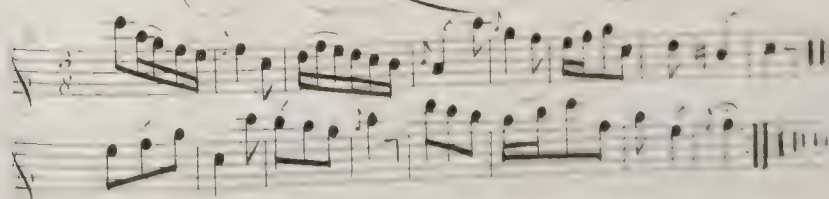
## The Apology.

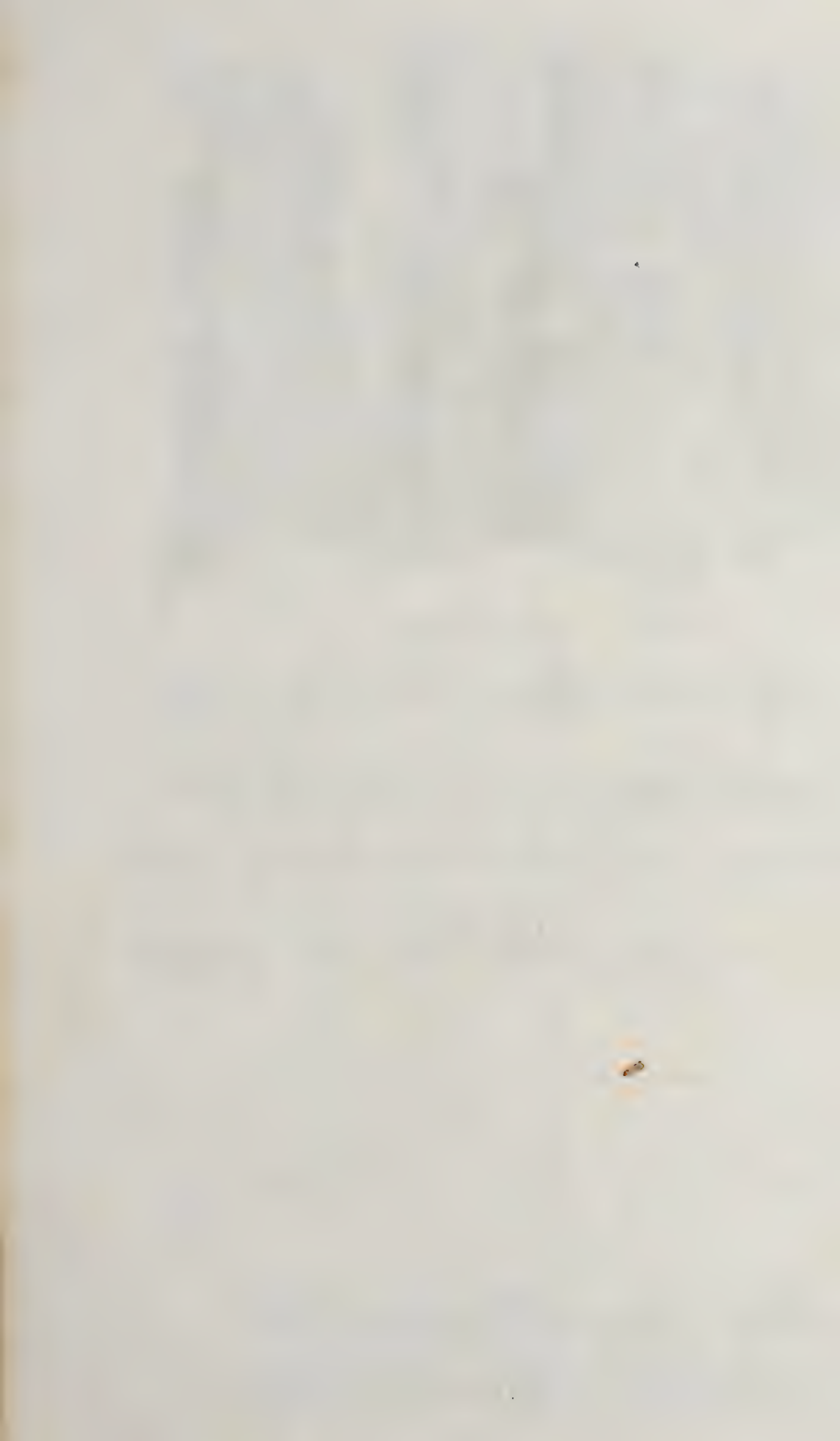


No single Charm,  
Of hers can warm,  
Like yours my whole devoted Heart;  
She can't subdue,  
My Soul like you,  
Nor such Celestial Joy impart.

Call me not base  
In such a Case,  
Nor misinterpret my Design;  
For I averr,  
I Love not her,  
But am with Resignation thine.

## For the Flute.







# Be merry and Wise.

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>th</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> of Lord CHARLES CAVENDISH sh<sup>erif</sup> of Sh<sup>ire</sup> of Derby  
*G. Buckingham jun<sup>r</sup> sc.*

*Let by Mr. Leveridge*

*Let Wine to Social Toys give Birth, Let Reason still be Crown'd; With*

*free yet not Ungovern'd Mirth, till let the Glass go*

*by our Toys, unknownly away (And shunning strife Dispute and Noise, Lets*

*be discreetly Ga...*

Let's call to mind our chief Affairs,	The Future only some pursue.
Nor make our Mirth a Crime;	Some the Instant only prize.
Let's not despising usefull Cares,	But He, who gives to both their aid
Abolish Wealth and Time:	Is only truly w

( For the Flute. ( )







# Gold a Receipt for Love.

When Love & Youth can not make way, Nor with the fair succeed,  
 Cupids gentle Inway, What Art  
 What Art can then pre-vail, What Art can then pre-vail.

*By M. S. Moore*

<p>2          I'll tell you, Irephon a Receipt,          Of a most sovereign Pow'r,          If you the Stubborn would defeat,          Let drop a Golden Show'r.          Let drop &amp;c.</p>	<p>3          This method try'd enamour'd Jove,          Before he could obtain,          The cold regardless Danaë's Love,          Or conquer her Disdain.          Or conquer &amp;c.</p>
<p>4          By Cupids self I have been told,          No deeper wound does Heart          So deep as when he tips with Gold,          The fatal piercing Dart,          The fatal &amp;c.</p>	

Flute.

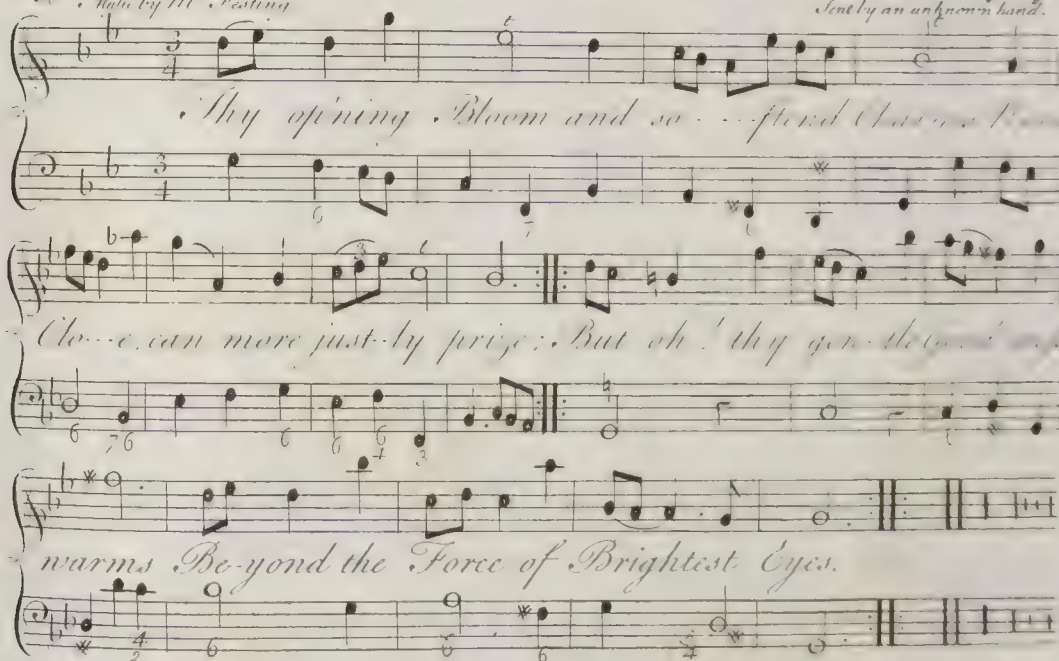




*The True Lover.*

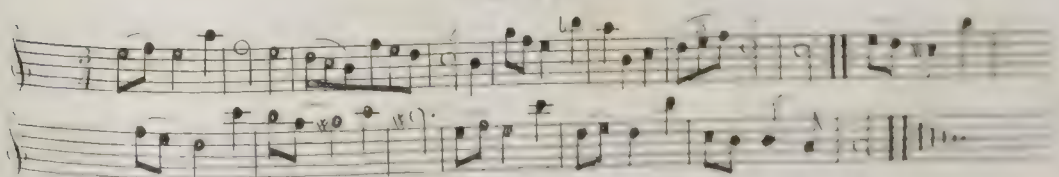
Notes by M<sup>r</sup>. Festing

Sent by an unknown hand.



Like Flowers if crown'd in youthful Spring, But me they Wit and Reason bring  
The liveliest Features soonest dye Thy Heavenly Mind tis Sad to see  
And fickle Love on Swallow wing Whoe'er doats on Charms like these  
Shall to new Suns in Winter fly Can never love thee less nor more.

FLUTE.









THE  
*Young Lovers first Address.*

*Set by M. Lampe.*

Adagio.

*Charmer per-mit me to make a Sur-render, Of an un-*  
*artful and innocent Heart: Might not my lab'ours be accept'd as*  
*tender, Think on your Charms & you'll put by my Fear.*

*You are the first that e'er made me to languish,*  
*And to the last I shall Love you alone;*  
*As you occasion'd O pitty my Anguish,*  
*And let your Smiles for your Rigour atone.*

For the Flute.





THE

LOVELL.

To the R.<sup>th</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Sackville Earl of Sharnet, this Cantata is humbly presented.

Recit. I go to the Elysian Shade where sorrow ne'er shall wound men nothing

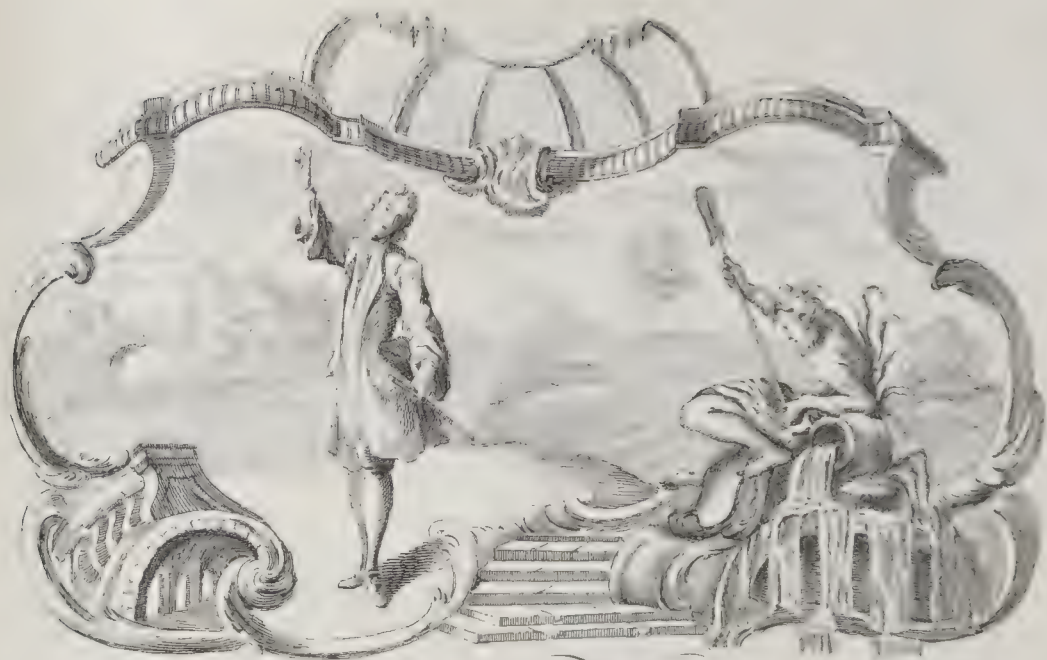
shall my reti invade but joy shall still sur round me Allegro

Celias cold dis-dain from her dis-dain

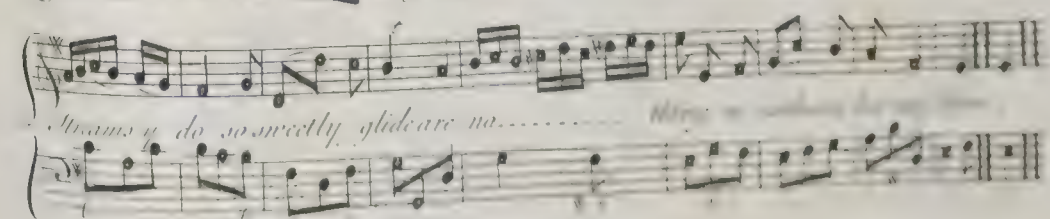
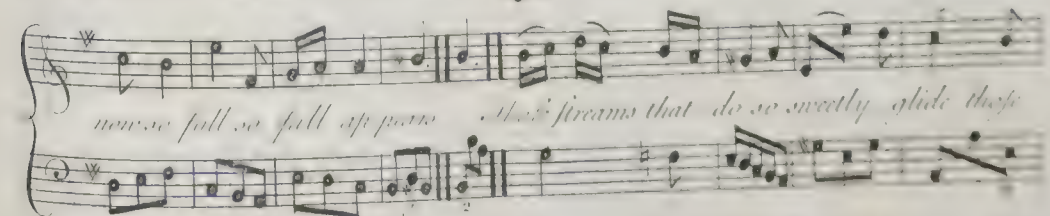
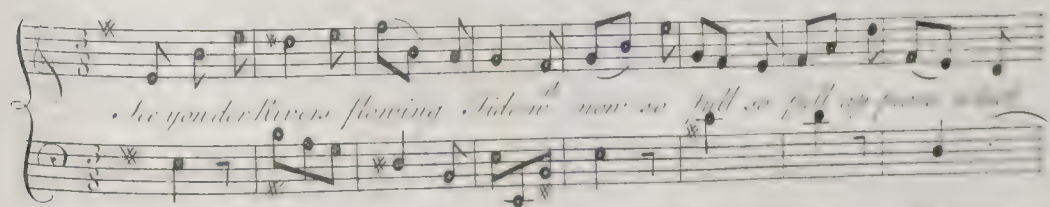
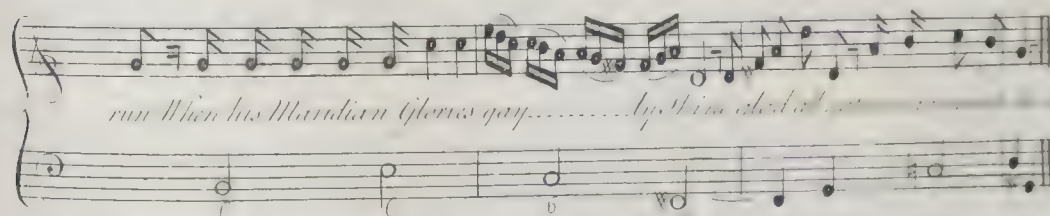
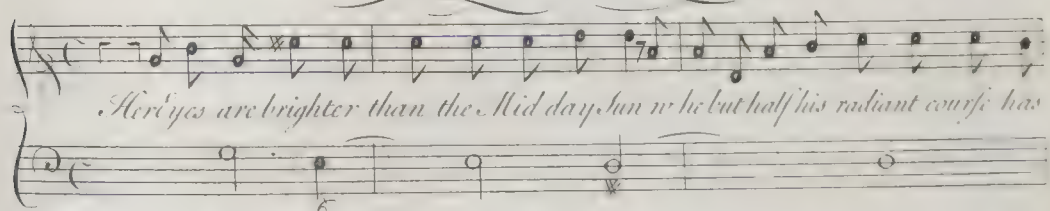
to the gates of all my kin for her alone I die I die I die







## Recitative.







Recit.

*There have I wept till I could weep no more & said mine Eyes, said mine Eyes, when*

*they have shed their store, then like y Clouds if not y Azure Main, I'd drin*

*and th' flood to weep it back a gain*

*Pitty my pains ye gentle firm's Lover me w<sup>th</sup> hee me*

*pitty my pains pity my pains pity my pains ye gentle firm's Lover me w<sup>th</sup> hee me*

*cover me w<sup>th</sup> hee and my cover me w<sup>th</sup> hee and my*

*turn*







# *Prestissimo.*

*Funestous me, quill'd Charon's boat, I find*

*Shades below Where yclewts yhowling ygremling ygremling stoke our Carcase howling*

*Howling makes fury takes were a pleasure & a Cure Not all y' Hells w' Pluto dwells can give such pain*

*as to endure... to some painful Pluin can y' me on a waggie Car*

*trifling breeze let us die let us die die die die die*





## The Faithfull Lover

To his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH these four Plates are humbly presented

In Vain you tell your Parting Lover, you wish fair winds may swift bear you  
 =as what winds can happy prove that bear me far from what I Love & how much more  
 On y Main, Can Equal those that I disdain, from Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain from what I Love & how much more

Be gentle & gently Choose ———  
 To wish the Wildest Tempests Loose, ———  
 That thrown Again upon y Coast, ———  
 Where first my Shipwrack'd heart was Lost.  
 I may Once More Repeat My Pain ———  
 Once More in Dying words Complain }  
 Of Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain; &c. }

For the Flute. ( ) ( ) ( )







## Advice to the Unwary.

G. Bickham jun<sup>r</sup> sc.

*Violon*  
*Violoncelle*

The wounded Deer flies swift away, The bearded Arrow in his Side; still  
vainly hoping that he may, Mix'd with y<sup>e</sup> Herd escape unspied mix'd with y<sup>e</sup> Herd as a prey.

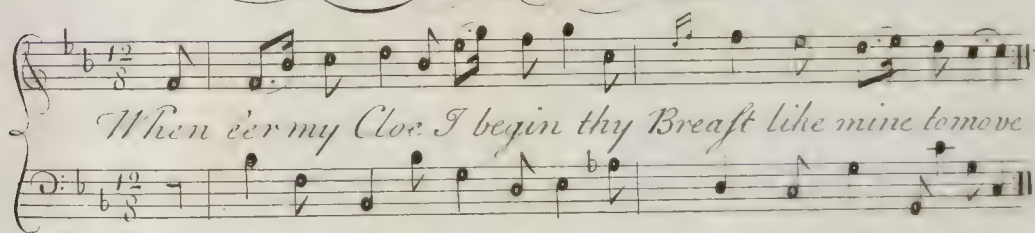
But oh y<sup>e</sup> Moment<sup>2</sup> that they See,  
The Streaming Blood flow from his Wound,  
They shun him in his Misery,  
And leave him dying on y<sup>e</sup> Ground.  
Thus the poor Nymph<sup>3</sup> who sore distressed,  
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;  
To all y<sup>e</sup> World becomes a Jest,  
And falls of Stand'rous Tongues y<sup>e</sup> Prey.

For the Flute.

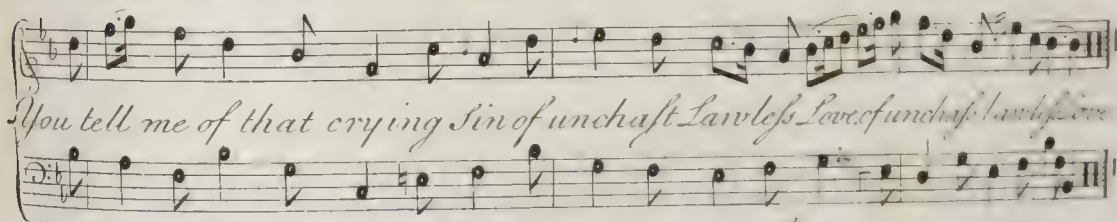




## Go & Chloe.



*When e'er my Cloe I begin thy Breast like mine to move*



*You tell me of that crying Sin of unchast Love, of unchast lawless Love*

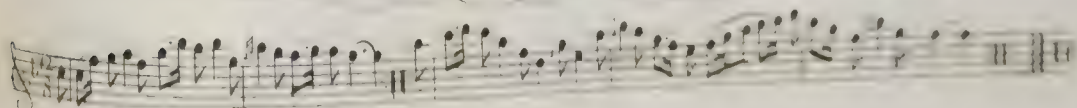
<sup>2</sup>  
How can that Pleasure be a Crime,  
That gave to Cloe Birth,  
How can those joys but be Divine,  
That make a Heav'n on Earth,

<sup>1</sup>  
You say that Love's a Crime without  
Yet this allow you must,  
More joys in, than when one repents  
Then over Ninety Just,

<sup>3</sup>  
To wed Mankind y' Priest trap amid,  
By some sly Fallacy;  
And disobey'd God's great Command,  
Increase & Multiply.

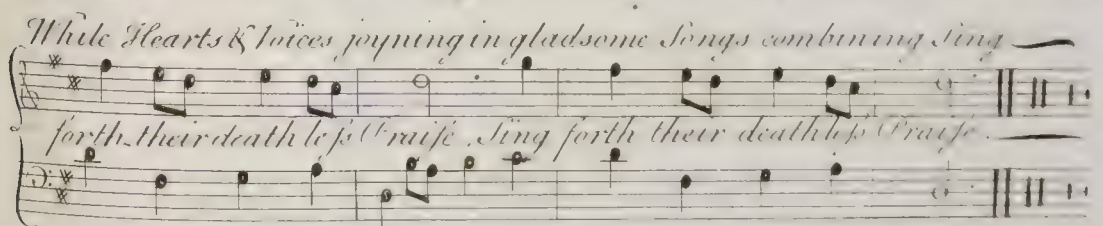
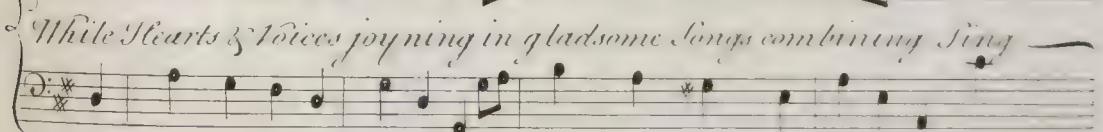
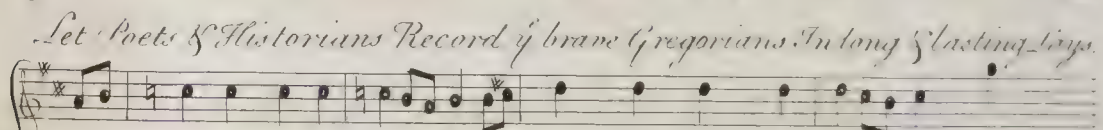
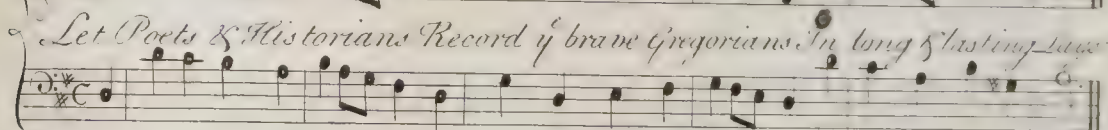
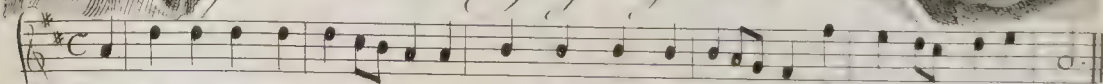
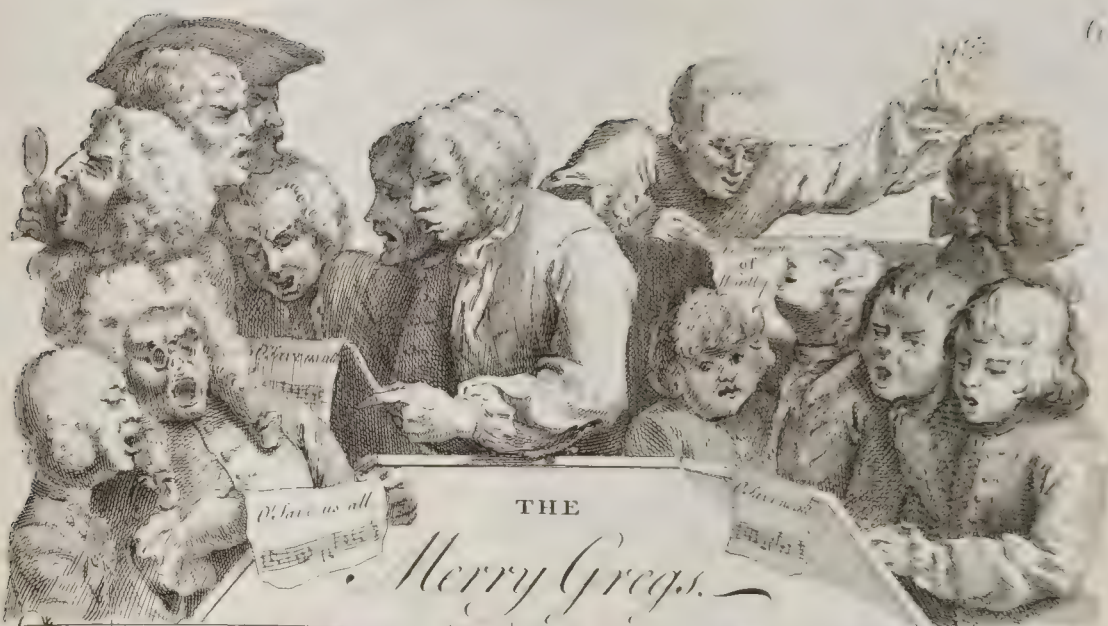
<sup>3</sup>  
Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's sake  
Repent and be forgiven  
Bless me & by Repentance make:  
A Holiday in Heav'n

FOR THE FLUTE.







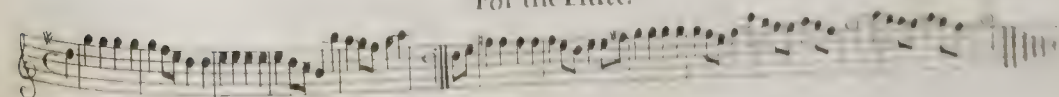


forth their deathleſs Praise ſing forth their deathleſs Praise. —

*If innocent Variety,  
Content & Sweet Society,  
Can make us Mortals bleſt,  
In ſocial Love united —  
With Harmony delighted,  
We Emulate the beſt —  
We &c.*

*Our Friendſhip & Affinity,  
Surpaſſes Conſanguinity —  
As Gold ſurpaſſes Ore. —  
Success to Ev'ry Brother —  
Let's ſtand by one another,  
Till Time ſhall be no more.  
Till &c.*

For the Flute.







The Words by *Prior*

By *Mr. Prior*

## THE Jovial Lover.

To her Grace the Dutches of NEWCASTLE these Plates are humbly presented.

If Wine & Musick have y<sup>e</sup> Pow'r, To ease y<sup>e</sup> Sickness of y<sup>e</sup> Soul, Let them be  
 string & explore, And Bacchus fill y<sup>e</sup> Sprightly Bowl, Let them their friendly darts  
 make My Choe's Absence light, And seek with Pleasure to destroy y<sup>e</sup> Pains of Love.

But she to Morrow will return,  
 Venus, be thou to Morrow Great,  
 Thy Myrtles strow thy Odours down,  
 And Meet thy fawile Simph in state.

Kind Goddess to No Other Pow'r,  
 Let us to Morrow's blessings own  
 Thy Darling Loe, shall give to thee  
 And all y<sup>e</sup> Day be Thine Alone

## For the Flute

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves with various notes and rests.

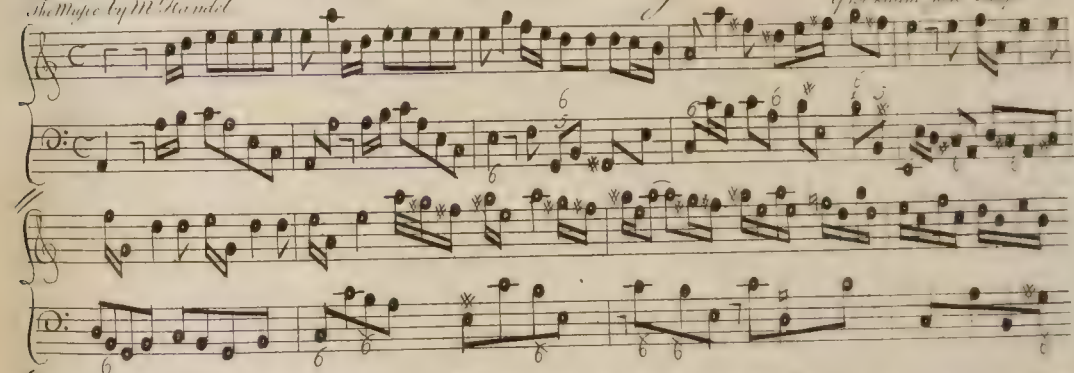






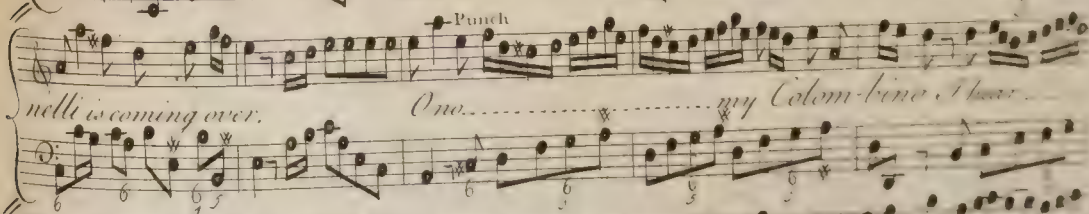
The Music by M. Handel

if the name were only



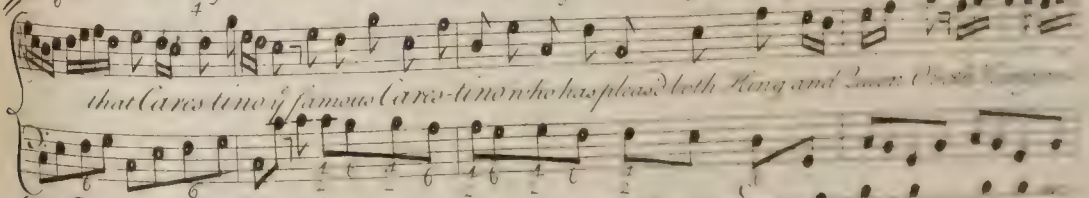
Col.

O my pretty Punch-nello O my little Capper-fellow have you heard of a

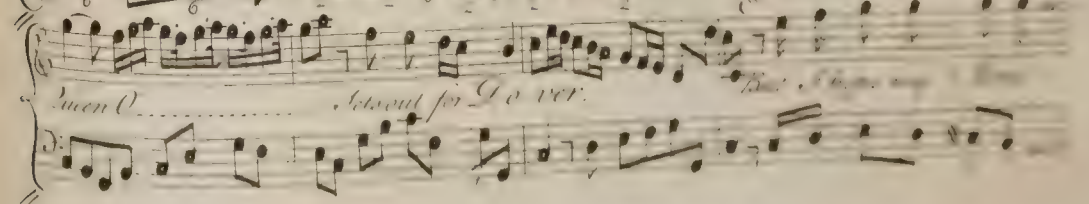


nelli is coming over.

One... my Colom-bino I hear



that Care-tino y famous Care-tino who has pleas'd both King and Queen O ver



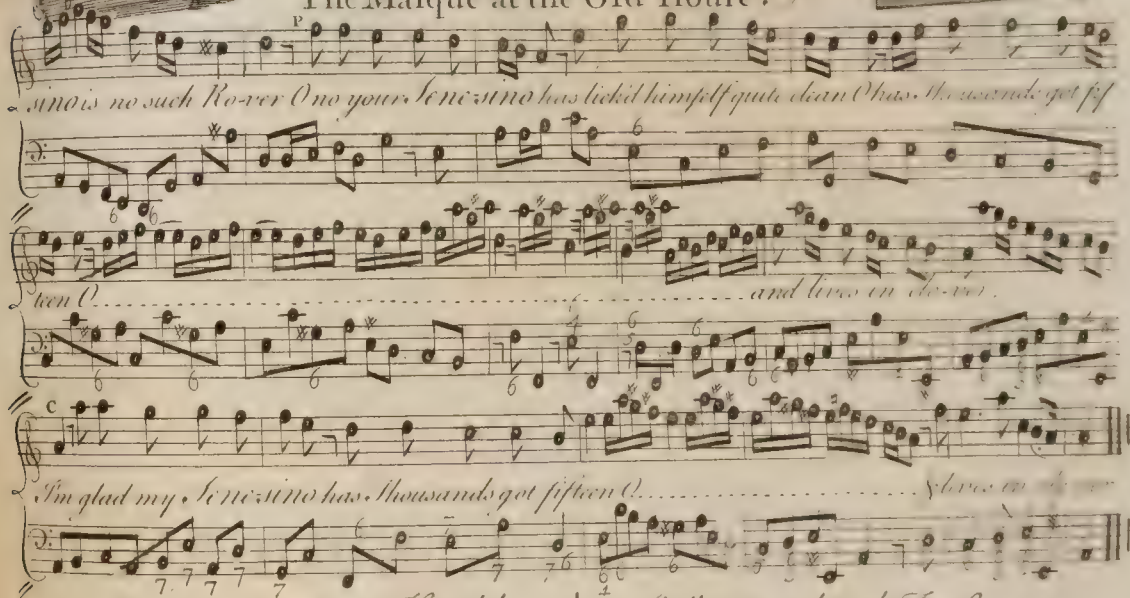
Queen O... let out for I o ver.







### The Masque at the Old House!



**C** After Porpora or Handel  
Where'd ye think y<sup>e</sup> Town will dandle  
Or which must hold the Candle

**P** I dont care a Farthing  
But Harlequin O Lun O  
Has Cook'd a deal of Fun O  
Of Pantomine and Pun O  
And expects a mighty Run O

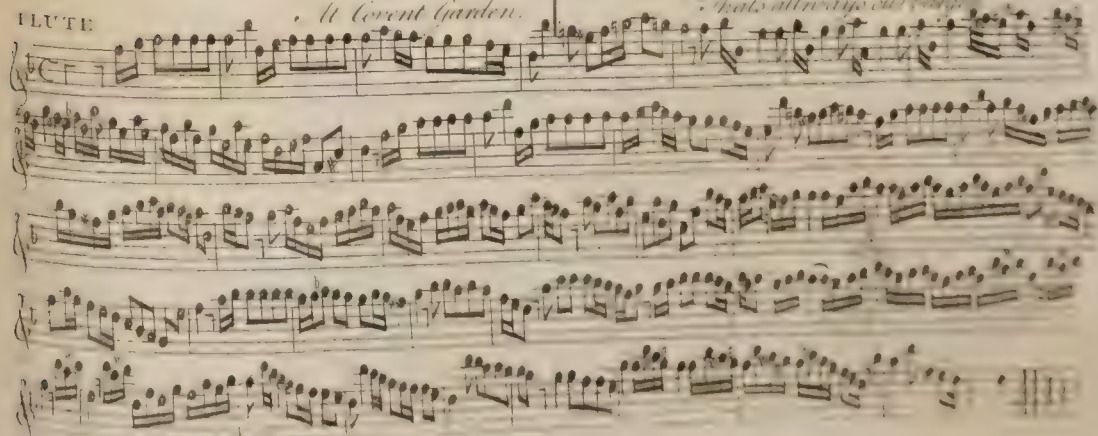
**C** Shall we go and see the Fun O  
At Covent Garden

**P** In Play-houses full Six O  
One knows not where to fix O  
Till they let us in for Nix O  
That's Runches bargain

**B** Well see 'em round all Six O  
If they'll let us in for Nix O

That's allways our Song

FLUTE









## The Resolved Lass.

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Carey.

Allegretto

When Parents obstinate & cruel prove, & force us to a Man we

cannot love. 'Tis fit we disappoint if sordid elves, & wisely get us

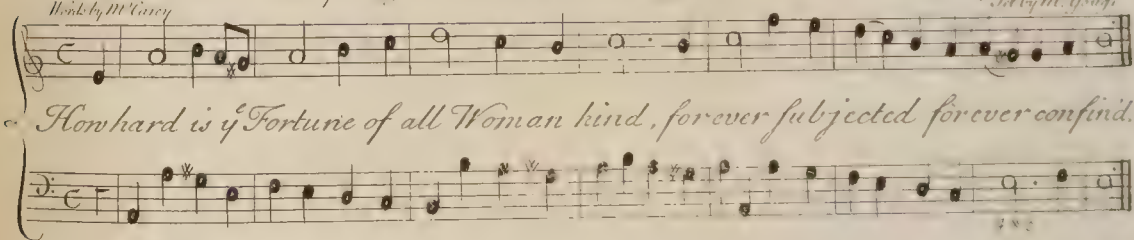
Husbands for our selves; & wisely get us husbands for ever. Adieu.

For the Flute.

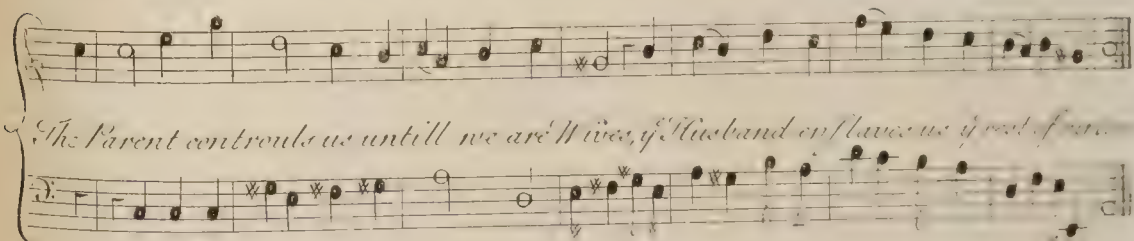




To the R.<sup>d</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Lady Elizabeth GERMAIN these Plates are humbly presented.  
 Written by M. Carey. Set by M. Young.



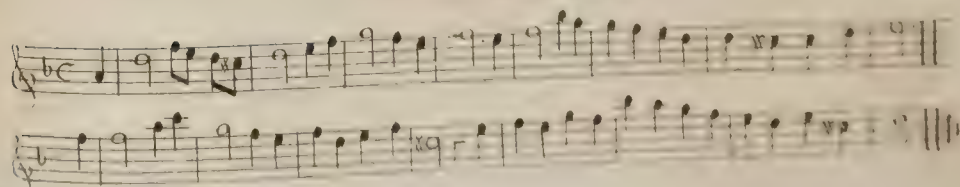
How hard is y<sup>e</sup> Fortune of all Woman kind, forever subjected forever confin'd.



The Parent controuls us untill we are Wives, y<sup>e</sup> Husband enslaves us y<sup>e</sup> rest of our.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,  
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal,  
 Deny'd ev'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,  
 We're Sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

( ) ( ) For the Slave.

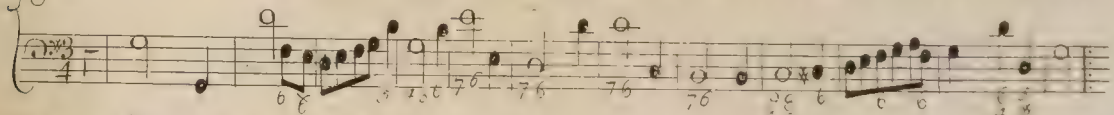








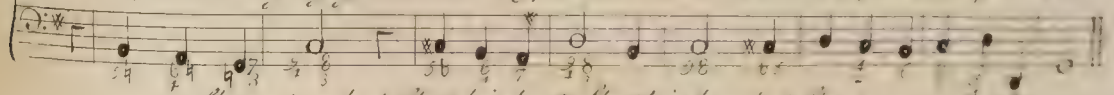
## The Bachelors Wife.



*Without affectation gay, youthful & pretty, without pride or meanness, familiar & free.*

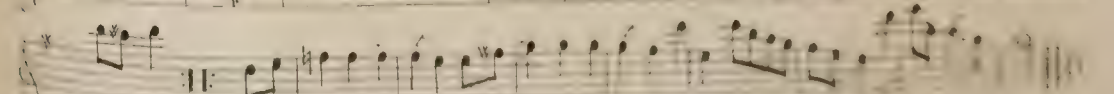
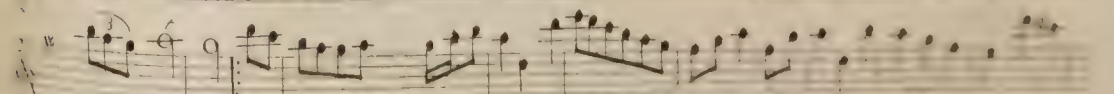
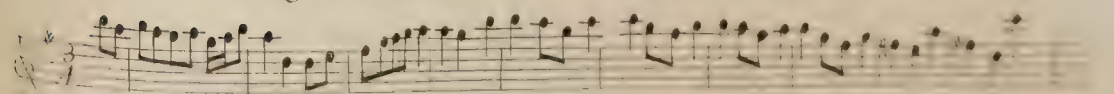


*Without forms obliging, good natur'd & free, without art as lovely as lovely can be.*



*She acts what she thinks, & she thinks what she says,  
 Regardless alike both of censure and praise,  
 But her thoughts, & her words, & her actions are such  
 That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.*

Song & Symphony for y German & Common Flute.







The Present

# State of Brit. Britain.

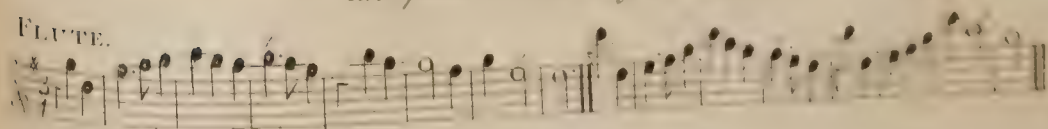
Sit by M. Carey.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity where is your boasted Courage flow  
 Britons where is your great Magnanimity, where is your boasted Courage flow  
 Quite perverted to Pusillanimity, Scarce to call your Soul your own  
 Quite perverted to Pusillanimity, Scarce to call your Soul your own.

What your Ancestors won so victoriously.	Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative
Crown'd with Conquies in y <sup>e</sup> Field;	See her weeping quit y <sup>e</sup> Shore.
You'd relinquish & O' most Ingloriously.	Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative
To oppression tamely yield.	Never to behold Her more.

Gracious Gods to assist exurgitate.  
 Stretch forth thy Vindictive Hand.  
 Make oppressors their Plunder regurgitate.  
 And preserve a Sinking Land.

FLUTE.





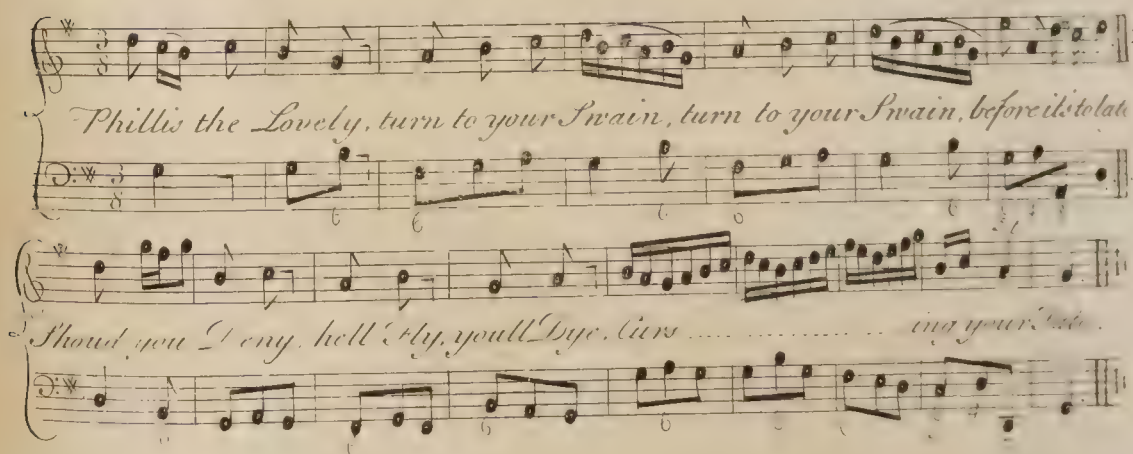




Designed by M. Handel.

G. Bickham junr. sculp.

# *Phillis Advised.*



*He's young and Airy,  
 Soon he may va...ry,  
 Soon he may va...ry,  
 And think you a Joy.  
 Then you'll Despair,  
 Beware, Dear Fair,  
 You be not Cou*

For the Flute.







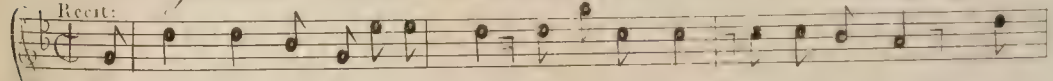
*The Words & Music by Mr. Philips*

*G. Bickham junr. inv. sc.*

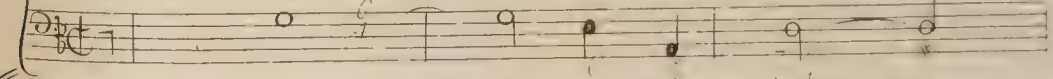
## Goguetry.

*To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> the Earl ST. ARVOPE this Card is respectfully presented.*

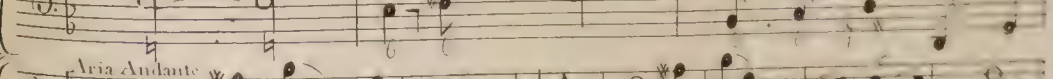
*Recit:*



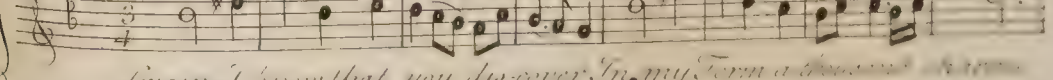
*Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung & gently woo'd & sweetly sung. The*



*Symphin a disdainful der thus Simi ling mock'd the Shepherd's air*



*Aria Andante*



*I vain I know that you discover In my Tern a thousand*



*Can you point me out a to re a rthy my in a*

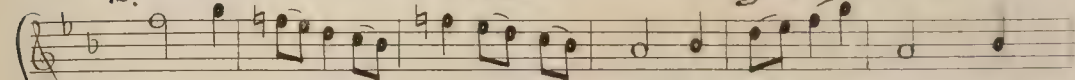




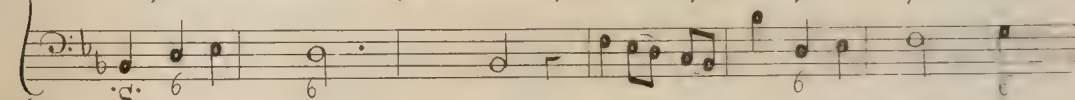




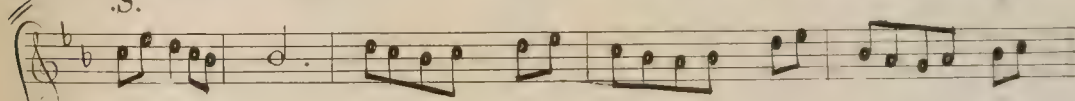
S:



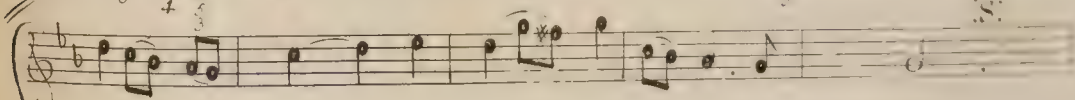
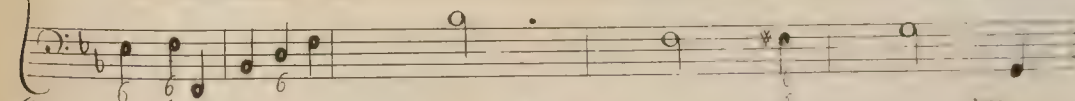
*Boy no more ap-prach my Beauty till you e-qual*



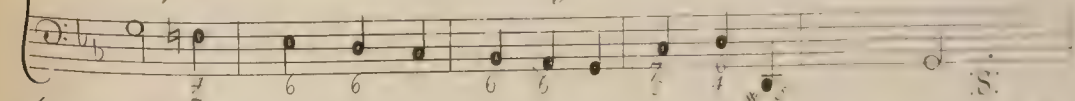
S:



*Merit boast to..... a.... do.... re me i... a*



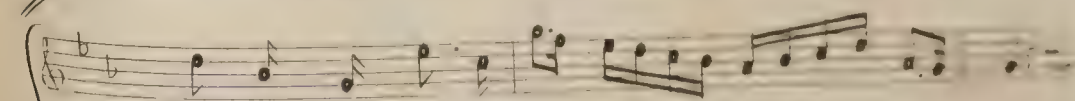
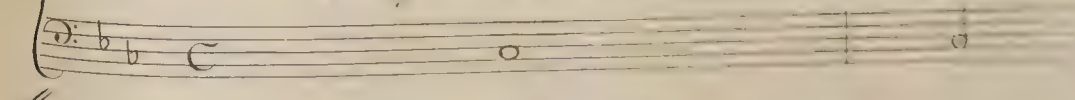
*Duty Thousands witness to their Cost*



(Recit:)



*Stung to the heart the redning Slave*



*on the vain maid re-ter..... to again*







*Foolish creature, did each feature, bloom, beyond  
pride of Nature, artfull feigning, coy disdain  
vain Coquet, distroy them all: go o'er bearing, Proud on  
Snaring, lay a thousand Fops despairing, then complying  
Sighing, dying, To some fool a Victim fall*







S:

*Nymphs like you, whilst they're deceiving Angels*

S:

*all in front appear, But the So.....*

*at their a.....rts believing but the So their*

*arts believing finds the Devil in the rear*

S:

*Aria Andante for the Flute*

Flute





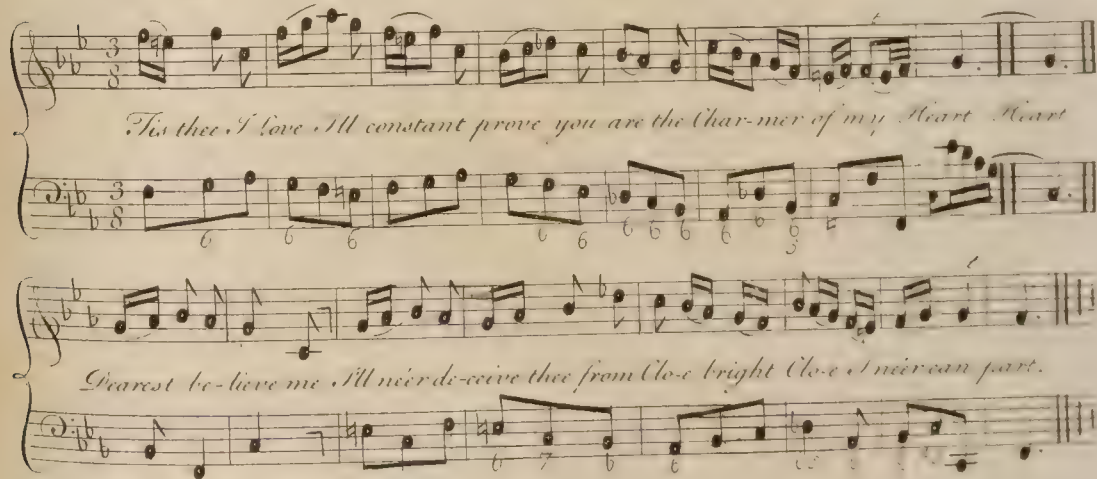
*G. Beckham junr.*

THE

*inv. & sculp.*

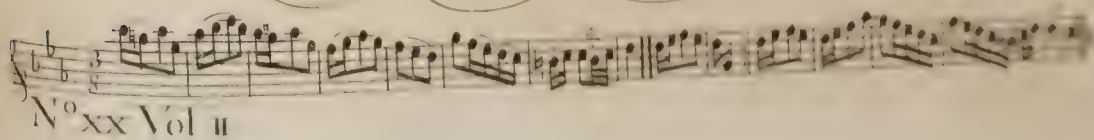
# *Sincere Swain.*

*To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Earl of DERBY, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.*



*Be kind as Fair  
Oh be not severe  
But shew Compassion on your Swain  
You'll ne'er repent it  
No ne'er relent it  
Dear Creature dear Creature now ease my Pain.*

## *For the Flute.*









*Love for Love is a charming trade, Love on ly can Love on-ly*

*Love for Love is a charming trade, a charming trade. Love on-ly*

*can, on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by entrest gain*

*can on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by entrest who e'er by entrest gain*

*gain..... if fair, must think her fa... yours unfin-cere But who in serving seeks*

*gain..... if fair, must think her fa... yours unfin-cere But who in serving seeks*





and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys beyond his wishes move he only

late and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys be yond be yond his wishes move he only

knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love

knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for

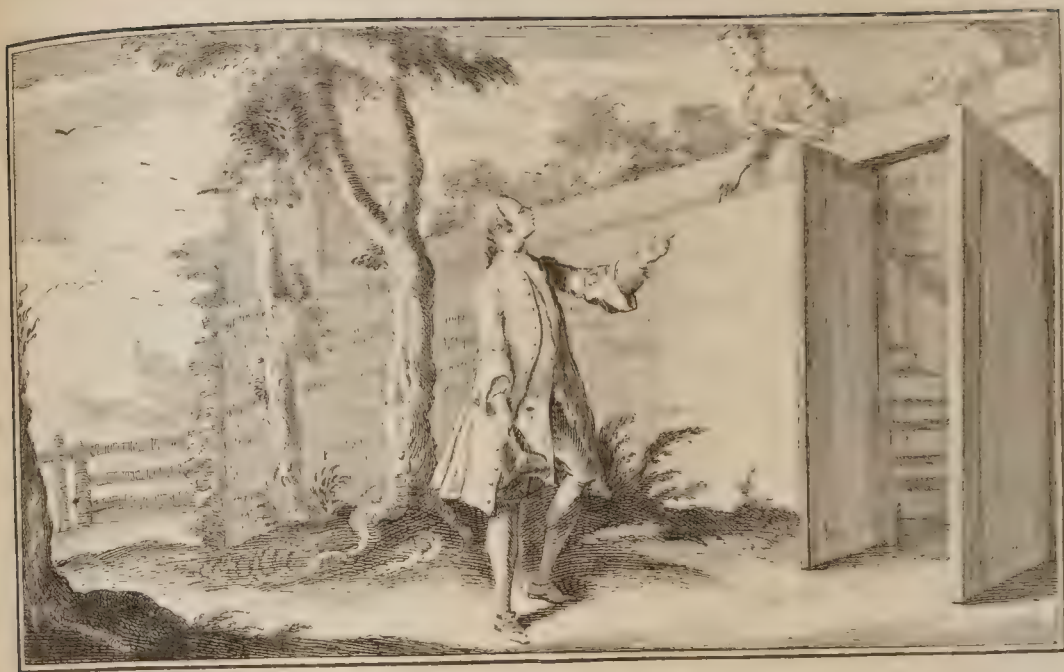
Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for

Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for Love Love for Love he knows y<sup>e</sup> blifs of Love for

Love for Love is a Sacred type	And if we may presume to guess
Preserves on earth Society	What Angels in their songs express
Tw Harmony of Love for Love	Howe'er if Music is above
To which y <sup>e</sup> dancing Planets move	The Chorus still is Love for Love.







# The Intrigue.

Siciliana

Make hast & away mine only Dear! make hast & away away

all at the Gate your true love he does wait And I prithee make no delay.

She

O how shall I steal away my Love  
O how shall I steal away  
My Daddy is near & I dare not for fear  
Pray come then another Day.

He

O this is the only Day my Life  
O this is the only Day!  
I'll draw him aside while you throw up the gate and  
And then you may steal away.

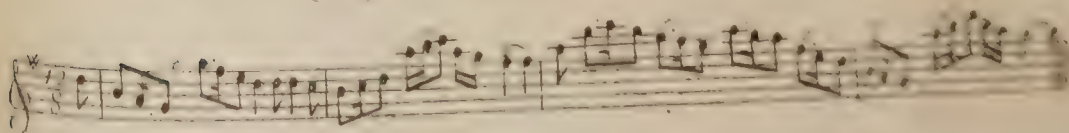
She

Then prithee make no delay my dear  
Then prithee make no delay  
Will serve him a Trick for I slip on my heels  
And to my true Love away.

Chorus.

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair  
O Cupid befriend us we pray.  
May our Stratagems take for this  
And Amen! let all true Lovers say.

For the Flute.







## Peaceful Life.

To the Right Hon. the Lord CARPENTER these four Plates are humbly, Inferred

*In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, free from envy, care & Strif.*

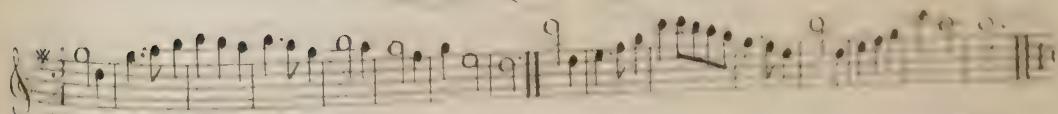
*In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, free from envy, care & Strif.*

*Bless'd with Vigour, with Health and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful - Life*

*Bless'd with Vigour, with Health and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful - Life*

Endless Circles of Pleasure surrounding us  
 Ever chearful ever gay  
 No Perplexities ever confounding us  
 Life in comfort slides away.

For the Flute.









# The Thirsty Toper.

*If the Glasses they are empty, Fill again my Soul's a Dry, Sure such Wine as  
this will tempt ye to Carouse in, Sympathy: Thirsty Souls like Plants, aspiring  
Moisture ever are desiring. Thus carousing Natures Blessing Well the sober World I find*

<i>See the Bottle how its beauty —</i>	<i>Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret —</i>
<i>Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face. —</i>	<i>Souls like mine woud never spare it</i>
<i>We to Bacchus owe a Duty —</i>	<i>Ever drinking Void of thinking —</i>
<i>Drink brave Heroes drink apace</i>	<i>Wed the happy Hours embrace. —</i>

Flute.





## The Ballad-Singer's Summons to her Lover:

*Sweetest of the Nightly Choir local partner Roger rise Gingham Halfpence*

*loud requi-----re to bung our Eyes Then to- geth - er*

*in all Weather As true Turtles of a Feather Alloys shall remain ever long*

*Soft Duetto's gently trilling —  
 Shall fix those wandring Damsels Feet  
 Who in quest of Cull and Shilling  
 Hunt o'er each Street —  
 Musick sending  
 Crouds attending  
 In their Sols our Hands decending  
 Mingles Profit with Praise.*

### FLUTE.







# The Nightingale.

*Gently*

While in a Bow'r with Beauty blest The lord of lord Amintor lies while sink in  
 on Lucinda's breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes. A wakeful Nightingale who long had  
 mourn'd had mourn'd within y<sup>e</sup> shade sweetly renew'd her plaintive song & war.... And then if y<sup>e</sup> voice

Melodious Songstrefs! cry'd the Swain  
 To Shades to Shades less happy go,  
 Or if thou wilt with us remain  
 Forbear forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Lucinda's Arms I lie  
 To Song to Song I am not free  
 On her soft bosome while I die  
 I dis — cord find in thee.

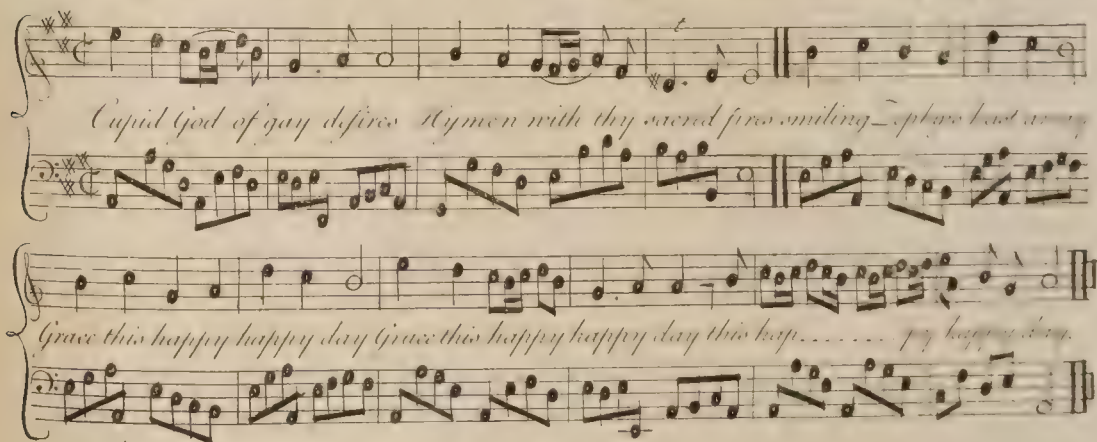
FLUTE.



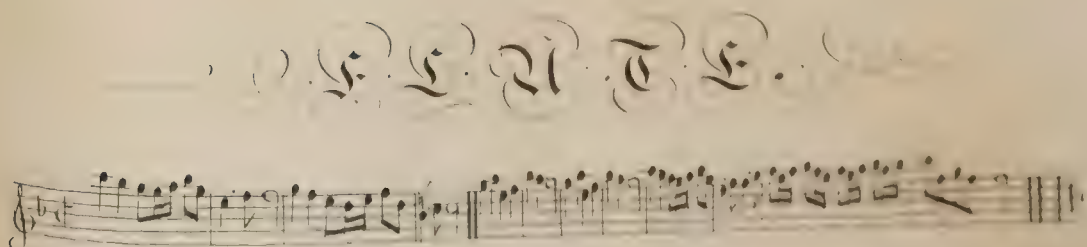


## The Nuptial Dan.

To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of EFFINGHAM these 4 Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

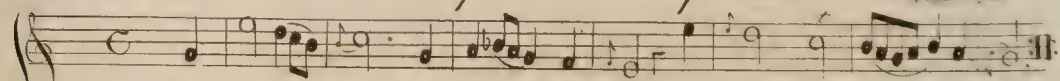


Love and Graces all attend -  
All ye Nuptial Powers befriend  
Make them your peculiar Care  
Bless the Hero Bless the Fair.

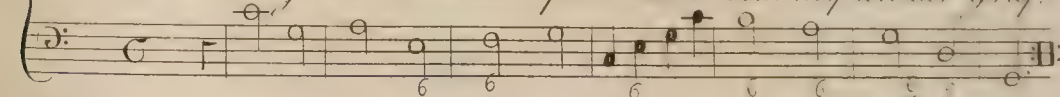




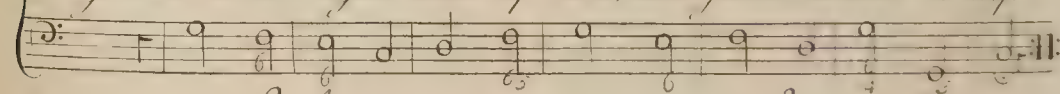




*Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains, to sooth my tender Grief:*



*Your so-lemn Musick lulls my Pains, And gives me short Relief.*



<i>In some lone Corner would, I sit —</i>	<i>The Sun which makes all Nature gay</i>
<i>Retird from human kind —</i>	<i>Torments my weary Eyes —</i>
<i>Since Mirth nor then nor sparkling Wit</i>	<i>And in dark Shades, I spend my Day</i>
<i>Can sooth my anxious Mind. —</i>	<i>Where Echo sleeping lies. —</i>

4

*The sparkling Stars which gayly shine  
And glittering deck of Night  
Are all such cruel Foes of mine —  
I sicken at their Sight.*

( ) J. L. W. T. E. ( )

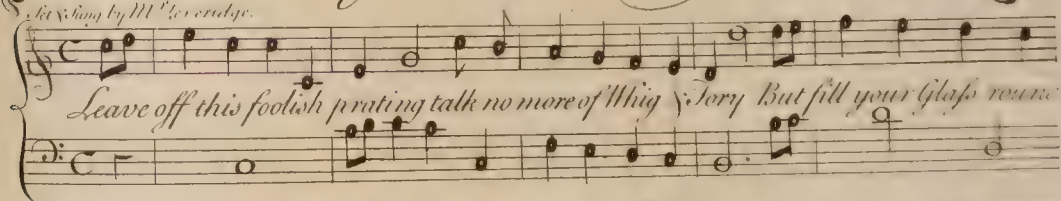




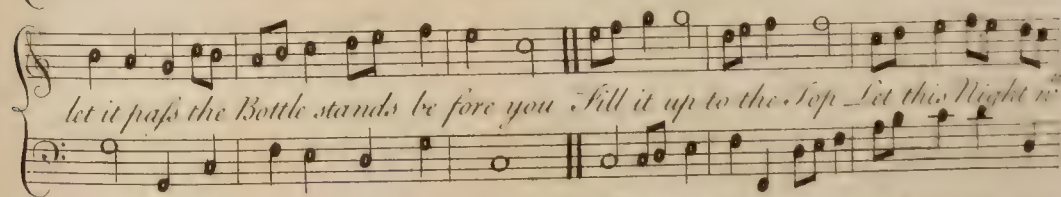


## Good Advice

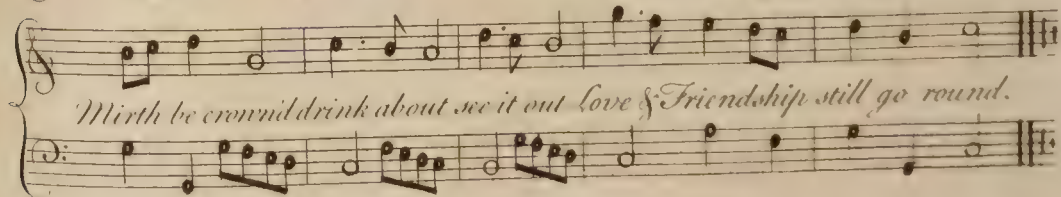
*Set & sung by M<sup>r</sup> Leebridge.*



*Leave off this foolish prating talk no more of Whig & Tory But fill your Glasse round*



*let it pass the Bottle stands be fore you Fill it up to the Top Let this Night be*

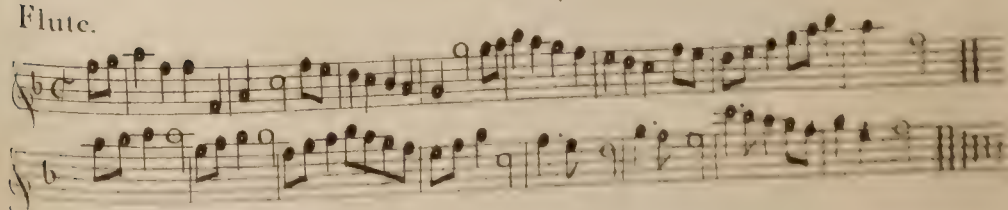


*Mirth be crown'd drink about see it out Love & Friendship still go round.*

*If Claret be a Blessing  
This Night devote to Pleasure  
Let Worldly cares  
And State affairs  
Be thought on at more Leisure,  
Fill it up &c.*

*If any is so Zealous  
To be a party Minion  
Let him drink like me  
We'll soon agree  
And be of one Opinion  
Fill it up &c.*

Flute.









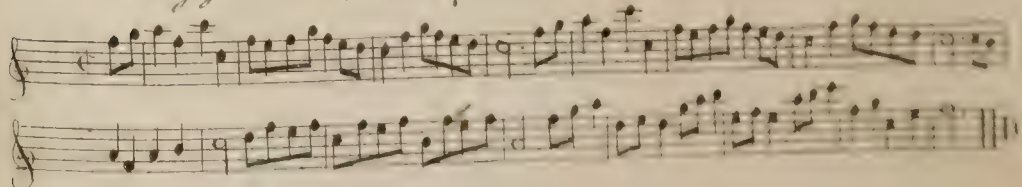
## The Topers Sentence on a Sneaker.

To if God of Wine my song & my design With a grateful spirit will. I raise to my  
 Hearts delight to give him every Night & to Carrol merrily his Praise Monarch Bacchus gay  
 young, free to save us and relieve us when the World goes wrong Sound his Name  
 raise it high Sing his Name to the Sky till the wise World join in our song.

Should a Mortal dare  
 His merry Subjects sneer  
 Let him dread if fate decreed  
 A new Law well weigh'd  
 The drinking Court has made  
 And to Justice thus they'll proceed.

Set the Rebel to the Bar,  
 That if Traytor's Bound in Fetter  
 May his Sentence hear.  
 Let the Rogue in a String  
 Like a Dog take a Swing  
 Or be drown'd in rot gut small Beer.

Flute.







# Mozzy

To y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>t</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Lord QUARENDON, these 4 Plates are humbly inscrib'd.

What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles upon a rose: Yet Mozzy's still  
sweeter than those Both nature and fancy exceed. Nor Daisy nor sweet blushing Rose  
all y<sup>e</sup> gay flow'rs of y<sup>e</sup> fields Nor sweet gliding gently thro' those lush beauty's pleasures

2 The warblers are heard in y <sup>e</sup> grove The lark y <sup>e</sup> lark y <sup>e</sup> Thrush The Blackbird y <sup>e</sup> sweet cooing Dove With Musick enchant every Bush Come let us go forth to the Mead Let us see how y <sup>e</sup> Primrose prospers We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed And love while y <sup>e</sup> feather'd folks sing	3 How does my love pass y <sup>e</sup> long day Does Mary not tend a few sheep So they never carelessly stray While happily she lies a sheep Treads murmurs should lull her to sleep And Nature indulging my bliss To relieve y <sup>e</sup> soft pains of my breast Let shed an ambrosial kiss	4 No she does the long day No beauty y <sup>e</sup> her Love gives all The first My love Oh tell me What On
--	---	---

## FLUTE.







## In Praise of Burgundy.

*Hail Burgundy thou juice divine, In-spirer of my song, the praises giv'n to o-ther Wine to thee alone belong.*

*Of poignant wit & rosy charms thou canst the pow'r im-prove Care of its, bring thy balm dis-*

*arms thou noblest gift of Jove Care of its, bring thy balm disarm thou noblest gift of Jove.*

2  
Bright Phœbus on the parent vines  
From whence thy Current streams  
Sweet smiling through the Tendre l'ashes  
And lavish darts his beams  
The pregnant Grape receives his fires  
And all his force retains  
With that same warmth our limbs inspires  
And animates our Strains.

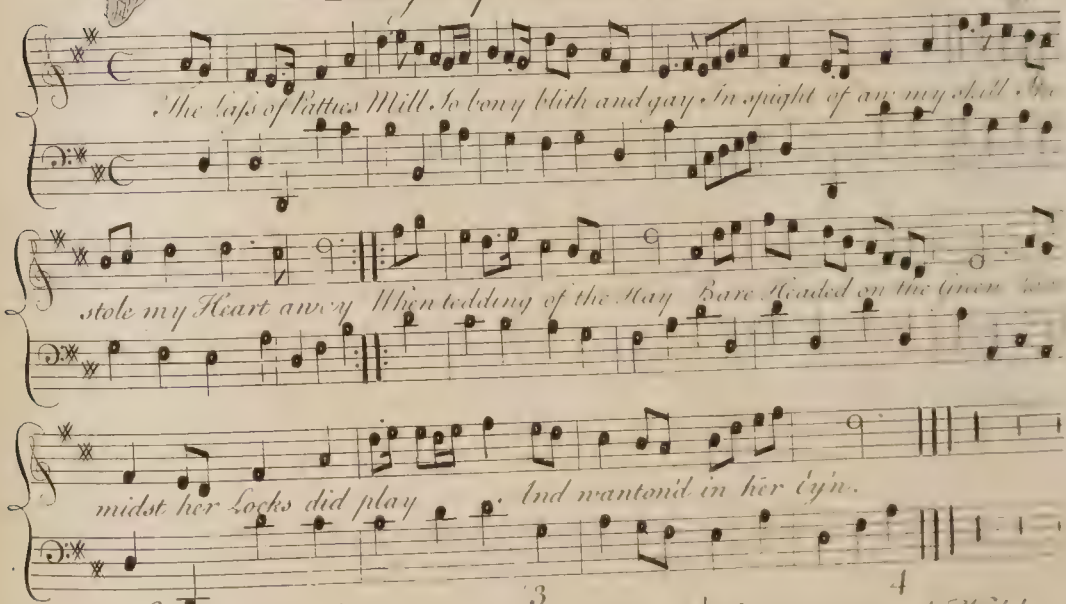
3  
From thee my Chloe's radiant Eye  
New sparkling Beams receives  
Her Cheeks imbibe a r'osier dye  
Her beautiful Bosom heaves  
Summon'd to Love by thy alarms  
Oh with what nervous heat  
Worthy the fair, we fill their Arms  
And oft our bliss repeat.

4  
The Stoick prone to thought intense  
Thy softness can unbind  
A chearful gaiety dispence  
And make him taste a Friend  
His Brow grows clear he feels Content  
Forgets his pensive Strife  
And then concludes his time well spent  
In honest Social Life.

5  
Even because those soft amphibious things  
Wrapt up in self and dress  
Quite lost to the delight that springs  
From Sense thy pow'r confess  
The Top with chittry maudlin face  
That darts but deeply drink  
Forgets his Cue and stiff grimace  
Grows free & seems to think.

FLUTE.



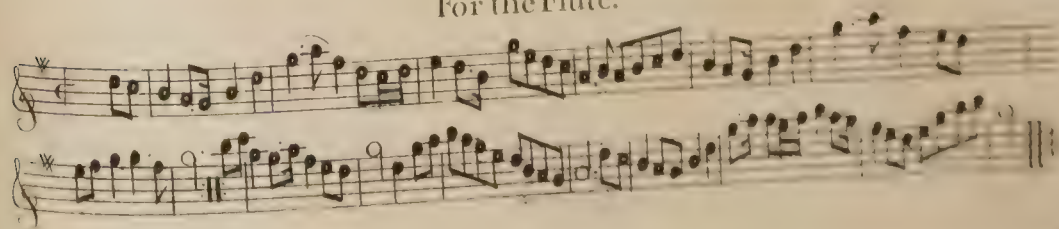


2  
Her Arms white round & smooth  
Breast rising in a dunn —  
So age it would gi youth —  
To press them in his Hand  
Thro' all my Spirits ran —  
An extatic of bliss —  
When he such sweetness found  
Wrapt in a balmy kiss. —

3  
Without the help of Art —  
Like Flow'rs of grace & wild  
She did her sweets impart —  
When e'er she spoke or smild  
Her looks they were so mild  
Free from affected pride —  
She me to love beguild —  
He wish'd her for my bride.

4  
Oh! had Ie aw the Wealth —  
Hepton's high mountains fill  
Insur'd long life & Health —  
And pleasure at my wil' —  
I'd promise and fulfill —  
That none but bonny she —  
The Laps of Latties Mill —  
Should share if same wi me.

For the Flute.









## The Dying Swan.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Honro.

*'Twas on a Riv'ry verdant Side Just at the Clop. of Day. I*  
*dying Swan with Musick tryd To chase her Cares away.*

2  
 And tho' she ne'r had stretch'd her throat  
 Nor tun'd her Voice before  
 Death ravish'd with so sweet a Note  
 While the Stroke forbore.

3  
 Farewell she cry'd you silver Streams  
 Ye purling Streams adieu  
 Where Phoebus us'd to dart his beams  
 And blest both me & you.

1  
 Farewell ye tender whistling Birds  
 Soft scenes of happy Love  
 Farewell ye bright enamell'd Meads  
 Where I was us'd to rove.

5  
 No more with you may I converse  
 See yonder setting Sun  
 Attends whilst I my last rehearse  
 And then I must be gone.

6  
 Weep not my tender constant Mate  
 We'll meet again below  
 'Tis the kind decree of Fate  
 And I with pleasure go.

M<sup>r</sup>. Cary's Tune.

*M<sup>r</sup>. Cary's Tune.*





# *Fair Clora.*

To her Grace the Dutchess of NEWCASTLE,  
These four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

Set by Mr. Hayden.

G. Bickham jun. inv. et sc.

As I saw fair Clora walk a lone yf sea

As I saw fair Clora walk a lone yf sea

Now came softly down softly down softly down softly down softly down came softly softly softly

Now came softly down softly down softly down came softly softly softly

As love descending descending from his tower to Court her in a silver shower

As love descending from his tower to Court her in a silver shower as love a

standing from his tower to Court her to Court her in a silver shower

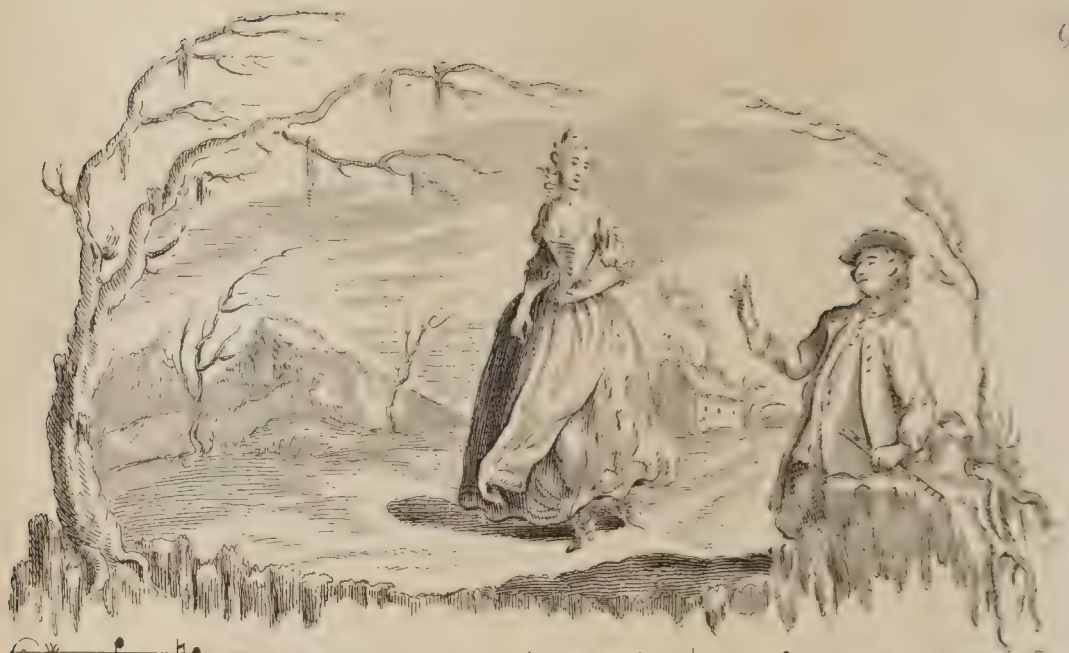
standing from his tower to Court her to Court her in a silver shower

the wanton snow flew to her Breast as little little Birds in to their nests

the wanton snow flew to her Breast as little birds in to their nests







But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a tear

But being o'er come with Whiteness there for Grief dissolv'd for Grief dissolv'd in-to a tear

Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem to de..... ck her froze froze froze into a gem.

Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem..... to de..... ck her froze froze froze into a gem.

## For the Flute.





## *Florella.*

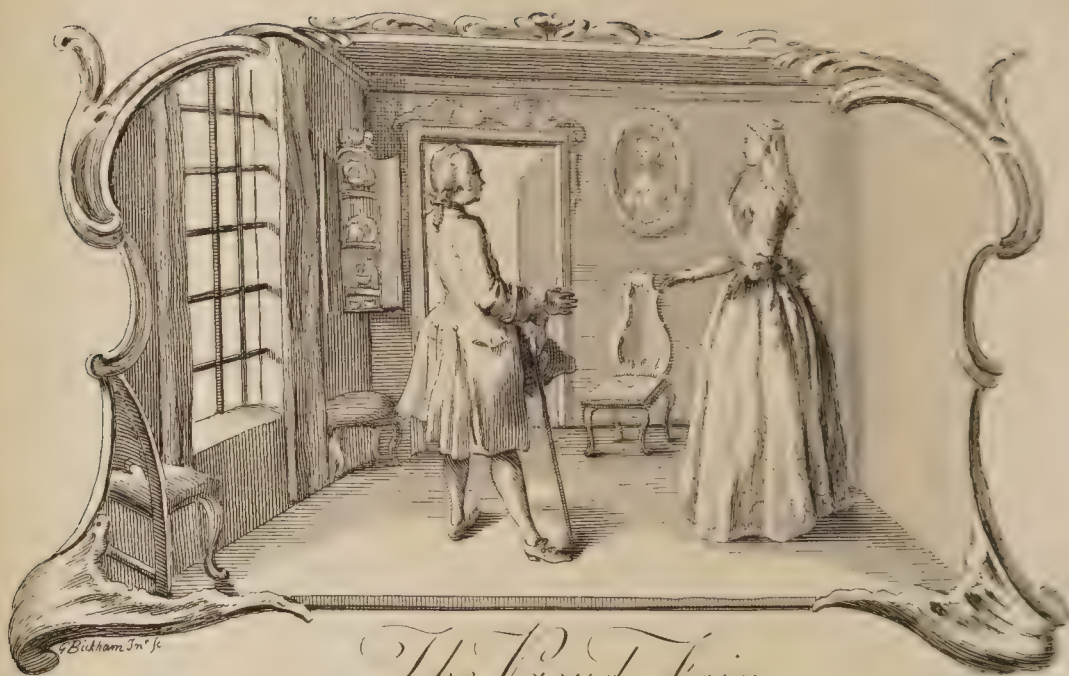
Why will, Florella when I gaze my ravish'd Eyes reprove And chide them from my face they  
can behold with love To shun your scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind  
while I range from Fair to Fair still gentle u - sage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy —  
Where Nature has no part  
New beauties may my Eyes employ  
But you engage my Heart  
So restless exiles as they roam —  
Meet pitty ev'ry where  
But languish for their native home  
Tho' Death attends them there.

Flute.







## *The Proud Fair:*

By Mr. Tho<sup>s</sup>. Phillips.

Madrigal. C. major. 4 parts.

Slow

*Too lovely fair one I confess I twain whom you will deign to bless might high an Ode to sing*

*In ex-pec-ta-ti-on of thy joy when you no longer cold or coy shall all his Pains stop*

*Indulgent Heaven has made thy form  
So soft so Perfect and so Warm  
Who gazes must adore  
But I so long in vain have try'd  
To move thy heart that seat of Pride  
That here I give it o're.*

*But now proud fair a cure I've found I'll be no longer tamely bound in bonds I must to thee*

*in hopeless flames to turn fair maid I've shaken off my chain*

*triumph in my turn & tri.....* *umph & triumph in my turn*











*The Oracle for War de clares for War de clares Success depends on*

*cess depends up on our hearts & appears the Oracle for War de clares for*

*War declares Suc cess depends Success depends up on our hearts & appears*

*Britains strike home re venge re venge your Country's wrongs*

*fight & re cord fight fight & re cord your selves in Druid Songs fight*

*fight and re cord fight fight & re cord re cord your selves in Druid*



The first part of the book is devoted to a general  
survey of the subject, and is intended to be  
read by all who are interested in the  
subject. The second part is devoted to a  
detailed study of the subject, and is  
intended to be read by those who are  
interested in the subject. The third part  
is devoted to a detailed study of the  
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subject.



## Love Return'd.

*Happys the love if meets re-turn When in soft flames souls equal burn But W. ideas*

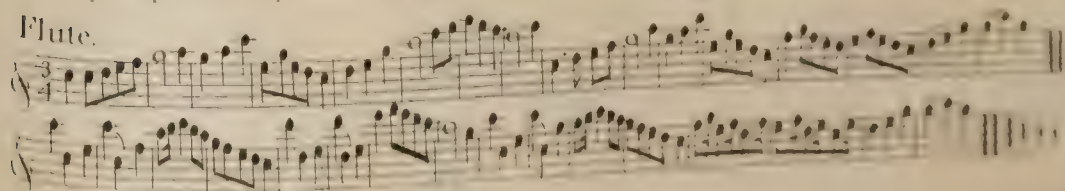
*Wanting to dis-co-ver The tor-ments of a hopeless lover Ye registers of Heav'n re-late If*

*looking o'er y<sup>e</sup> rolls of fate Did you y<sup>e</sup> see me mark'd as mar-row to Mary Scot y<sup>e</sup> Hero of yarron.*

*Alas her form too heav'nly fair  
Her love if Gods above must share  
While Mortals w<sup>th</sup> despair explore her  
And at a distance due adore her  
O lovely Maid my doubts beguile  
Revive and bless me with a smile  
Alas if not you'll soon debar a  
Sighing Swain y<sup>e</sup> banks of yarron.*

*Be hush ye fears I'll not despair  
My Mary tender as she's fair  
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish  
She is too good to let me languish  
With success crown'd I'll not envy  
The folks who dwell above the sky  
When Mary Scot's become my marrow  
We'll make a Paradise on Yarron.*

Flute.











## Traquair.

Hear me ye Nymphs & er-ry Swain. All tell how Peg-gy grieves me. tho' thus I do complain  
and complain alas she ne'er believes me My Vows and Sighs like si-lent Air un-heeded ne-ver  
mo-ve her At the bonny Bush a boon Traquair 'Twas there I first did love her

That Day she smild & made me glad  
No Maid seem'd ever kinder  
I thought my self y' luckiest Lad  
So sweetly there to find her  
I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame  
In Words y' I thought tender  
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies y' Plain  
The Fields we then frequent  
If e'er we meet she shews disdain  
She looks as ne'er acquainted  
The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May  
As sweets I'll ay remember  
But now her Frowns make it decay  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Powers who hear my strain  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me  
Oh make her Partner in my Pain  
Then let her Smiles relieve me  
If not my love will turn I despair  
My Passion no more tender  
All leave y' Bush a boon Traquair  
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

FLUTE.

























*T H E*

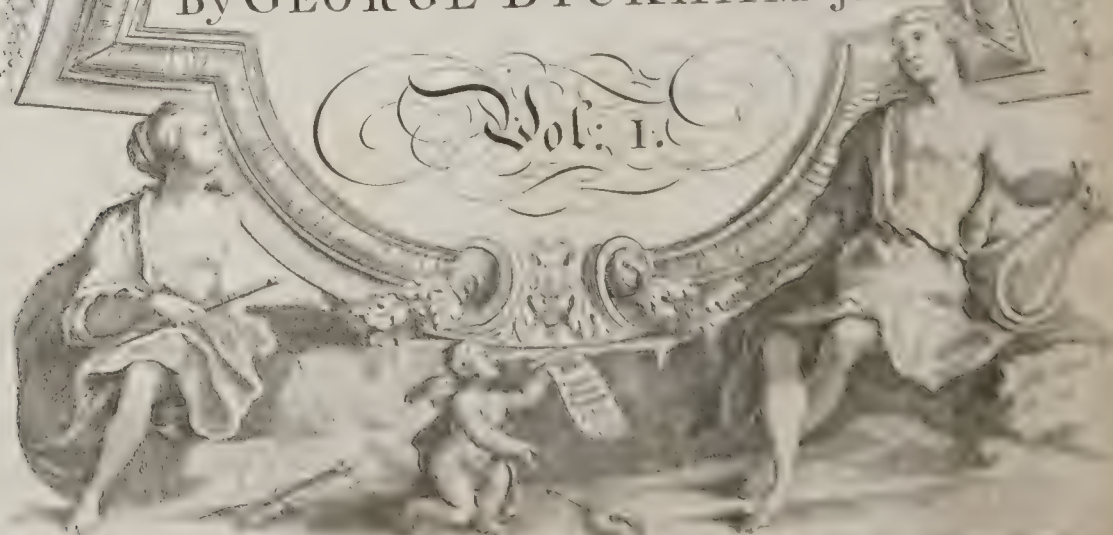
*Musical*

*ENTERTAINER*

*Engraved*

By *GEORGE BICKHAM jun.<sup>r</sup>*

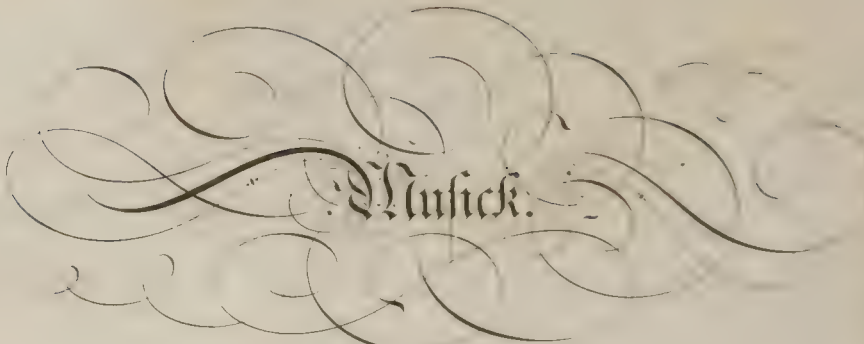
*Vol. 1.*



*London Printed for, & sold by Geo. Bickham, at his House in the Corner of St. John's Church Lane*



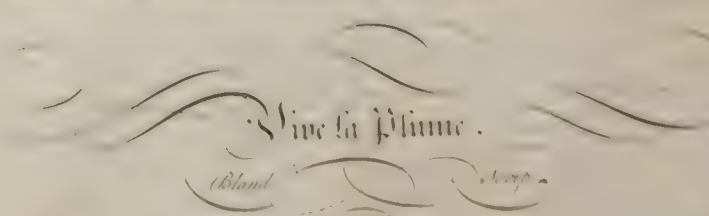




## Musick.

Hear how Timotheus' various lays surprise  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise;  
While, at each Change, the Son of Lybiae now  
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love.  
Now his fierce Eyes with Sparkling Fury glow,  
Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow:  
Persians and Greeks like Furies of Nature seem,  
And the World's Victor stood subdued by Sound.

Tell me, O Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell)  
The mystick' pow'rs that in soft Numbers dwell.  
At first a various unformid' hint we find,  
Rise in some Godlike Poet's fertile Mind,  
Till all the parts and Words their Places take;  
And with just Marches, Verse & Musick make.



Vive la Plume.

(Bland)

1737



# Musick.

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,  
To soften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak;  
I've read that Things inanimate have mov'd,  
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,  
By magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound.

The breathing Flutes soft Notes are heard around,  
And the shrill Trumpets mix their silver sound;  
The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring;  
Touching the vocal Notes, & trembling String.

E. Brooks,





# Musick.

*Musick resembles Poetry, in each,  
Are nameless Graces which no Methods teach,  
And which a Master-hand alone can reach.*

## On a Lady's Singing.

*Whenever she sang, so melting were her Strains,  
The Flocks, unsed, seem'd listening on the Plains,  
The Rivers would stand still, the Cedars bend,  
And Birds neglect their Pinions to attend.*

*J. Champion Scrip<sup>t</sup> 1737.*

*Hail, Musick! infant Breath of tenderest Love,  
Thou Taste of the Seraphick Joys above,  
Blest Harmony! which all Mankind approve.*





# L I S T

Of those ENCOURAGERS of this WORK, who  
have sent in their NAMES.

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Her Grace the Dutchess of Bedford  
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The Right Honourable the Lady Bur-  
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Mr. — Blaquiére  
Mr. — Beneeto  
Mr. — Berry

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The Right Honourable the Earl of  
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The Right Honourable the Lady  
Cobham  
The Right Honourable the Earl  
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Mr. — Cooper  
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Mr. — Cottin

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Delaware

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*ter of Haughton, in Staffordshire*  
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# The CONTENTS.

	Page		
<b>O</b> Myra's Singing and Beauty	1	<i>The Dream</i>	33
Florimel	2	<i>Damon's Petition to Cupid</i>	34
T'amo tanto	3	<i>In Praise of Bacchus</i>	35
<i>The Going out in the Morning</i>	4	<i>The Cobler's End</i>	36
<i>On Masons and Masonry</i>	5	<i>The Doubtful Shepherd</i>	37
<i>The Slighted Lover</i>	6	<i>The Lady's Lamentation for the Loss</i>	38
<i>The Return from the Chace</i>	7	<i>of Senefino</i>	39
<i>The Coquet</i>	8	<i>The Dejected Lads</i>	40
<i>The Submissive Admirer</i>	9	<i>The King and the Miller</i>	41
<i>The Relief: or, Power of Drinking</i>	10	<i>The lovely Betrayers</i>	42
<i>The Despairing Lover</i>	11	<i>The Charms of Dishabille: or, New</i>	43
<i>The Blind Boy</i>	12	<i>Turnbridge-Wells at Illington</i>	44
<i>The Grateful Lover</i>	13	<i>The Dying Nymph</i>	45
<i>Silvia to Alexis</i>	14	<i>Si Caro</i>	46
<i>Charming Cloe</i>	15	<i>The Amour</i>	47
<i>The Constant Lover</i>	16	<i>The Cautious Maid</i>	48
<i>The Request to the Nightingale</i>	17	<i>The Address to Sylvia</i>	49
<i>The Ravish'd Lover</i>	18	<i>The Absent Lover</i>	50
<i>The Rival: or Desponding Lover</i>	19	<i>The Adieu to the Spring Gardens</i>	51
<i>The Midsummer Wish</i>	20	<i>Advice to Cœlia</i>	52
<i>Rural Beauty; or, Vaux-Hall Gar-</i>	21	<i>On Beauty</i>	53
<i>den</i>	22	<i>The Lover's Protestation</i>	54
<i>Charming Silvia</i>	23	<i>The Melancholy Nymph</i>	55
<i>Dimmi Cara</i>	24	<i>The Sailor's Complaint</i>	56
<i>Advice to Cloe</i>	25	<i>The Dispute of the Gods decided by</i>	57
<i>Myrtillo, or, The Despairing Swain</i>	26	<i>Venus</i>	58
<i>The Inconstant Fair One: or, Stee-</i>	27	<i>On Zelinda</i>	59
<i>ple's Complaint</i>	28	<i>The Enamour'd Swain</i>	60
<i>The Melodious Songstress</i>	29	<i>The Adieu to Susan</i>	61
<i>Manfome Patie; or, The Corn Ricks</i>	30	<i>Jenny's Lamentation</i>	62
<i>are Bonny</i>	31	<i>The Fly</i>	63
<i>Parents ancient and modern</i>	32	<i>The Delirious Lady</i>	64
		<i>On Prince's Amelia</i>	65









